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THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

II.—LABOR PROBLEMS CONNECTED WITH THE WORK

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE wide-spread reputation of the Isthmus of Panama as a "pest-hole," which prevailed when the Americans took possession of the work in 1904, increased materially the cost of the Canal. In order to induce skilled labor of the requisite character and quantity to go to the Isthmus, it was necessary to adopt a scale of wages higher than had been known on previous construction work anywhere, and to continue that scale unmodified after the Isthmus had ceased to be more perilous to health than any other tropical country. Existing dread of the Isthmus was confirmed and enhanced by an outbreak of yellow fever among American employees, which occurred in 1905, and which reached the proportions of an epidemic. When the Americans arrived at Panama they established their official headquarters in the old Administration Building in Panama City, which had been used by the French Canal Company for the same purpose and had been acquired by the American Government in the Canal purchase. The American employees were obliged to find living quarters in various parts of the city, since no others were obtainable, and as the city was infected with yellow fever, of which there were sporadic cases from time to time, they, being non-immune, fell victims to it. One hundred and thirty-three of them were stricken and thirty-five died. Wide publicity was, from the nature of the case, given to this disaster, and the effect was to render still more difficult and expensive the task of assembling a force of skilled men.

Although the prospect of active resumption of Canal construction had attracted a few hundred men from Mexico and Central and South America, the available working force composed of these and others brought from the United States formed only a fraction of the large number required. It was realized that a plan of systematic recruiting of both skilled and common laborers must be put into operation. This was done, and the assembling of a working force divided into what were known later as "gold" and "silver" employees was begun. American employees, who desired to be paid in the money of their own country, were called "gold" men, and the natives of Panama and the West India islands, being familiar only with the coinage of their own lands, desired payment in silver. As a consequence, the designations of "gold" and "silver" employees were adopted and prevailed till the completion of the work, notwithstanding the fact that

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subsequently the Panama coinage was put upon the gold standard. The "gold" force comprised officials, clerks, superintendents, mechanics, steam-shovel operators, locomotive engineers, and, broadly speaking, all classes of skilled American labor, while the "silver" force included all common laborers, both European and West Indian, and alien artisans. This divisional designation was found not only convenient but politic, since it avoided all reference to the color line.

Prior to 1907 efforts had been made to secure common laborfrom various sources. About five hundred of the European laborers had been recruited in Cuba, but opposition developed on the part of the planters, and no large supply could be secured from this source. Southern negroes had not been brought down except in small numbers as teamsters, because of the objections that would be raised to their removal in large numbers from the farms. Because of the inducements offered by the railroads in the western part of the United States, it was impossible to secure emigrants at Ellis Island. Bids had been invited and received for Chinese labor, but had been rejected. Mr. Stevens, considering the character of West Indian labor, was of the opinion that the labor problem could be solved successfully by securing laborers of several different nationalities. As a result, in April, 1907, three recruiting agents were in the field, two operating in the West India islands and one in Europe, to obtain common labor.

In Europe, efforts were principally directed toward securing Spaniards from the mountain province of Galicia, as it was found that they were hardy, intelligent, and tractable. Opposition to recruiting in Europe developed from official sources; in Italy a press agitation was started, with official support, and laborers were warned against coming to Panama, and finally prohibited. The King of Spain, in November, 1908, issued a decree temporarily forbidding emigration to Panama. Notwithstanding these obstacles, 8,298 laborers were recruited from Spain, 1,941 from Italy, and 1,101 from Greece, with the understanding that they should be paid at the rate of twenty cents, gold, per hour for a nine-hour day and be supplied with free quarters, free medical attendance, and meals, if desired, at the rate of forty cents, gold, per day. In addition to the laborers recruited directly, many came of their own accord, induced to do so by letters from friends or relatives. There were occasional difficulties with European laborers, but not of a serious nature. The food furnished at the messes was one cause and inability to understand the language another. These were overcome, however, largely through Mr. Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was employed to investigate their grievances. He enlisted cooks, arranged their menus, and with his assistance the commissary was enabled to cater to their tastes and provide the foodstuffs to which they were accustomed. Trouble resulted because colored policemen were placed to guard their camps, but this was remedied by detailing whites for this duty.

The Europeans were used largely on track work in the central division, which included Culebra Cut, and were often obliged to continue at work from 7 A.M. to 1.30 P.M. without intermission, clearing and aligning tracks during the noon hours. Their morning meal was not a substantial one, so the men carried a roll or sandwich with them, which they would eat in the course of the morning. To this the division engineer objected, and some of the men were suspended five days in consequence; then an entire gang was suspended, with the ultimate result that upward of six hundred quit work, a number of them leaving. They were orderly, presented their grievances for consideration, and I directed that they be allowed ten minutes during the morning for their repast, the foremen to fix the time.

Jamaica offered the most promising field for recruiting in the West Indies, but arrangements could not be made with authorities to permit it. However, a great many Jamaicans have been employed on the Canal as artisans, cooks, janitors, and petty clerks. Recruiting from the other islands brought to the Isthmus 19,000 men from Barbados, 5,542 from Martinique, 2,053 from Guadeloupe, and 1,427 from Trinidad; 1,493 were also secured from Colombia. These figures do not show the large numbers who came of their own accord, including East Indians.

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This class of labor was employed at ten cents, gold, per hour, given free quarters and medical attendance, and furnished three meals a day at a total cost of thirty cents. West Indian laborers were never entirely satisfactory. Their standard of living is low, and as a class they are sluggish and lack vitality; but their efficiency was increased by introducing competition through the European laborer, by supplying them with proper food, by training, and by familiarizing the American foremen with their peculiarities. The ratio of efficiency between the European and West Indian, which at the beginning was fixed at 2 to 1, did not hold good through the entire period of service; while that of the latter increased, that of the former decreased, as the result of working in juxtaposition.

At the beginning of the work, carrying out the wishes of President Roosevelt, an effort was made to recruit all American employees from the classified civil service, but this proved impracticable and highly unsatisfactory, and by executive order of January 12, 1906, the civil-service rules were amended so as to exempt all employees of the commission except those for the positions of bookkeeper, clerk, stenographer, typewriter, surgeon, physician, trained nurse, and draughtsman.

The recruiting of the "gold" force was carried on through the Washington office of the commission by means of correspondence, by advertising, and by agents in the field, of whom at one time three were employed. In making these employments the requirements were, broadly, that the applicant must be an American citizen in good physical condition, as shown by a medical examination just prior to departure, not less than twenty nor more than forty years old (for some positions the maximum age limit was less), and capable of performing the duties for which employed.

The Panama Railroad Company, a corporation operating under a charter from the State of New York and a concession from the republic of Colombia, had for years, as a health measure, provided certain privileges in the way of vacation and sick leave, and it followed naturally that similar privileges must be accorded to the Canal workers. As a consequence the commission allowed certain privileges in addition to salary, and because of the intimate relations between the two interests, the Panama Railroad Company and the Isthmian Canal Commission, the same conditions were made applicable to both. Compensation of employees began on the date of sailing from a port of the United States, and they were furnished with free transportation to the Isthmus, including subsistence. Where available, quarters were provided free of charge, including fuel, lights, and water, and, except at the very beginning of the work, bachelor quarters were always available. Free transportation was also allowed to a port of the United States upon termination of service by or at the instance of the commission, provided such service had been satisfactory. All employees whose salary was fixed on a monthly or annual basis were allowed sick leave during the period of disability, not to exceed thirty days in any calendar year for an employee appointed in the United States, and not to exceed fifteen days in any calendar year for an employee appointed on the Isthmus. Such leave was not cumulative, was not given to an employee appointed with a rate of pay per hour, and could be granted only upon the certificate of an authorized physician in the employ of the commission.

All employees, whether on a monthly or hourly basis, in the discretion of the proper official, were allowed leave for injury incurred in the performance of duty, while incapacitated by reason of such injury, but not to exceed thirty days in any calendar year. In the case of an employee paid by the month or year, pay for injury leave was at the rate of compensation received at the time of the injury, while an employee paid by the hour received pay on the basis of eight hours constituting a day. In the case of all employees, free medical and hospital attendance was provided. An employee whose salary was fixed on an annual or monthly basis was to receive no pay for overtime work required of him, but as compensation and in consideration for such overtime as was anticipated and expected, such employee could be granted six weeks' leave of absence with pay for every twelve months' service, and such leave was to be cumula-

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tive for a period of two years. The leave for one year could be taken at the expiration of eight months' continuous service. This leave also carried with it the privilege of a twenty-dollar rate each way on steamers of the Panama Railroad, operating between New York and Colon, for the employee and members of his family. It was expressly stated that "This grant of leave is not to be considered a vested right, but is made to promote the welfare and best interests of the service." Compensation for such leave was made on the return of the employee to the Isthmus. The compensation of employees appointed with rate of pay per hour was based on an eight-hour day, with time and half for overtime, including Sundays and holidays. Employees of this class were not allowed vacation leave, though they were allowed the reduced steamship rates when travelling on leave at their own expense.

In February, 1907, the commission adopted new conditions of employment, to become effective on April 1 following, which modified the leave privileges then in force. The sick-leave privilege was extended to all classes of "gold" employees, but payment was to be made for a period not to exceed fifteen days for each six months' service, and then only at the expiration of the six months, provided the time roll showed that the employee had worked ninety-six per cent of the working days or hours during the period, less the time the employee was absent on account of sickness. In no case was this sick leave cumulative; in other words, if no sick leave were taken the first six months, the employee could receive only fifteen days during the remainder of the year. The injury-leave privilege remained as formerly. The conditions governing annual leave, still applicable only to men on the monthly or annual basis, were changed. While six weeks' leave with pay for each twelve months' service was granted if leave were taken in the United States, only thirty days with pay were allowed if taken outside of the United States. This leave was not cumulative and was sacrificed if not taken. Furthermore, no portion of it was to be allowed until the completion of ten months' service. When taken in the United States, the government rate was to be given on Panama Railroad steamers, but no specific rate was mentioned.

While these new conditions granted sick-leave privileges to men on the hourly basis, they were objectionable to the men employed by the month or year, on the ground that certain rights were taken from them, and they claimed that they should receive the privileges assured to them at the time of their employment. There was general complaint on the part of all employees at the changed conditions of employment. Hourly men were still excluded from the vacation leave, and were dissatisfied on this account, while monthly men found fault because their sick leave was restricted, were allowed only thirty days with pay in case they did not go to the United States, were denied the cumulative feature of the former regulations, and because the rates on the Panama Railroad steamers were indefinite. In addition, a demand for increases in pay had been made by locomotive engineers and conductors, and by steam-shovel engineers, cranemen, and firemen. Notwithstanding the high rates of pay, demand for increases in pay was constant, and other classes of employees were waiting to see the outcome of the demand made by the transportation men and steam-shovel operators, as the whole wage scale seemed to hinge on the pay given to these classes. This condition of affairs with respect to labor on the Isthmus developed in the early part of 1907, just as the work, and particularly that of excavation in Culebra Cut, was getting into full swing.

When work began with steam-shovels, crews were paid on the basis of $190 per month for engineers and $165 for cranemen. They claimed that they had been promised a bonus for each additional thousand yards excavated per month per shovel over 25,000 yards. In view of the limited transportation facilities, which prevented equal treatment to all in regard to this bonus, Mr. Stevens, in 1905, increased the wages of all steam-shovel engineers to $210 and of the steam-shovel cranemen to $185 per month; at the same time "gold" firemen were placed on the rolls at $83.33; the crews worked eight hours per day.

In January, 1907, the general secretary and treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Steam-Shovel and Dredge Men,

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Boating party of employees on a holiday.

acting in compliance with a resolution adopted by the general executive board of the order, requested an increase in wages for the men on the Isthmus, engineers to receive $300, cranemen $250, and firemen $110 in lieu of the scale then in force. At the same time he took up the question with the President of the United States, claiming that the men on the Isthmus were the highest type of steam-shovel men and that the wages paid elsewhere for similar work warranted an increase for the Panama service, supporting this last statement by data of wages paid in the States. He requested that the new scale be adopted, effective March 1, 1907.

The President referred this to the commission, asking for a report and verification of the figures, expressing the intention of submitting the facts to Congress if found correct. A comparison made by the commission of the wages paid on the Isthmus with those paid by eighty-one firms throughout the United States showed that the engineers at Panama were receiving thirty per cent higher pay than the average paid by firms in the United States, while the cranemen were getting eighty per cent higher pay, and in both cases no consideration was taken of the fact that the men on the Isthmus were provided with continuous work, free furnished quarters, lights, fuel, and other privileges granted employees of the commission.

Under the circumstances the President stated that while he desired to have the highest class of men that could possibly be secured, and wished as high a wage paid as could be given consistently in order to secure such men, in view of the data presented to him he did not feel justified in instructing that the wages of steam-shovel men be raised at that time. He realized further that if the wage scale of the shovel-men was raised it would mean a demand for increase by all other classes of mechanics. However, if a continued increase in the wages of workmen in the United States warranted increase in the

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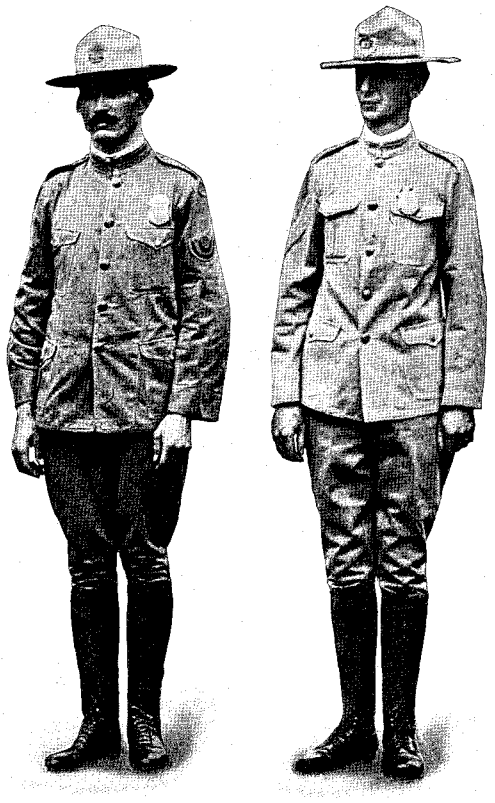
wages of Isthmian employees, he would see that the necessary action was taken.

At the time this question was under consideration by the authorities at Washington, the steam-shovel men on the Isthmus asked for a readjustment of the wage scale, requesting the same increase that had been proposed to the Washington authorities. After receiving a report from the various officials, Mr. Stevens gave a hearing to the committee having charge of the matter, as the result of which he notified the men that he was unable to comply with their request. On receipt of this information the committee asked permission to visit Washington to lay their claims before the President. This request was transmitted to Washington, and the Secretary of War (Mr. Taft) replied that, as he was to visit the Isthmus some time during March, the President directed that the delegation should await his arrival on the Isthmus. In the meantime, however, they were instructed to send all the facts in the case to him for such consideration as he would be able to give it prior to his arrival.



Officers of the Zone police.

During the construction period the Zone police force numbered about two hundred and fifty men, about seventy-five of whom were Jamaican negroes. All the officers were white Americans. The Jamaicans were used to police West Indians only.

About the same time the locomotive engineers of the Panama Railroad and of the commission requested a hearing for the purpose of adjusting their wages and the conditions of employment which were to take effect on April 1 following. In the latter part of 1905 the pay of locomotive engineers and conductors employed by the Panama Railroad was fixed by an agreement between a committee and the officials of the railroad at $180 and $170 per month, respectively, eight hours to constitute a day's work, they to be paid for overtime in excess of eight hours, and double time for extra work on Sundays, when four hours were to constitute a day's work. This agreement provided that engineers and conductors were to receive full pay for time spent in the hospital from sickness or injury received or contracted while in the employment of the railroad. At the same time the pay of engineers and conductors in the service of the commission on work trains was fixed at $150 and $125 per month, respectively. By a subsequent agreement made in 1906, vacancies in the Panama Railroad service, instead of being filled by new employees, as had been the practice, were to be filled by promotion of commission employees. The manner in which this portion of the agreement was carried out caused dissatisfaction, and when spoil from Culebra Cut was run over the main line of the Panama Railroad, the discontent was increased by reason of the difference in pay while the service was practically the same.

As a result a new agreement, effective April 1, 1906, was made, by which all lo-

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comotive engineers in the service of either the Panama Railroad or the commission were to receive $180 per month and the conductors $170 per month. The engineers and conductors employed by the Panama Railroad were to work eight hours per day, overtime to be paid in excess of nine hours, while engineers and conductors of the commission were to receive no pay for overtime. As to the latter, however, it was agreed that time in excess of nine hours was to be recorded, and, when the excess time equalled or exceeded eight hours, a day off with pay would be allowed. The Panama Railroad engineers and conductors were to receive full pay for the time spent in hospital on account of sickness or injury sustained in service, while those in the employ of the commission were to be governed by the rules of the commission. This agreement was signed by representatives of both interests and was to continue in force until either party should serve thirty days' notice that it wished dissolution, amendment, or change.

In their letter of March, 1907, the locomotive engineers and conductors of the commission and Panama Railroad stated that their request would be on the same line as that of the steam-shovel men, who had already been given a hearing, and, anticipating that the answer would be the same as that given the latter, they asked that a committee be granted the privilege of going to Washington by the first ship sailing after the meeting to lay their requests before the President and the Secretary of War. Their demands, while not specifying the same rate of pay as the steam-shovel men, went further in that they provided for special privileges and desired modifications of the conditions of employment that were to become effective April 1. They asked for pay for overtime, full pay for all time spent in the hospital or quarters from sickness or injury contracted in line of duty, also free medical and hospital attendance for themselves and families, free transportation over the Panama Railroad for themselves and families upon request, and, finally, that they should not be required to continue on duty when in their judgment they needed rest.

After giving a hearing to the committee and considering the demands in detail, Mr. Stevens declined to make any modification in the conditions of employment, to allow any pay for overtime, or to grant any privileges not accorded other classes of employees. So far as pay was concerned, he agreed to amend the existing rates by making the pay of qualified engineers $210 and qualified conductors $190 per month, specifying that by qualified engineers and conductors he meant men who were fitted, in the opinion of operating officials, by experience, character, and judgment, to handle trains on the main line of the Panama Railroad and who could pass a satisfactory examination on standard or Panama Railroad operating rules.

This settlement of the question was not acceptable to the men. I arrived on the Isthmus on the 12th of March, 1907, and a committee of steam-shovel men and of locomotive engineers and conductors requested a meeting. The steam-shovel men demanded the increase of pay already noted, and the locomotive engineers adhered to their demands, with the proviso that the pay of locomotive engineers was to be the same as that fixed for steam-shovel engineers, on the ground that in the States the locomotive engineers, as a rule, received higher rates of pay than the steam-shovel men. The conductors contended that their responsibility was greater than that of the engineers, especially in work-train service, and that they should receive compensation equal to that of the engineers, if not greater. Another question raised was their right to a fair and impartial hearing, with representation, in case of discharge or punishment. As the whole matter had been referred to the authorities in Washington, and was to be taken up by the Secretary of War on his approaching visit, action was declined.

Secretary Taft arrived on the Isthmus on March 30, 1907, and gave a hearing to the various committees a few days later. The reasons which they advanced for the increases of pay demanded were based on the discomfort which service on the Isthmus imposed, due to distance from home and friends; the utter lack of usual and rational amusement; greater risk of illness and death due to climatic conditions; hard service in a humid climate and high temperature which undermined the health and

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unfitted the men for work elsewhere; the risk of personal injury due to the negligence of superiors, for which no damages were recoverable against the government; and that prior to coming to the Isthmus they had been promised a gradual increase of pay with length of service. They brought up also the method of dismissals and suspensions without a hearing, claiming this was often unjust and the result of spite or prejudice.

While a system of promotion had been arranged by which men could be advanced from steam-shovel fireman through the grade of craneman to engineers, thus offering a substantial increase with each advancement, and similarly from trainman to conductor, some of the steam-shovel and transportation men had not received such advancement, and felt that there was no hope of any increase no matter how long they might remain on the Isthmus. When Secretary Taft informed them at the conclusion of the hearing that he would take the matter under consideration, advising them of his conclusion from Cuba, where he was going, the committee of steam-shovel men insisted on an immediate settlement of the question. They had waited, they said, several months for an adjustment of the matter and did not intend to submit to a longer delay. The Secretary of War replied that if that was their attitude, if they could not afford him time to consider the question and confer with the President, he would drop the matter there and then and they could take whatever course they pleased. This had its effect, and the committee concluded to await the decision which Mr. Taft thought should reach the Isthmus by the middle of the month.

Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bierd, the general manager of the Panama Railroad, opposed increase in wages for steam-shovel men, on the ground that they were already receiving a very material advance over the average paid for similar service in the States. They recommended such an increase in the pay of transportation men as would put the locomotive engineers on a par with steam-shovel engineers. This would take care of the pay for this class of employees, but their claim for overtime could not be allowed, for, under a ruling of the Treasury Department, the monthly or annual pay of an employee is full compensation for all service rendered and he is entitled to receive nothing additional. An eight-hour day for the transportation service could not be conceded, for time must be consumed between leaving the engine-house and reaching the shovel, and a similar allowance was necessary at the close of the work, otherwise the shovels would not be able to work eight hours, and these must be the determining factor. The arrangement then in force by which overtime was credited and days off allowed when the work permitted seemed the only solution of this issue, if any consideration were given to it.

If the transportation crews received an increase in pay while that of the steam-shovel men remained unchanged, it was anticipated that trouble would result, and Mr. Taft thought something should be done for them, assuming that the suggested solution was the outcome. It appeared during the hearing that the force was constantly changing; that difficulty was experienced in retaining men for any length of time, thereby causing increased expenditure in securing new employees; and the Secretary of War thought that the government might well afford, in its own interests as well as the interests of employees, to pay a premium for length of service. Under such an arrangement there would be probably an increase for some of the steam-shovel men, and others could look forward with certainty to securing it if they continued in the service for a sufficient length of time. If this were to be done the system of longevity in the army was suggested, making the increase a percentage on the basic rate paid, as more satisfactory than a lump sum. If a parity of wages was to be maintained between locomotive engineers and steam-shovel engineers, it naturally followed that if such a provision was to be made for the latter it must be granted to the former, and if length of service was to be recognized and rewarded in certain classes then it should be made applicable to all classes of employees.

The minor points raised by the committee relative to conditions of employment were questions which affected all employees, and should be left for determination on the Isthmus and settled

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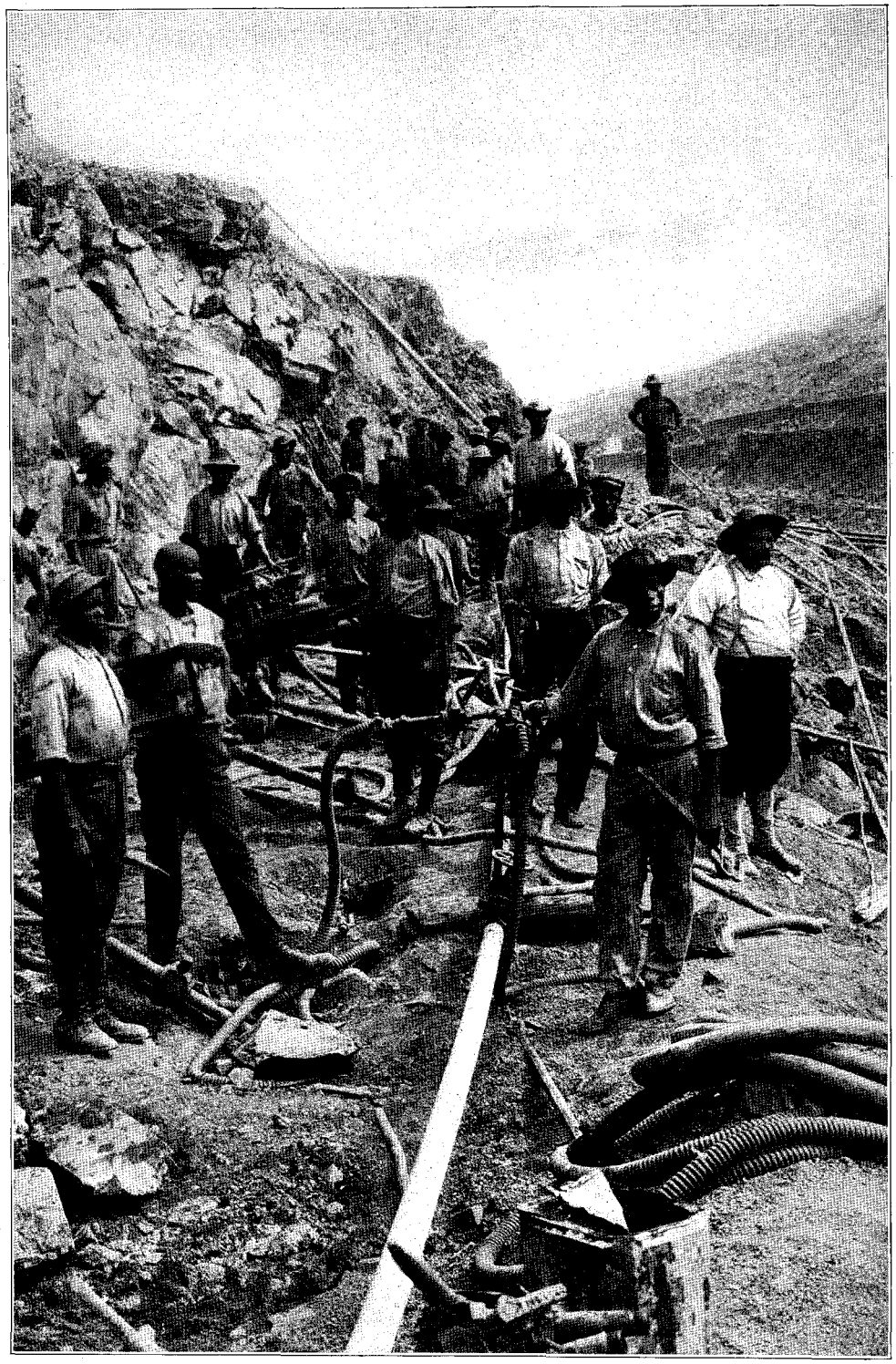

West Indian drilling squad.

During the period of active construction work, about five hundred and fifty drills, tripods, and mechanical churns were in use. The gangs operating them were composed mainly of West Indians under white foremen.

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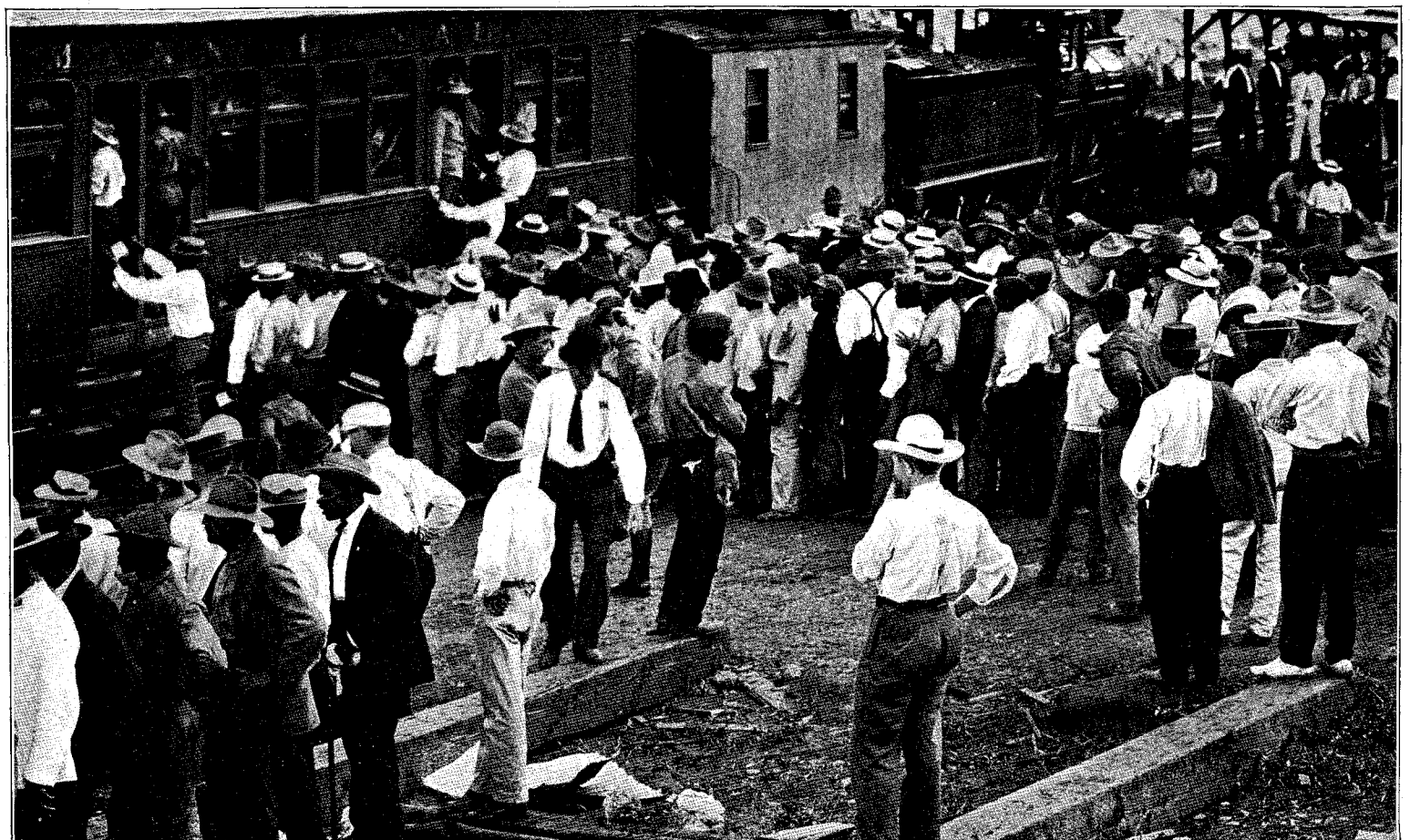

Pay car at Culebra, January 12, 1908.

While the work was in progress a pay car, arranged with counters like an ordinary pay office, went to the centres of greatest activity twice a month. The men entered through a door on one side, went past the counters, and out at a door on the opposite side.

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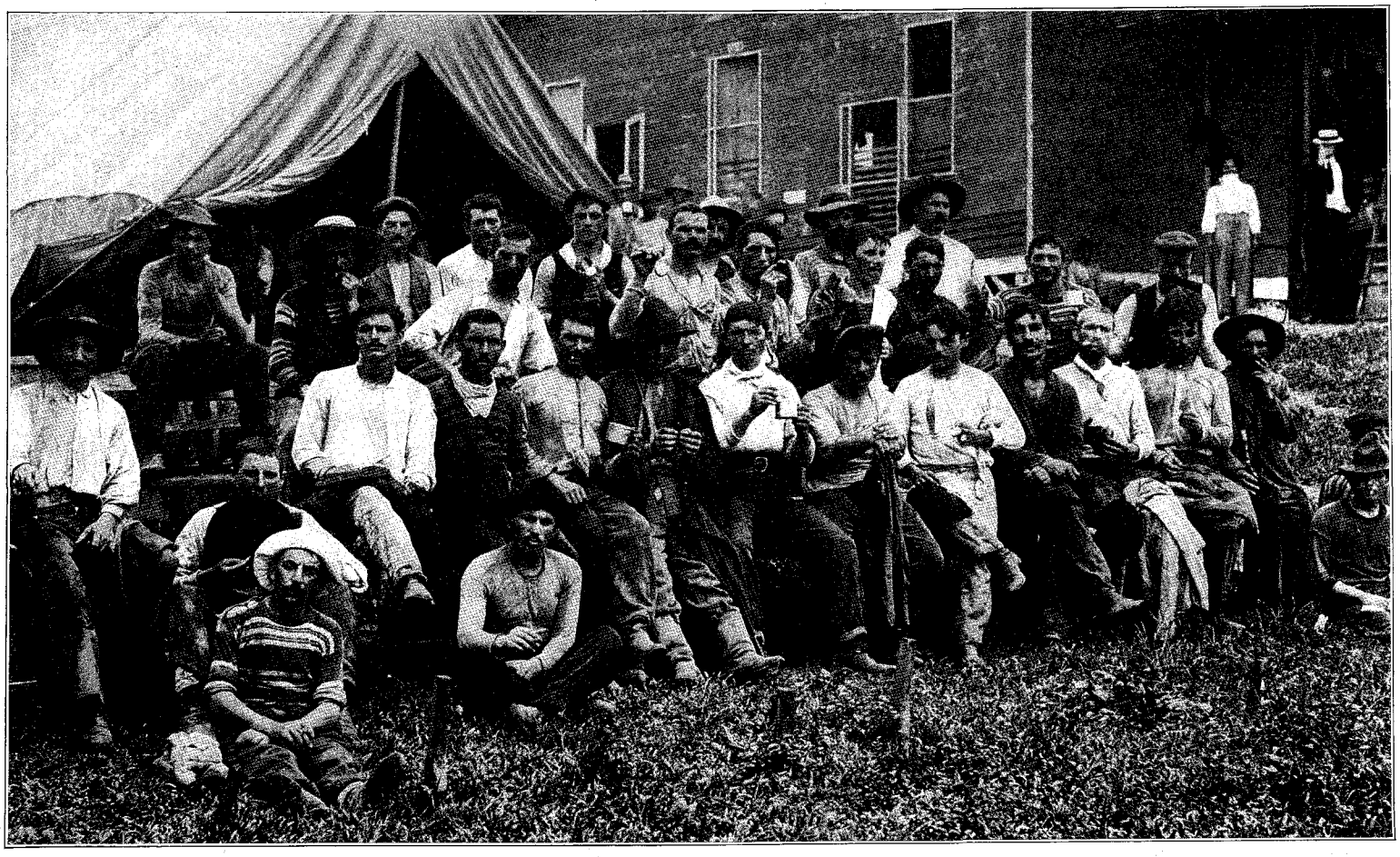

Group of Gallegos.

Over eight thousand laborers were brought under contract from the northern provinces of Spain, chiefly from Galicia, and hence were called Gallegos. They were hardy, vigorous men, and were the most efficient members of the working force. Like the Italians, they were provided with food similar to that which they had been accustomed to at home.

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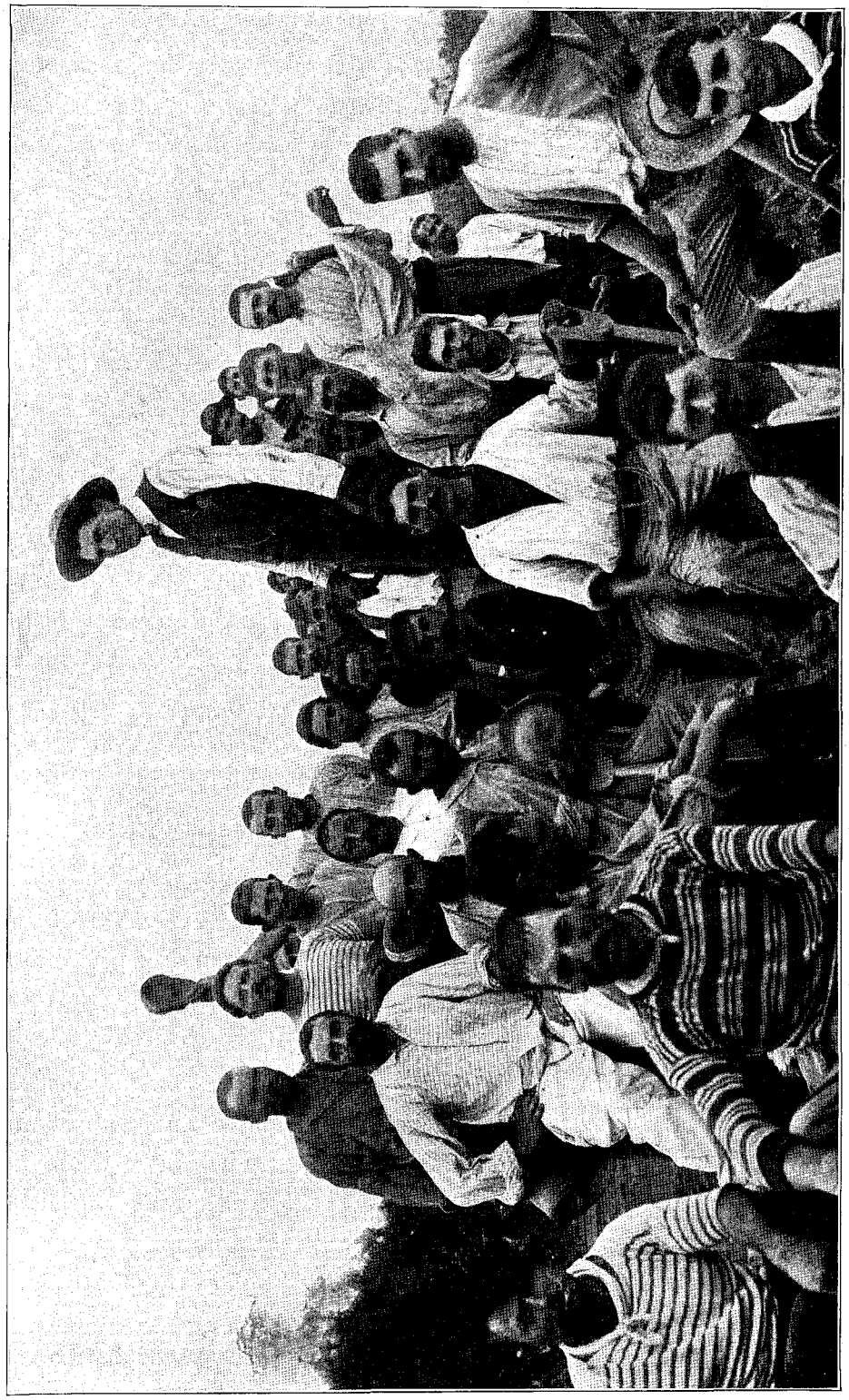

Group of Italians on a dirt train.

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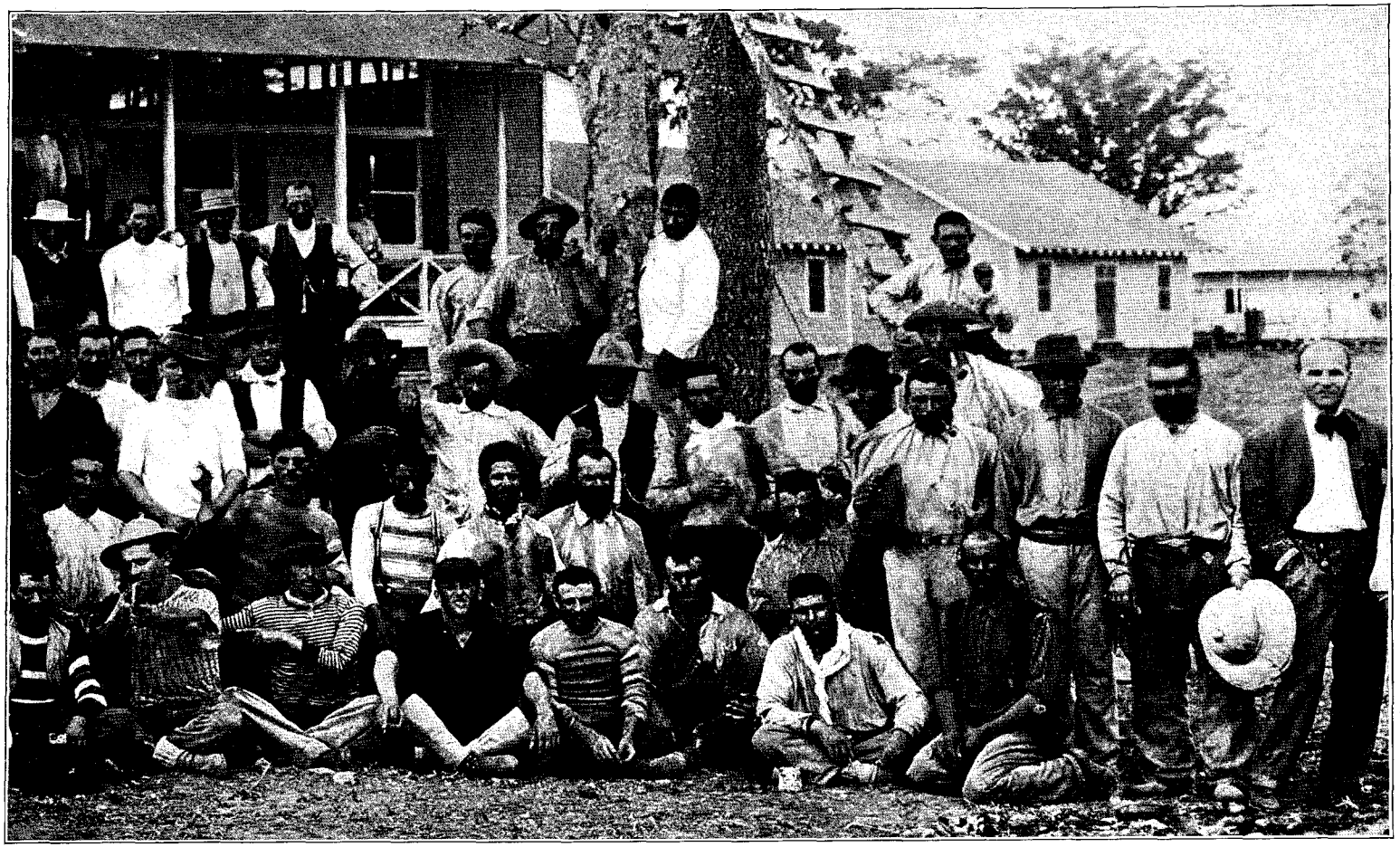

A group of Italians at a camp.

About two thousand Italians were brought from Italy and proved to be fairly good laborers. They were given quarters or camps separate from other laborers and provided with food similar to that which they had been accustomed to in their own country.

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Ancon village.

Ancon was the chief American settlement on the Pacific side during the construction period. It is near to and partially upon the slopes of Ancon Hill, contains the Government Hotel Tivoli, seen in upper centre of photograph, and adjoins the city of Panama.

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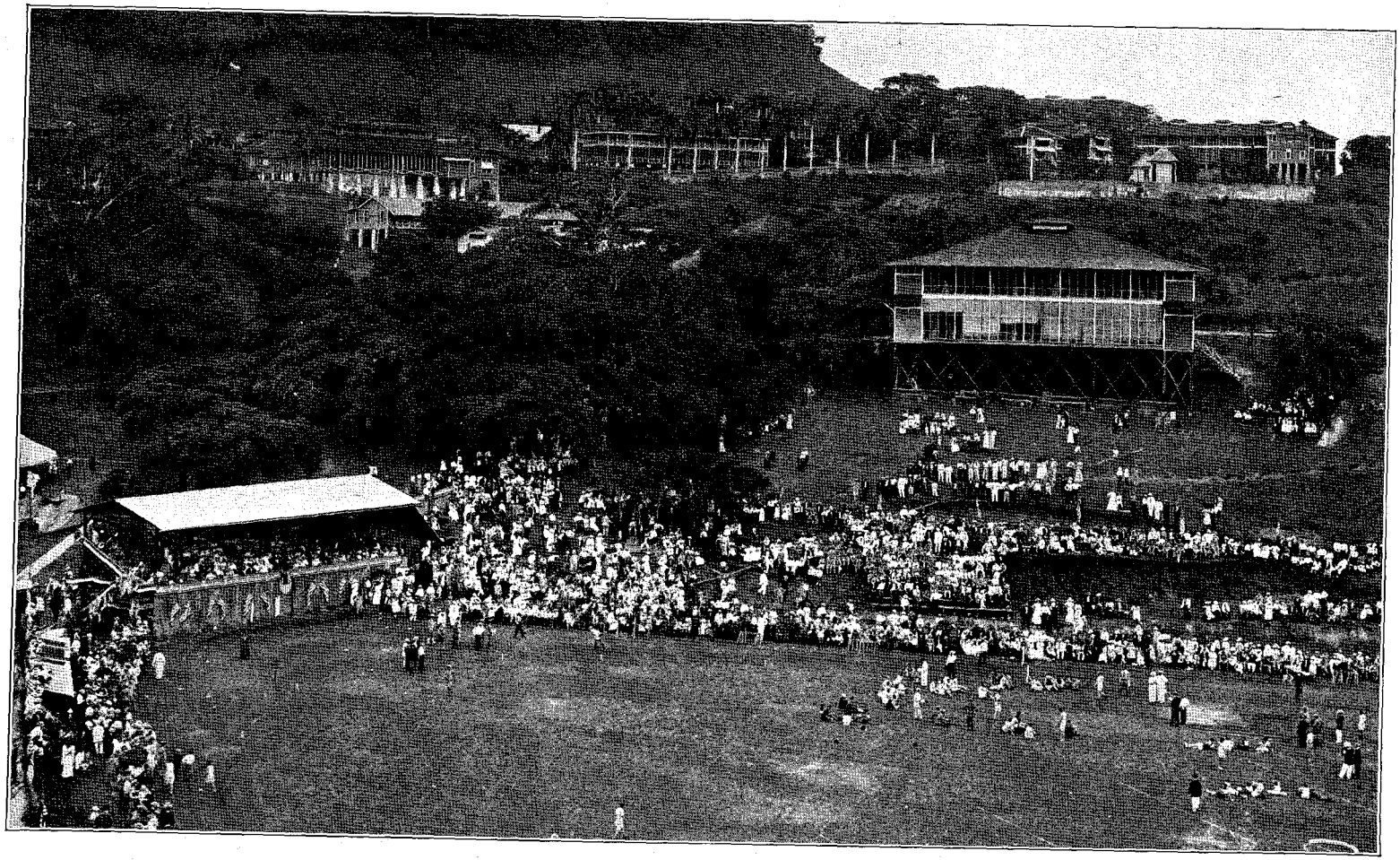

Fourth of July in the Canal Zone.

On Fourth of July each year an elaborate programme of exercises and sports was arranged, including an athletic meet in which there were contests of various kinds for prizes. The photograph was taken on July 4, 1912, when the meet was in the baseball park at Ancon, near the Hotel Tivoli.

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A Fourth of July swimming contest.

The photograph shows the contestants assembled at the diving stand near Cristobal at the Atlantic entrance to the Canal.

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by the commission. Furthermore, these matters affecting the wage scale had been under discussion since January, causing unrest, dissatisfaction, and discontent, and naturally the efficiency of the force was affected.

It was held that all such questions should be settled on the ground, where all the conditions were known and understood, at the time they came up; but so long as recourse could be had to the authorities in Washington, it would be useless to attempt an adjustment with a view to prompt settlement unless the men were given what they demanded, for, if denied, they would immediately take it to Washington. As, after April 1, 1907, the members of the commission were to reside on the Isthmus, the handling and final settlement of all questions of employment should be left with the commission, thereby not only avoiding the condition of affairs that existed, but materially strengthening the hands of the Isthmus authorities. It was also arranged that provision would be made for giving the men hearings in case of dismissals or other complaints.

Secretary Taft left for Cuba, and on April 7 directed that one of the Panama Railroad steamers should put in at Guantanamo, Cuba, to pick up an important letter. By cable advice, it appeared that this was to be a copy of a letter addressed to the President making recommendation in the questions at issue, and, if approved, the men would be advised of the decision by April 16 or 17. The decision, however, was not received until May 6, in the form of a cable message giving the changes that were to be made in the letter sent from Guantanamo, and so modified it was sent out to the committees. By its terms no increase in wages would be given to the steam-shovel crews, but the qualified locomotive engineers were to be paid $210 and qualified conductors $190 a month, nine hours to constitute a day's work, all time in excess to be credited and to be allowed in days of eight hours as additional leave or to be taken on the Isthmus. The time so credited was denominated "lay-over days." Overtime for steam-shovel crews was to be compensated in the same way. Longevity was to be granted on the basis of five per cent increase for the first year's service and three per cent increase for each succeeding year, and was made applicable to all skilled workmen, engineers, conductors, and mechanics.

When a corrected copy of the letter was received in due course by mail, it showed that the percentage of increase for the first year had been fixed at three per cent instead of five per cent, but conditions on the Isthmus at the time did not warrant any modification in the rate that had been announced. There was considerable dissatisfaction with the decision. The men charged bad faith on the part of the officials, for it was assumed that we were holding up the decision which they were to have had the middle of the previous month, and at a meeting of the locomotive engineers and conductors on May 4 it was resolved that unless a reply was received on the 6th they would resign in a body. The decision in regard to the steam-shovel men was not satisfactory to them, though by a vote of the order they decided to continue in the service. The following day the steam-shovel men from Gatun, learning that they were not to get a flat increase of five per cent, which was their first information, resigned, and endeavored to secure similar action by the men working in Culebra Cut. With such a condition of affairs I was not willing to announce that a mistake had been made and change the longevity rate for the first year, and so it was allowed to stand at five per cent.

The men at Gatun decided to quit at the close of the day's work, and, being unable to communicate with those on the other parts of the work, went over on an early train to Culebra and proceeded through the Cut, where the shovels were working, and urged the men to leave. This excited one of the commissioners, who feared that violence would result as well as damage to the equipment and other public property, and he had induced the chief clerk of the chairman's office to telephone to the marines stationed on the Isthmus to patrol the Cut, remove the agitators, and protect government property. Fortunately, the commanding officer refused to comply unless the request came from me, but said he would hold the men in camp ready for such action should it be desired. When I returned to the office at noon and learned of this state of

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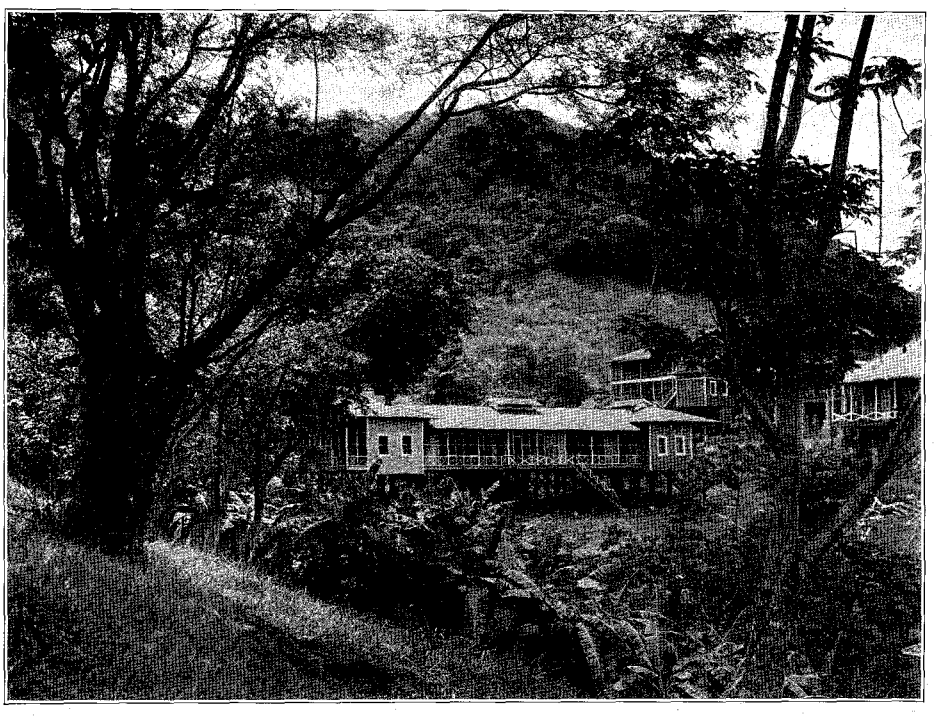

Section of Ancon Hospital grounds.

The main buildings of the hospital, which is the central hospital of the Canal Zone, are on the other side of Ancon Hill, one slope of which appears in the photograph. It cares for an average of about one thousand patients daily.

affairs the chief clerk was instructed to countermand his request, for no emergency existed warranting such action, and the move was ill-advised and might be productive of trouble.

That night another meeting of the steam-shovel men was called which resulted in a vote to leave, and out of a total of forty-eight steam-shovels that had been at work, in two days' time only thirteen shovels were left with crews. A large majority of the men had no desire to leave, but feared that should they remain it would work to their disadvantage after they left the Isthmus, so that some of them asked permission to be absent until the agitators left the Isthmus or they were able to determine the course they should pursue; as a result, the majority left the service. The mechanical trades had received longevity, which was entirely unexpected; the transportation crews had received a substantial increase in pay, so that the sentiment was against the steam-shovel men, and numerous applications were received for the vacancies created. Crews were obtained from the mechanical trades and in some instances from clerks with mechanical training. The disturbance affected the work and reduced the output for the time being, but the action taken had a wholesome effect on all classes of employees, for the steam-shovel crews had appeared to be indispensable, yet the outcome showed conclusively that defection by them or any other one class of men could not tie up the whole work.

By the action of the President in approving the recommendations of the Secretary of War, all questions affecting conditions of employment, the hearings that the men demanded in case of unsatisfactory conditions, as well as all future questions affecting wages, were left to the commission —though it was intimated that in good faith the men should receive the privileges which were promised them at the time they entered the service.

After matters had settled down a joint committee of locomotive engineers and conductors asked for a hearing, and thereat presented a written agreement which they

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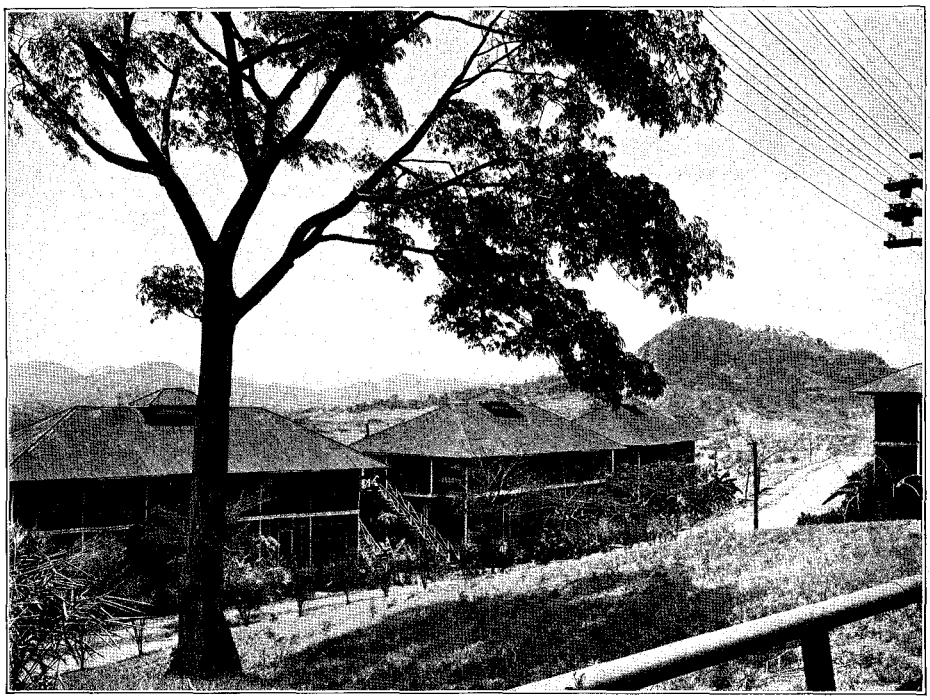

Four-family quarters at Culebra, 1914.

The Canal Commission provided, free of rent, for its employees, quarters for a single family, for two families, and for four families. Culebra village has been vacated by the Canal force, and the quarters there are now used for the regular army troops.

had drawn up embodying the wage scale and such additional recommendations of the Secretary of War as had received the approval of the President, with the wish that the agreement be signed by myself as chairman of the commission and president of the Panama Railroad. They had already affixed their signatures, and under the provisions of the agreement it was to terminate on thirty days' notice given by either party. They also desired to take up the grievances of some of their members. I declined to sign the agreement, for, though it was in accord with former practice, it was not in accord with government practice, and the Canal, as government work, so far as concerned the various classes of employees, was an "open shop." All the locomotive engineers and conductors on the Isthmus were not members of the local orders. Furthermore, the wages and conditions of employment were fixed, and they were accepted or not as an individual seeking employment might decide for himself. I also informed the committee that it was ill-advised to make *demands* for increases in pay or other concessions, and thereafter none such would be given any consideration. Requests, if properly made, would be received and acted on according to their merits. I also declined to take up with any committee a grievance of any individual of the order that it represented, for the best party to present it and with whom to discuss it was the person aggrieved. Any one having a grievance could take up the question with his immediate superior, and, if this was not productive of satisfactory results, the matter could be brought to me, in which case it would be investigated and the necessary remedy applied if action were required. This, naturally, brought protests from the various labor organizations, through the President and the Secretary of War, and a representative of the Civic Federation, sent here by the Secretary of War, considered this course unwarranted.

During President Roosevelt's visit to the Isthmus in November, 1906, in an address to an assemblage of employees,

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he complimented them not only on the manner in which they were carrying on the work, but also congratulated them on their good fortune in being associated with such a task. He compared the men at work with the picked men of the country engaged in a great war, and remarked that he would see if it were not possible to provide some badge which would distinguish those who, for a certain space of time on the Isthmus, did their work well. From this resulted the Canal medal, given to all American citizens who rendered two years' continuous satisfactory service on the Isthmus, and to which were added bars, one for each additional two years, provided the entire period was continuous. The medal is made of bronze, the material for which was taken from old French scrap found on the Isthmus. It has been an inducement for many men to continue longer in the employ of the commission than otherwise would have been the case.

The Canal medal.

Suggested by President Roosevelt in 1906—More than six thousand of them have been awarded.

In May, 1908, a special labor commission of three members was sent to the Isthmus by the President "to investigate conditions especially as regards labor and accommodations." It submitted its report in August of that year, and among other recommendations was one for the employment of a labor secretary, whose duty should be to investigate all complaints in relation to the conditions of employment, subsistence, and accommodations. While commending the practice in vogue of handling complaints, the commission claimed that a strong appeal had been made by the men for one who by training and experience would be familiar with the work from their point of view and who would be more freely called upon for the investigation of grievances and complaints. The labor commission believed that the appeal should be granted and that such an appointment would promote harmony and give increased efficiency. The report of this commission was sent to the Isthmus for comment and recommendation, and, naturally, a labor secretary was not advocated.

The chairman of this special labor commission took up the question with the President in January, 1909, advocating the appointment of a high-priced labor secretary at a salary of at least eight thousand dollars per year, to be selected from the experienced labor leaders, whose position should be next in importance to that of the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. He claimed that such an appointment would relieve me of much of the detail of adjusting difficulties between the government and its employees. The Secretary of War, Mr. L. E. Wright, was called on for a report, in consequence of which I received a cable message requesting a recommendation and statement of the action taken, if any, on the report of the labor commission relative to such a position; the President had suggested the name of a suitable person, whose salary was five thousand dollars, and I was to recommend what salary should be paid if he were selected.

I was in close touch with the labor conditions through the grievances which came to me almost daily, and particularly on Sunday, and in this way had acquired inside information which could not be secured in any other way. I felt certain that the men themselves did not want such an official. Fortunately, at that time the committee on interstate and foreign commerce of the House was on the Isthmus investigating conditions of the work, and had arranged to meet the committees of the various labor organizations on the afternoon of the day on which the cable message was received. The labor-unions always desired a hearing whenever a congressional committee visited the Isthmus, with a view to securing additional advantages, higher pay, or

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restitution of something which had been taken away, and I had always urged the congressional committees to comply with their requests, but had refrained from attending such meetings, preferring that the men be unhampered in the expression of their views and opinions.

To the Honorable William P. Hepburn and the Honorable Frederick C. Stevens I showed that portion of the report of the labor commission dealing with a labor secretary, and also the cable message received from the Secretary of War, and asked them to question the various committees with a view to getting the ideas of the men on the subject. This they did, and later told me that the men were unanimously of the opinion that such an official was not needed. Consequently, I asked them to see the President on their return regarding the matter, and to gain time I cabled, in response to the message received, that a report would go forward on a ship to sail after the departure of the congressional committee.

By the decision rendered in May, 1907, the wage scale for the different classes of work on the Isthmus was to be determined by the Isthmian Canal Commission, and, as every effort was being made to eliminate the discriminations mentioned by the special labor commission, the appointment of a labor secretary for this purpose was not only unnecessary but inadvisable, as it would tend to upset existing conditions. The method of handling grievances had proved satisfactory, and, though the labor commission's main argument seemed to be based on the belief that I should be relieved of work of this character, I did not care for such relief, for, though considerable time was thus consumed, the advantages accruing were such that it could not be better spent. By handling this work as had been done in the past, I was kept more closely in touch with the men, learned to appreciate more fully the relative merits of the various officials, and at the same time acquired a more intimate knowledge of the details of the work itself. Everybody visiting the Isthmus was impressed with the spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty which pervaded the force, and it was not possible for a labor secretary to increase these or to secure greater harmony or efficiency. There were, and always would be in a work of this magnitude, a number of malcontents whom even a labor secretary could not satisfy. I was convinced from my conversations with the men that no one man would be able to satisfy all classes of labor, for no one man would have the laborer's special view-point unless he belonged to the particular class or craft of which the complainant was a member. The government was endeavoring to maintain an "open shop," and the appointment of a recognized labor leader would be satisfactory only to those of the same order, not satisfactory to those of the same class not belonging to the same order, and more or less unsatisfactory to all other crafts or classes of labor. Furthermore, to justify the position and high salary advocated, grievances would have to be the order of the day. For these reasons I recommended against the establishment of such a position. Before my report reached Washington, Colonel Hepburn and Mr. Stevens had had an interview with the President, as the result of which the Washington office cabled me that the President agreed with the views expressed by these gentlemen and was opposed to any such appointment.

The President-elect, Mr. Taft, visited the Isthmus in the latter part of January, 1909, and among the various matters that came up for discussion was this one of a labor secretary or commissioner. Though I still held to my views concerning the reception of committees in general, he thought my position was untenable, for organized labor was recognized everywhere, and transacted all of its business with employers of labor through committees. We had gone along for nearly two years without such recognition, he had expressed himself as gratified at the progress that had been made and the team-work that had been secured, and if a wrong position had been taken good results had, nevertheless, been secured. The upshot of the matter was, however, that I should have to change my policy and receive committees or he would be obliged to appoint a commissioner to look after labor interests. Under such circumstances I was willing to choose the less of two evils and receive committees on all questions affecting any class of labor, but I asked that individual

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grievances be handled as formerly and not through committees; this he accorded.

After my return to the Isthmus in March immediately following, and up to the present time, committees have been received, and with them I have discussed all questions affecting salaries, hours of labor, and conditions of employment affecting the particular class of employees represented by the committee, but personal grievances I have handled with the individuals affected; demands have not been considered nor discussed with any one, individuals or committees.

It is possible that some advantage has resulted to the men through these committees, but I doubt it. On the other hand, it was not to the advantage of the men serving on the committees in most cases, for the officials have seemed to regard them by reason of their being on the grievance committees as "kickers" and malcontents, and the minor officials, taking advantage of this point of view on the part of their superiors, have made life somewhat more burdensome for the committeemen.

The conditions of employment, changes in which were objected to in 1907, were revised by the commission in June, to become effective July 1 of that year. The sick-leave privilege was granted to all "gold" employees on the basis of fifteen days for each six months, cumulative up to thirty days for each year, and payment made at the next pay period after discharge from the hospital on certificate of a commission physician that the sickness was due to no fault of the employee. The annual leave was fixed at forty-two days and was not cumulative, but employees in the service prior to April 1 were authorized to accumulate their leaves, not to exceed eighty-four days up to the time of taking the next leave. The hourly employees were still denied such leave privilege. The rate on the Panama Railroad steamship line was left indefinite, but it continued to be twenty dollars until January 1, 1909, when it was fixed at thirty dollars for all those employed subsequent to this date. Free quarters for bachelors were stipulated, and married quarters as well, when these became available.

The hourly employees then began a movement to secure the same rights with respect to annual leave as the monthly men. They protested that the amount of overtime work was being greatly reduced, and what they received did not reimburse them for the expense of leave. The special labor commission, in its report of August, 1908, advocated equal treatment to all with respect to leave, setting forth that the overtime earned early in 1908 was not equivalent to the pay they would have received were the privilege granted, and that in this respect there was discrimination in favor of the monthly men. While basing their calculations on the amount of overtime earned in one month and the amount that would be expended if the leave privilege with pay were extended, and comparing these with the money value of the leave granted monthly employees, they failed to consider the overtime that was put in by the greater majority of the monthly employees not belonging to the few special classes such as transportation and steam-shovel crews. While recognizing the great expense that would be added to the work if their recommendation were adopted, they proposed to reduce the cost by granting six weeks' leave with pay every two years, to be taken in the United States, and four weeks each alternate year, to be taken in the vicinity of the Isthmus. They understood from the chief sanitary officer that leave was granted in the interests of health, to give the men annually an opportunity to secure a change of climate, omitting to mention the fact that the same authority, for advertising purposes, was announcing that the Isthmus was a great health resort.

The Canal Commission, after discussing the report of the labor commission, did not consider it advisable to change the conditions. The hourly men, based on this report, however, succeeded in securing from the Secretary of War, Mr. J. M. Dickinson, when he visited the Isthmus in 1909, leave not exceeding two weeks per year with pay. At the expiration of the leave they were to receive pay for eight hours each day at the same rate per hour they were receiving at the time leave was granted. Such leave was cumulative, not to exceed six weeks.

This did not satisfy them, and they lost no opportunity to seek an increase through committees of Congress visiting the Isthmus, the Secretary of War, and the President. When President Taft visited the

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Isthmus in 1910 he received the committees of the various labor organizations as usual, and again this question was brought up. The last committee to receive an audience was that of the boiler makers. It was late in the afternoon, and the President was obliged to excuse himself after a short hearing in order to keep a dinner engagement with the President of the republic of Panama, and in doing so he promised to give the matter consideration on his return to the United States. The men desired an answer at once, which he would not give. A meeting of the order was called that evening, and the following morning the boiler makers served the requisite five days' notice of their intention to resign. Their resignations were promptly accepted; almost immediately they began to seek reinstatement, and finally a large number of the men were re-employed. An instance occurred showing the advantage of granting family quarters. One of the boiler makers came to me and said that he was in trouble. The cause was that he had lost his job and might lose his wife if I didn't help him, for she had vowed that if he left he would go alone, for she liked the Isthmus and didn't intend to leave. He kept his wife, but by breaking his service lost his longevity. The advantage of offering inducements to married men to bring their families to the Isthmus was here demonstrated.

The result of these hearings was that the President directed that, effective January 1, 1911, men on the hourly basis should receive four weeks' leave for each year, computed as twenty-eight consecutive days at eight hours each.

The committee on appropriations visited the Isthmus in November of 1907 and severely criticised the granting of longevity and "lay-over days," since it was definitely understood that monthly and annual employees received full compensation for all time that they worked. The policy of granting longevity to special classes and not to all was not regarded with favor by those who were omitted from the privilege, and I took up with Secretary Taft, in December, 1907, the question of extending its benefits to all. Because of the views expressed by the committee on appropriations, the Secretary of War concluded that longevity should not be granted to any classes other than those then receiving it. The pressure became so great, however, that in January, 1909, when I appeared before the committee on appropriations, I announced that the time had come when longevity had to be granted to all employees or denied to those receiving it. In consequence, by legislative act, longevity and "lay-over days" were denied after June 30, 1909, but this did not affect the rates of pay of employees who had earned longevity prior to that date. This action in rescinding the provision that employees might earn longevity increase in pay and "lay-over days" for overtime was protested by those affected, and representatives of the steam-shovel men, locomotive engineers, mechanics, and others were heard by members of the appropriation committee on their visit to the Isthmus in November, 1909, and each subsequent year. However, from the facts developed at the hearings, it was so evident that the rates of pay and the privileges accorded employees were sufficient to compensate them for the disadvantages attending service on the Isthmus that the appropriation committee refused to take any action toward granting further longevity increase.

The question of overtime was a constant source of trouble, and when "lay-over days" were no longer allowed the locomotive engineers invited one of the officials of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to come to the Isthmus. He arrived in November, 1909, and claimed that he came on advice that trouble with the engineers was imminent. The committee on appropriations visiting the Isthmus at the time, while giving a hearing to the local committee, refused to permit this representative to be present, which somewhat aggravated the situation. Labor trains were operated to get employees to and from their work in the morning and evening, and also during the noon hour, and dinner engines were run at noon time for this purpose, as well as at night, from the distant stations. Spoil was being taken from Culebra Cut to Tabernilla, a distance of fourteen miles, and to Gatun, a distance of twenty-nine miles, and the object was to get the men home, thereby adding to their comfort. The engineers and conductors, however,

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considered all of this extra work as overtime, even those riding on the labor trains and dinner engines.

The representative of the order explained that the custom of getting the men to their homes was not the practice in the United States; that the men were obliged to remain at such points on the road as the noon hour or the termination of the day found them. The committee of engineers and conductors at his suggestion asked for a readjustment of the force by distributing them at points most convenient to the work, so as to cut out the overtime; to stop the dinner engines and let the men get the noon meal wherever it could be obtained, and to keep them overnight at the localities where the close of the day found them. It was seen that this would seriously interfere with the comfort and convenience of the men, but they were told that if this were the wish of a majority of the engineers, including those not members of the order, I was willing to put it into effect. A meeting was advertised, and I understood was largely attended, and all were in favor of sacrificing individual considerations in order to reduce the overtime. The scheme was made effective and caused more irritation and greater grounds for complaint than had the overtime, for personal convenience and comfort loomed up larger when these were affected than they did at the meeting, where personal considerations seemed of little moment. It is curious to note that one of the first to object to the change was a member of the committee that had advocated it, when he was obliged to be away from home overnight. Overtime was much preferred to the new arrangement, which gradually fell into disuse.

The Panama Canal Act, approved August 24, 1912, provided that when the organization was effected to take care of the operation and maintenance of the Canal, the salaries paid should not exceed by more than twenty-five per cent the salaries paid for similar service in the government service in the United States, and a general reduction of wages would result April 1, 1914, when the act was made effective. The Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, on visiting the Isthmus in 1913, conceded that those men who had been employed with the understanding that longevity increase would accrue had equity on their side, and so stated to the labor committee which interviewed him. Taking advantage of this, a determined effort was made to secure a revocation of the provision of law which had been incorporated in each Sundry Civil Act, prohibiting payment for longevity and overtime. I still took the position that longevity should be granted to all or to none. When I visited Washington in the early part of 1914, two questions brought up by the labor leaders were the reduction in wages that would take effect the following April and longevity. There seemed to be no prospect of securing longevity for any one, so I combined with them to secure a continuation of the existing wage scale during the construction period, but on my part sacrificing longevity and "lay-over days." The Urgent Deficiency Appropriation Act, approved April 6, 1914, settled the question of longevity and "lay-over days" by decreeing that no payment should be made for any claims covering either.

Compensation for injuries was provided by Congress in 1908, and under the Panama Canal Act of 1912 the President was authorized to fix a schedule for injuries sustained while engaged in actual work. The schedule made effective is a very generous and liberal one, so that this ground for complaint in 1907 has been removed.

While there have been numerous minor complaints and grievances, and one threat of tying up the work if a locomotive engineer were not released from the penitentiary, where he was confined by sentence of the courts for criminal negligence, there has been no serious labor disturbance at any time. An effort has been made to treat the men fairly and humanely, straightening out their difficulties and differences when possible, assisting them when necessary, as well as taking a personal interest in their affairs when advisable so to do. The result has been an earnest, zealous, and enthusiastic co-operating body of employees, responding promptly to all calls for extra work in emergency, even to the extent of personal sacrifices, to which is attributed in greater measure than to any other factor the success that has been attained. It is a body of men to be proud of and a source of pride to be one of them.

[Colonel Goethals's third article, "Organization of the Force," will appear in the May number.]

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THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE ABRUZZI

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

American Ambassador to Italy

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN P. S. HARRISON

WHEN one finds his mansion which has stood for generations suddenly shaken and quivering as though its solid walls were of cardboard, he is likely to receive a thrill himself. And when he learns that only some forty miles away, as the crow flies, a dozen flourishing towns and villages, some with beautiful homes and fine buildings, have, in a few seconds, been levelled to the ground and become mere heaps of rubbish, with the inhabitants buried beneath them, while perhaps a score or more other villages have lost from a quarter to half of their people, and all have been so shaken that the terrified inhabitants fear to remain in their homes and prefer to brave the rigors of winter in the open fields, he becomes conscious of a curious and wholly new point of view of buildings. The massive structures which have stood for strength and permanence and have endured through the ages take on suddenly an ephemeral character, and the heavy, rumbling wheels and throbbing cars which once annoyed no longer annoy as they shake the windows. They awaken a more serious feeling; at least such has been the experience of those with whom I have talked since the morning of what is known as the Avezzano earthquake.

We were not conscious that sunny morning of the thirteenth of January, about eight o'clock, when the house began to shake and shiver and the pictures to swing, that we were alarmed—perhaps, like children, we had the courage of ignorance—we were thoughtful enough to get in the embrasure of a window in the thick walls, partly because we had heard that this was the proper thing to do and partly to look out in the street and see whether anything had happened. Outside, however, people were strolling in the Venti Settembre quite unobservant of anything unusual; the little newspaper woman at the fountain across the way was quietly counting her papers; and the one-armed mendicant who performs a semiofficial function in touching his hat was standing quietly at his post, like the Roman soldier at Pompeii. But, meantime, our big chandeliers were swinging back and forth, the pictures on the walls were still swaying, and we felt that there must have been grave damage done somewhere. In the hall the servants were assembled—the men grave, the women scared and white. Perhaps, being more familiar with earthquakes than ourselves, they knew.

It was not long before we found that the earthquake must have struck heavily not far from Rome. At Tivoli, some fifteen miles from Rome, a house had fallen and a woman had been killed; at Monte Rotondo, only a few miles farther away, several persons had been killed. And even in Rome itself some damage had been caused, though no lives had been lost. One or two churches had been sufficiently shaken to call for closing temporarily the narrow streets below them; the arch of the Porta del Popolo, on one side the city, had been cracked, and on the other side one of the great figures of the apostles that towered above the imposing façade of St. John Lateran—at first said to be that of St. Paul, but later charged to be that of Judas—had crashed to the ground, splintering into fragments and crushing a huge hole in the marble steps; and, most significant of all to the Romans, the bronze statue of St. Paul which crowns the column of Antoninus Pius was said to have twisted around and turned its back on the Austrian Embassy!

Up to noon, however, no one had heard

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of any great disaster. Soon after noon rumors began to fly around. In the Abruzzi—it was rumored—a town had been seriously damaged, with many persons killed; then the name of Avezzano was heard—Avezzano was isolated, the railway was interrupted, the telegraph-wires were down. Soon the news became more pronounced. "Two hundred and fifty persons had been killed." Some enterprising newspaper men were on the way to find out where and what the trouble was. "The King had gone." This was the first certain information that even the most eager part of the public had received. Wherever there was real trouble, among the first was always the King. He knows first and he goes first—always. Meantime, the news came slipping in, always blacker and blacker. No trains, or very few, were coming from the Abruzzi. That evening we heard that both the valley of the Liri and the whole region of the basin of Fucino had been stricken and that eight thousand people were under the ruins. It seems to have been about nightfall that the first outside aid reached the stricken region. A train of soldiers started that evening and were there the next morning, but in that time many—none will ever know the number—who might have been saved could they have been reached earlier had died of wounds and despair, pinned beneath the ruins of their homes. Even after ten days a few were found alive and were rescued. The age of miracles is not yet past in the Abruzzi.

It was twenty-four hours and more before the full magnitude of the catastrophe was known. The region devastated by the earthquake covers, roughly, an extent of thirty by forty miles, taking in the valleys of the Fucino and the Liri, running through the Abruzzi. The repercussion was felt sensibly for over a hundred miles beyond this irregular oval. At Orvieto the Duomo and San Giovanni, precious works of art, were injured, though not seriously, and even in Florence the shock was felt. But it was in the valleys and along the slopes of the Abruzzi, bristling with villages, that the destruction was vast and terrific. "Worse than Messina," men say who knew both. I know not if such be possible, but this is certain: nothing could be worse than this. It surpassed all imagination. At Messina more lives were lost, but here the disaster swept over almost an entire province.

The basin of Fucino—and the same may be said of the valley of the Liri—was a beautiful and wonderfully fertile valley, which might have been the Happy Valley of Rasselas, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, heavily snow-clad at this season, with villages perched like birds' nests on the spurs that jut out above the plain—all plunged at once on a sunny morning, in a few seconds, into a scene of ruin, death, and despair, towns blotted out, villages thrown down, homesteads levelled, with their occupants dead or dying beneath their ruins. It is commonplace enough to write the terrible fact, but it is one of the merciful provisions of Providence that the mind refuses to grasp it. To be told that twenty-five, thirty, or thirty-five thousand have perished gives less idea of the horror of great darkness that has fallen on that once smiling region than one glimpse at one of those prostrate villages which in a twinkling reverted to their original elements of loose stone and unadhesive mortar, turning a thriving town into a rubbish-heap, constituting one vast and unsightly tomb. Indeed, even in figures the undeniable list of the dead buried beneath the ruins fails to convey any idea of the total number of those reaped in the protracted harvest of mortality consequent on the catastrophe. In battles the list of the dead comprises the killed, wounded, and missing, but not so here—only the dead are numbered in earthquakes. Or at least only the seriously wounded are added. No account is made, for none can be made, of the unnumbered multitude of those who, homeless and shaken in body and mind, with husbands, wives, parents, children gone, find life suddenly changed from light to darkness.

An eye-witness, who escaped destruction at Avezzano that morning only because he had not quite reached the town at the instant of the catastrophe, described in simple words what he saw. The earth all of a sudden shook violently beneath his feet; there was a great roar and crash and the town before him in the

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morning light, as his eyes rested on it, sank to the ground in a cloud of dust. Presently a wounded man staggered out from a pile of ruins and sat down, bleeding and dazed, and here and there another followed and sank down; but beneath the ruins were some nine thousand persons of whom nine-tenths are still there. When a wounded refugee on the way to Rome that evening was questioned he gave a fairly rational account of himself, and when asked as to Avezzano his reply was simply: *Non c'e niente.* It was quite exact, and what was said of that town was true of many others—there is nothing left. Throughout that entire section covering the valleys mentioned, with their surrounding foot-hills, the earthquake, even where it did not destroy, shook every house to its foundations. A list of over forty stricken towns lies before me. At San Benedetto the percentage of those who perished is almost equal to that at Avezzano. All is reduced to a waste of refuse. It is difficult to tell in places where lay the streets. At Gioia dei Marsi, whose name told the story of its charm, all is gone. Of five thousand inhabitants over four thousand have perished. It was a town with a palazzo and sumptuous villas. In ancient times the old Romans fought for it; in mediæval times, first the Saracen and then the mediæval Romans, Colonnas, and Piccolomini. The earthquake has accomplished what neither Roman nor Saracen could do.

Avezzano is the central point of the desolated region and has been used as representative of the entire region struck by the catastrophe. Though it is the largest of the destroyed towns, its population was not the most completely destroyed of all. There only about nine-tenths were killed. In certain of the smaller towns, so far as accounts go, a yet greater proportion perished. In one village, for example, the report is that only eight persons survived. In Lecce nei Marsi the people, as reported, were at early mass; at another town a funeral of a child was taking place; in both instances the churches fell, crushing all within.

The Avezzano region was not unknown to the Romans, and the old Roman roads across the mountains may still be traced in places. A man beside the way, of whom the distance was asked, replied: "By the Roman road it is so far."

The Romans, having conquered the Marsi, tried to drain the basin of the Fucino, but the task was beyond their ability and was abandoned. What ancient effort, however, failed to do modern enterprise, with modern science and appliances, accomplished. About fifty years ago Alexander Torlonia headed an enterprise which pierced the mountains with a tunnel which extended under the lake and through it drained the waters of Lake Fucino into the Liri, which runs southward through the valley to which it has given its name. The reward was great. The fertile land recovered yielded immense returns, and in the valley sprang numerous towns, chief among them Avezzano, at the juncture of the roads which ran in from three or four directions.

The region, with its birds'-nest villages perched on the peaks pushing out from the main range, sometimes dominated by an ancient castle, was picturesque enough to be a haunt of artists, and many artists, in recognition of their indebtedness to its charm, now so greatly marred, have sent contributions to the succor of its unfortunate inhabitants. The people were a strong and sturdy race almost untouched by outside influences. "Among the best in Italy—so good, so religious, so industrious," said one who knew them to me. It is said that they furnished the shepherds and the cooks of the Roman province. They still retain many of their customs and with their customs the old picturesque costumes.

In mediæval times the fertility of the valleys and the sturdiness of the stock made it a region well worth fighting for and holding, and over many of the villages towered a mediæval castle. At Avezzano itself the Colonnas had one of their numerous castles, which, strong enough to resist the ravages of time and the elements, was not strong enough to withstand this earthquake, and shared in the general ruin.

Dante embalmed this valley and an episode in its history in his immortal verse. In the 28th canto of the "Inferno" he pictures some who fell at Scurcola in the battle in which, in 1268, the general of

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Clement IV, by stratagems, defeated and captured the young Conrad.

With agricultural success, after the draining of the lake by Prince Torlonia, came commercial advance, and Avezzano rose a handsome modern town with seminaries, churches, beautiful parks, and a fine palace owned by the Torlonias. Perhaps it grew too rapidly to grow strong. It was undoubtedly badly built. When nature with a sudden convulsion shook it the city simply reverted to its original elements of loose stones and dry mortar. The older towns were ruined—roofs fell in or walls fell out. At Avezzano the whole town was shaken into refuse. Possibly also the shock centred here or hard by. A great crack was reported to have extended across the plain toward San Benedetto, as far as the eye could reach.

In those first hours of succor the few men present had opportunities which could probably never occur again in a lifetime. Among the very first from Rome to reach the spot was a gentleman who represents one of the leading journals of the capital, who belongs to that great order of journalists, able, prompt, and resourceful, to whom the world is indebted the world over, day after day, for the earliest, clearest, and exactest information as to the most important events of humanity. Led by instinct, he was on the ground that evening, having traversed a mountain pass with three doctors as his companions.

His account to me was one which no pen, not even his, can reproduce. Its naked simplicity was its strength. It dealt not in description; all this was left for later comers. It dealt only with deeds and facts. The fact of helping to save was all that he gave and the tragedy of their powerlessness to save more.

"What was done on arrival?" I asked.

"Work, work."

"How many were saved?"

"We must have saved between three and four hundred, but there were only some forty or fifty there to work. Had we had a thousand men that night we might possibly have saved a thousand—none can know what we suffered." He brushed his hand across his forehead as if to clear away the nightmare of that memory. It could be understood somewhat when on the spot we clambered over the continuous pile of débris that filled, many feet high, the streets into which the walls had crumbled, slaying alike those without and those within.

Within twenty-four hours of the catastrophe many were on the spot; the tortuous mountain road over Monte Bove pass was filled with automobiles heavily laden with supplies, swaying perilously as they wheeled around the sharp curves. But, numerous as they were, what were they among so many? The work was titanic. The whole Marsian region was stricken, dozens of villages were in ruins, and scores so racked and damaged that their inhabitants had fled to the open fields, where they cowered in the depth of winter without food or shelter.

The single-track railway has done its best conveying food and supplies in and wounded and stricken refugees out; and the mountain pass, as long as it was open, was filled with motor-trucks, military trains, and private automobiles by scores; but the whole region is desolated and dependent on outside aid.

It is impossible to give even approximately the number of those homeless. Men vary in their estimates, not by thousands but by scores of thousands. I will only say that it is the most thickly settled mountain region I ever saw except, possibly, the Jura-Jura in Grand Kabylia. More villages were visible from one point than I ever saw elsewhere, save in that region; and their surviving population, whether few or many, were all without shelter, and without any supplies whatever save those carried to them from the outside.

One of the first acts of the Americans was naturally the tender of sympathy and an inquiry whether aid would be acceptable. The sympathy was accepted with appreciative thanks, but the government made it known that aid would not be accepted from outside governments or associations. The reason given was the international situation in Europe and the apprehension that embarrassment might be caused by such acceptance.

The press, in indorsing the decision, which it did with unanimity, hinted at another cause when it declared that it was more dignified for Italy to stand on her

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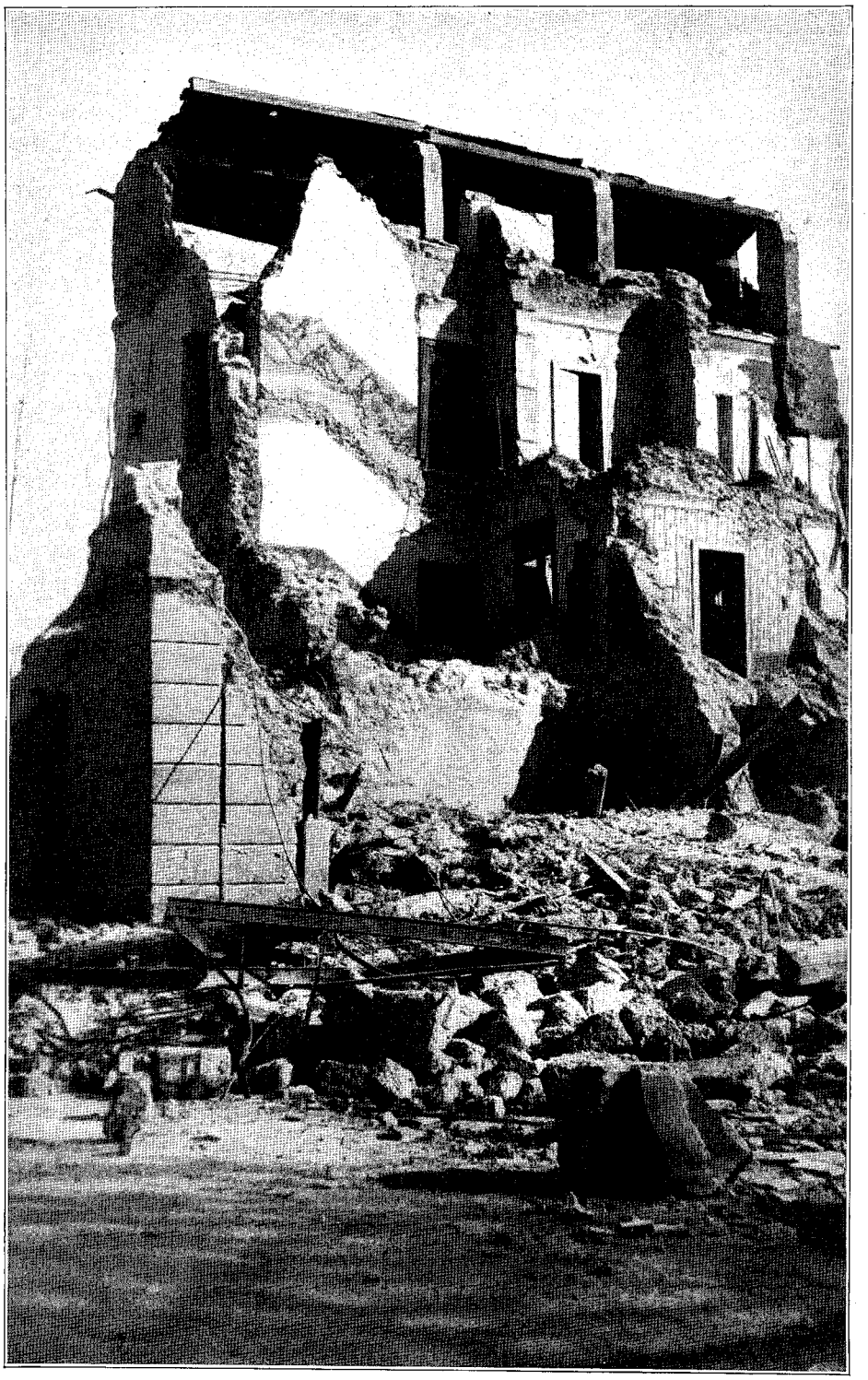

A wrecked building at Sora.

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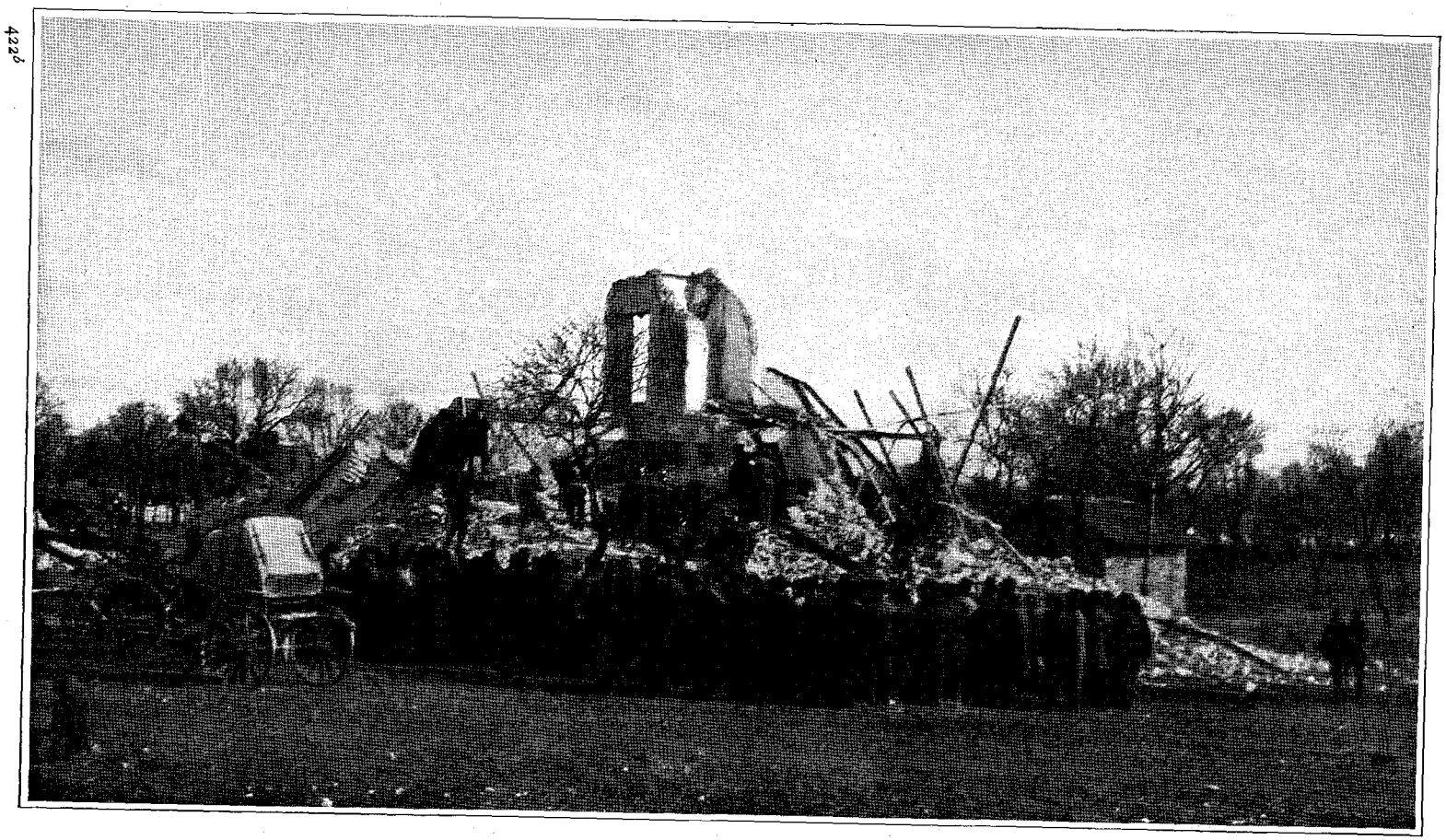

Firemen of Bologna rescuing a girl found alive eight days after the earthquake.

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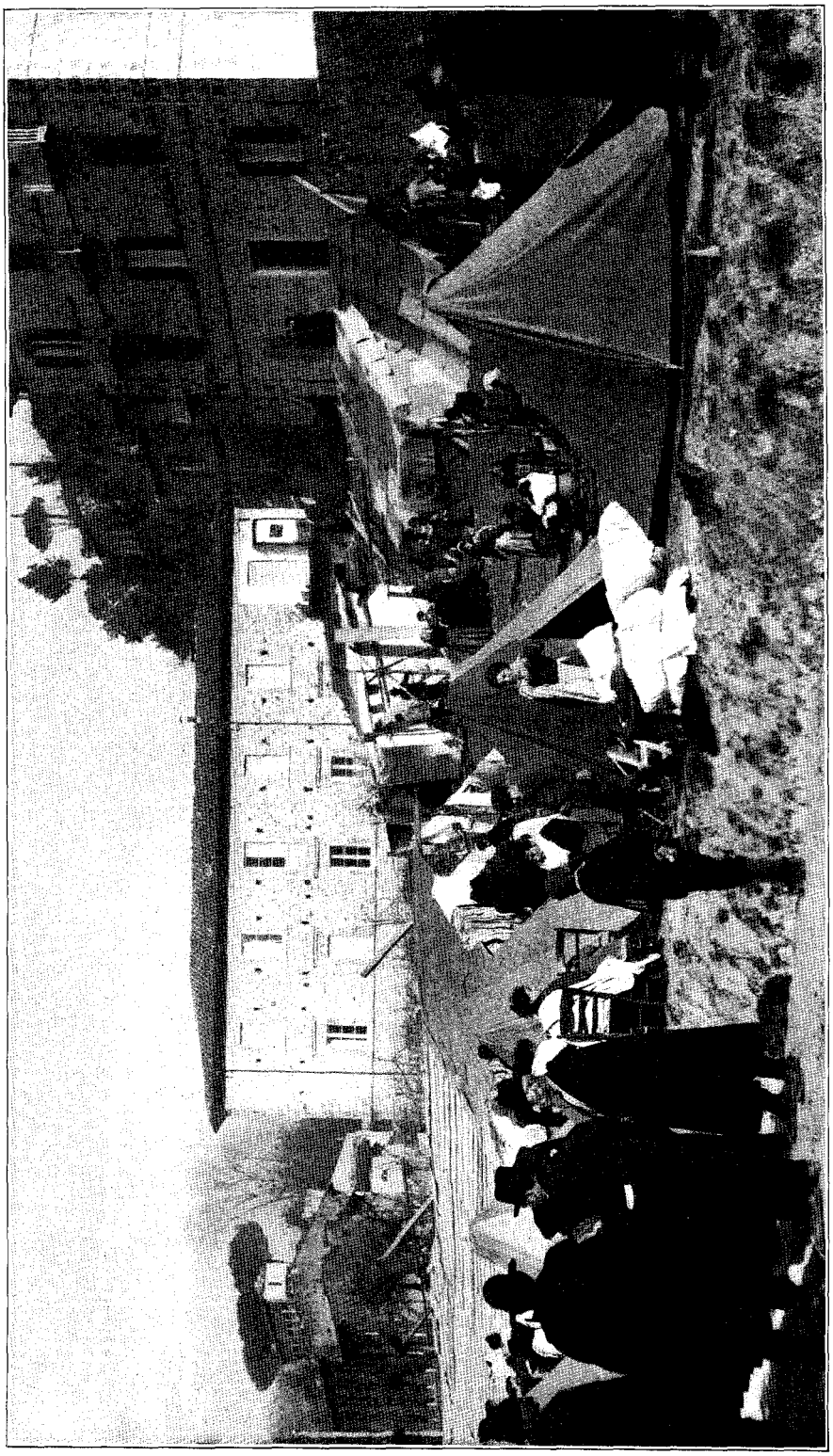

Refugees in Isola del Liri.

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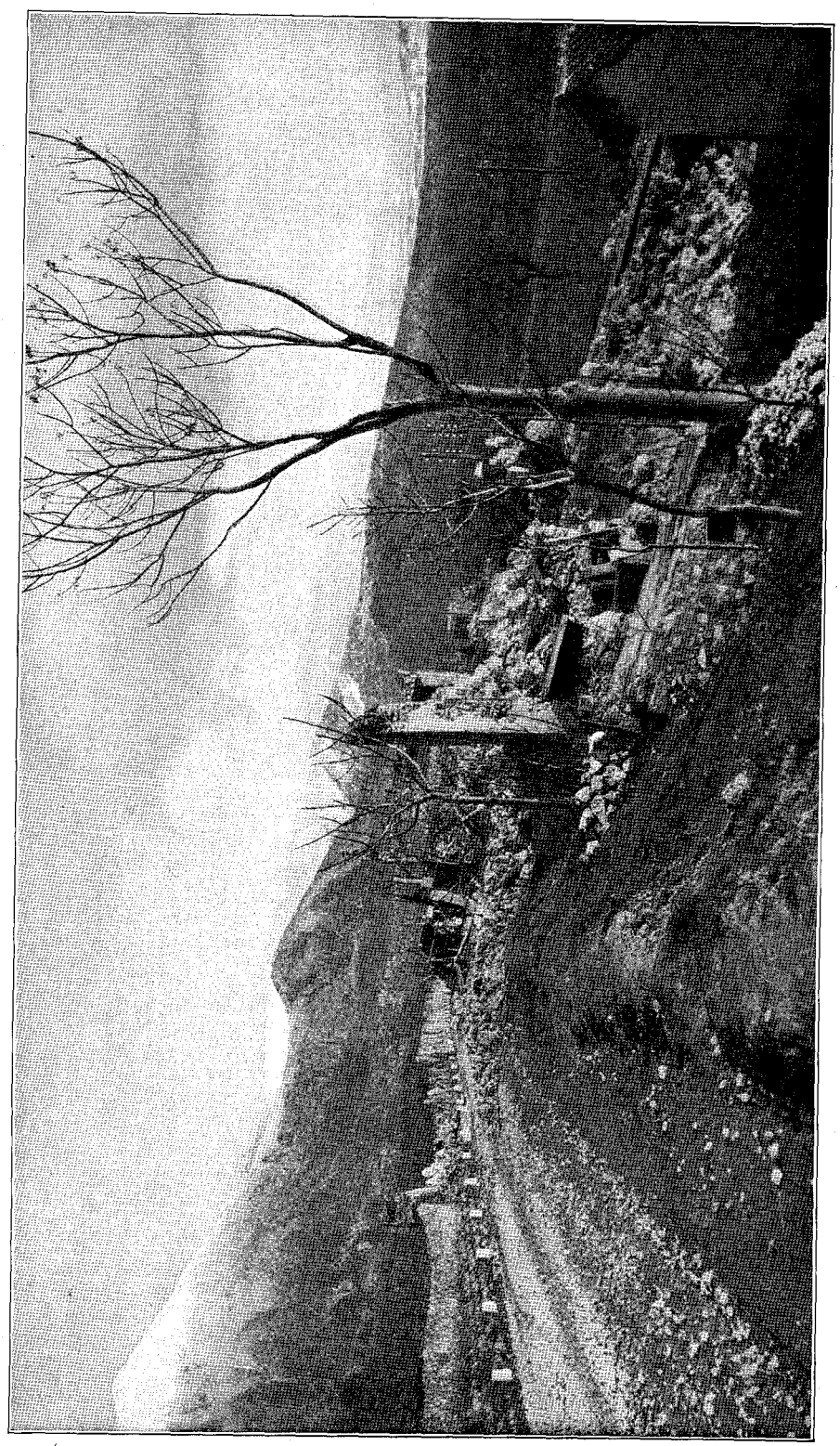

A roadside hamlet near San Benedetto.

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From a photograph by E. Navone & Company.

Ruins of Via Napoli, Avezzano.

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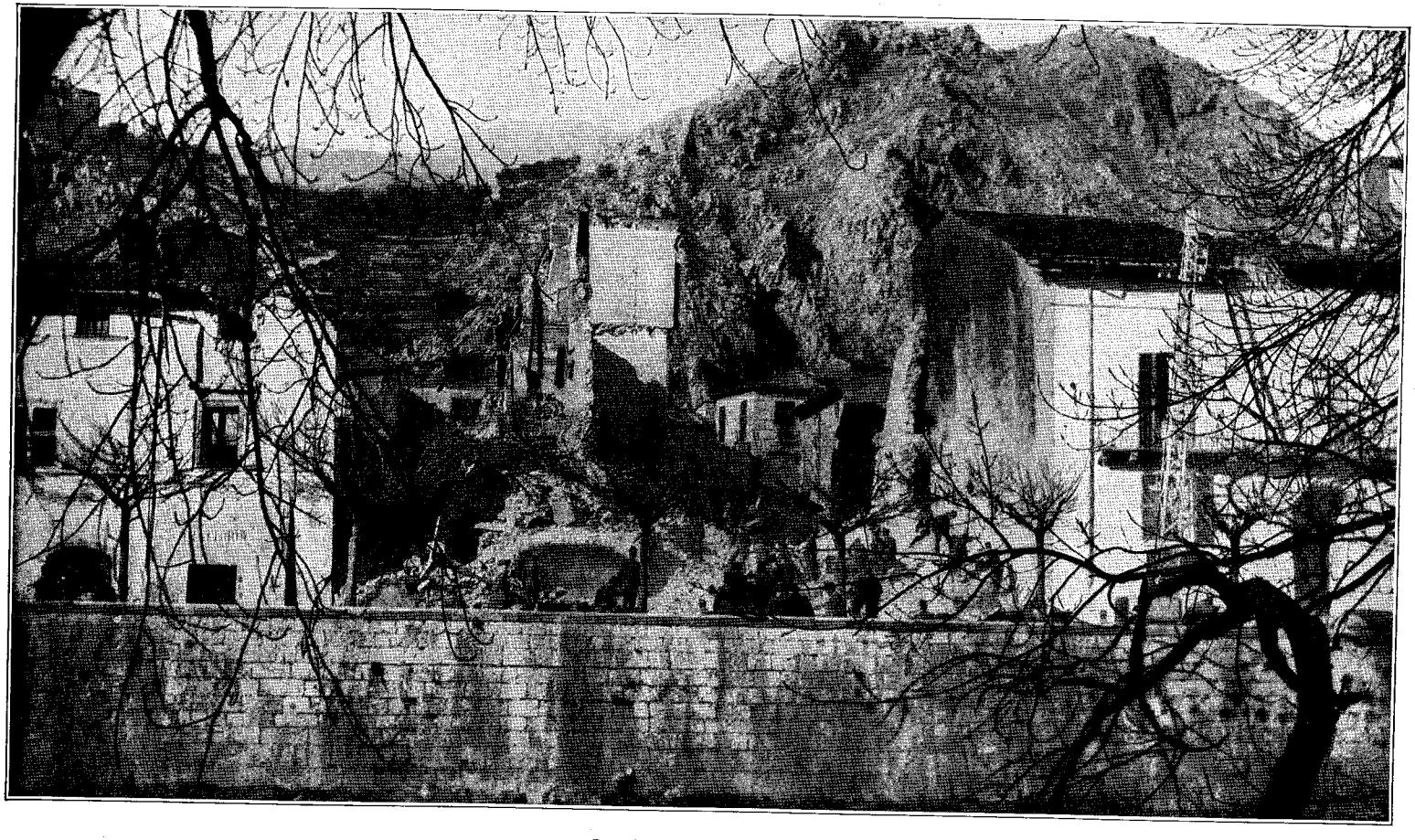

Sora, in the valley of the Liri.

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own feet and do her own work even under such a catastrophe. Sometimes it is a comfort not to have to pass judgment.

The organizations here, like individuals universally, did their utmost to meet the appalling situation. The Red Cross, the Green Cross, the White Cross, and, indeed, every organization, lay and religious, worked laboriously. The Roman ladies organized, under Madame Salandra, the wife of the prime minister, and gave themselves unreservedly to the task. The important journals all opened relief subscriptions and organized relief expeditions which have plied constantly between Rome and the stricken districts. Fashion doffed its fine robes to put on the garments of service. Earthquakes, however, unlike even battles, have no advance-guards and give no warning. All has to be done without warning and at once.

By the evening of the day following the catastrophe help began to find its way in considerable quantities to the desolated regions, though it was some time yet before the magnitude of the disaster was wholly known, and even after ten days the aid, though great, is, under the terrible conditions which have supervened, not wholly adequate. The single-track railway is worked to its utmost capacity, and until the passes were blocked the road over the mountains was full of automobiles packed to their utmost capacity. But what is this when the whole population of a province is homeless and starving, without shelter, food, or covering? And, what is more, with every energy shocked and paralyzed beyond expression? What struck the visitor, if possible, even more than material damage was the look of dazed horror in the faces of the survivors. Their minds seemed to be in abeyance. The wheels of life had suddenly stopped.

From a photograph by E. Navone & Company.

Rescuing a survivor several days after the earthquake, Avezzano.

On the day following the catastrophe two automobiles from the embassy went for observation to the stricken regions, one to the southern part in the valley of the Liri, where the principal towns which had suffered—such as Sora, Pescina, Gioia dei Marsi, etc.—could be reached by road from Frosinone. The other went to Avezzano. The two parties returned next evening, haggard and worn. They

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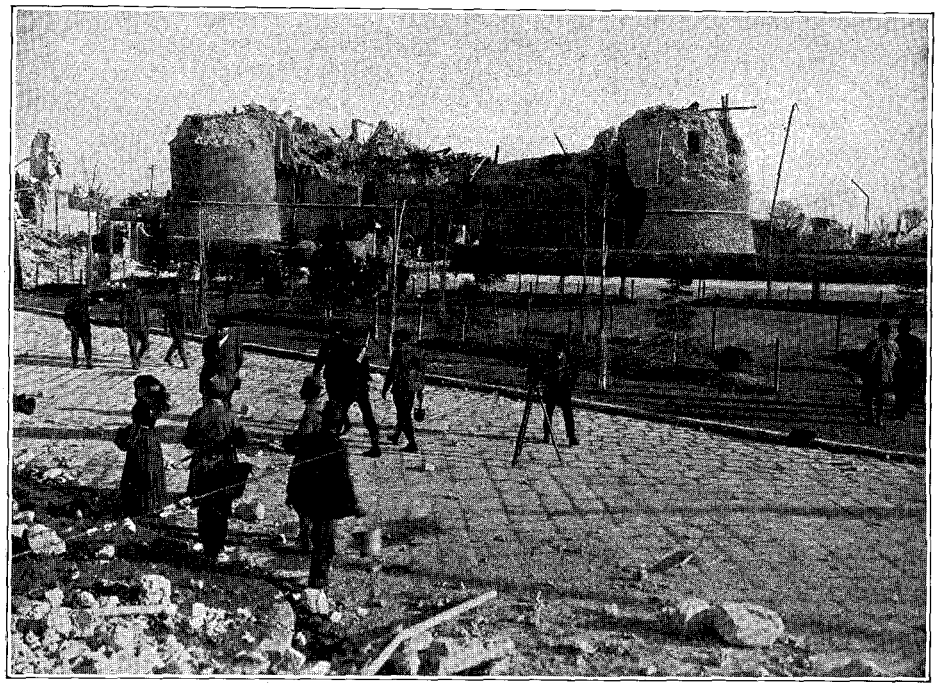

From a photograph by E. Navone & Company.

Ruins of Castle Orsini, Avezzano.

had seen sights which they could never forget. The valley of the Liri was less stricken than the basin of Fucino and the intervening region; but it was bad enough even there—only the dead in the towns along that valley were numbered by hundreds, not by thousands. For the survivors the tragedy was well-nigh the same.

The government's decision not to accept outside aid rendered futile the good intentions of our government and of the American Red Cross, which promptly offered their aid, as did other governments, if not formally, at least tentatively; but this decision did not preclude individual offers of assistance, and, in a situation which made all brothers, the Americans in Rome promptly associated themselves to do what could be done by individual effort, as was being done not only by the Italian authorities but by all classes of the people, individually and collectively. The number of subscription lists was impressive. Besides the newspaper subscription lists and those started by relief organizations, many of the upper class set to work with private subscriptions secured among their friends, and others not of that class did the same. In some of the automobiles which plied back and forth across the mountains were among the best-known of the fine ladies of Rome, who went, not to see, but to carry aid and succor. In Rome a complete organization was effected. Every available place was opened as a hospital, and provision was made to receive and care for the thousands of wounded who were brought in as rapidly as the limited means would allow.

The syndic, or, as we should say, mayor, of Rome is Don Prospero Colonna, one of the best names and best men in Rome. When I saw him at the railway station superintending the reception of the wounded and of refugees he had been on his feet substantially fifty hours; behind him were the litter-bearers and a number of nurses in their white uniforms, among them patrician ladies, princesses, and countesses, whom I had hitherto associated only with drawing-rooms and the lighter side of life. I was sensible of a feeling of pride to recognize one whom I knew to have been an American lady who harked back to the Lees of Virginia. A line of ambu-

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lances was drawn up close to the platform, and as the wounded were taken from the train the litter-bearers bore them to these conveyances or, if they needed immediate surgical attention, to the surgical room in the station where the white-clad nurses and surgeons tended them without delay.

It was a sad procession and seemed interminable. Some were placed in a more completely closed van. They were the dead who had died on the train on the way to Rome. A young priest with sorrowing eyes stood beside the way opened through the crowd along which the sufferers were borne. As each litter passed he bent over and touched the form upon it and made the sign of the cross above it. To those able to understand he uttered a word of consolation. Assuredly, he had never rendered, nor ever can render, a service more grateful to God.

Those refugees who were able to walk were conducted a step farther on to where, in a restaurant made ready for them, they were given hot food, the first they had had since the catastrophe occurred, served to them by young ladies turned waitresses by that touch which makes the whole world kin. Roman society never appeared to such advantage as in that dusky station that rainy night.

The rich and poor were there together, united in one common fellowship of mercy. From the kaleidoscopic scene of bustle and wretchedness and kindness comes a picture of a young belle of the Roman drawing-room, now in a waitress's dress, with a little peasant child of two or three years in her arms, going in and out of the thronged department searching for the child's mother. One of the most useful and merciful of all the provisions for relief was that organized by the Marchesa de Viti de Marco, who was an American, for finding the mothers of lost children. The number of children who had got separated from their mothers would seem extraordinary to one who had not seen the conditions at the other end of the line. In all the hospitals there are numbers who cannot yet be identified. In one apartment scores of little ones lie in baskets provided for them, some awaiting identification, others, happily, being cared for while their mothers are in some other ward being nursed back to life. Like others, the Americans helped in the hospital work. Two ladies offered to the syndic as a hospital a large building on the Janiculum which had been used as a school by the Methodists. It was accepted promptly and others of the same church came forward to carry it on. Other Protestants bore their part. The Anglo-American hospital was opened and filled immediately. In fact, all divisions passed out of sight in face of this calamity which has known no distinctions. The universal outpouring of kindness is the single consolation that can be drawn from the disaster.

On Sunday, having shipped our car of supplies by railway, we took four automobiles over the road to meet the car at the station of Scurcola, not far from Avezzano, to act as transport vehicles for the goods sent down by rail.

Our part was nothing. It was only what every one else was doing according to means and opportunity, from the King to the poorest man and woman. It gave, however, to our people the infinite satisfaction of relieving some misery, and it gave to those who went to the spot an opportunity to see for themselves what once seen can never be forgot. The chief value of the Americans' gift came from the fact that we were among the first to arrive with aid in some of the outlying places—in one or two small villages possibly the very first. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is a universal verity.

The winding, snow-filled road over Monte Bove pass had many automobiles on it that morning which from time to time would pass each other as the steep, winding ascent tested their power or some small accident delayed one or another of them. No one waited for another, for all were hastening to the relief of those in desperate need.

It was hard to believe, as one looked down from the top of the snow-covered pass into the beautiful valley below, that it was a scene of such desolation as we had heard described. But when in the early afternoon we reached the scene of the catastrophe all descriptions were beggared.

At Tagliacozzo, a good-sized town ranging up the mountain's foot at the

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point where the mountain road down which we wound reached the plain—

"Tagliacozzo,
ove senz'arme vinse il vecchio Alardo,"

—the refugees began—dazed groups standing inert as frightened cattle brought to stand at some point of fancied safety. Here and there a family with many children was trying to set up a little booth of loose boards and rags for shelter, for Tagliacozzo had escaped, being on the mountainside.

A few miles farther on in the plain the signs of the earthquake began—first a wide crack in a little railway station, then, another mile or two farther on, a small house down flat, and from this point to Avezzano, twelve or fifteen miles beyond, destruction at its worst. Small, solid, one-story houses were shattered, and even walls beside the road, apparently solid, were shaken out of the supporting banks.

At Scurcola, a fair-sized town on the edge of the plain dominated by a castle, there were reported many killed. The White Cross had already established a relief station there on the roadside under a capable doctor, but had no means to bring from the ruined railway station, a half-mile out on the plain, some supplies which had been sent there for them. The first work, therefore, which our representative, Mr. Lowrie, did was to convey these supplies to them in his automobile. The next was to take a load to a little valley which we heard had received no succor, where was a ruined village some eight or ten miles back from the main highway. He arrived there in the dusk just as another automobile arrived, sent by the Gioventù Cattolica, which had established a station at Tagliacozzo. This act of common succor naturally brought us afterward into close touch with the Gioventù Cattolica, and later on we were able to aid them somewhat in their excellent work.

The station at Scurcola was in ruins, but the inside walls had mainly stood and the station-master had, after two hours' work, dug his family out and found them all alive. When the shock came he was at the instrument sending a message to Avezzano. He gave a graphic account of his instinctive rush out-of-doors just in time to see the outer walls of the building torn away and dashed to the ground. It was only what hundreds of others did—some, alas! with less fortunate results.

And to Scurcola and its surrounding region might well be applied to-day the lines in which Dante referred to them in that far-off time:

"Chi poria mai pur con parole sciolte
dicer del sangue e delle piaghe appieno,
ch'i' ora vidi, per narrar più volte?

"Ogni lingua per certo verria meno
per lo nostro sermone e per la mente,
c'hanno a tanto comprender poco seno." *

Neither memory nor language are adequate to picture what we saw.

As our design was to reach some of the outlying villages, away from the general centre, which had not yet been relieved, we went first to Torano, where we had heard many had been killed. The way wound up a little valley, on either side of which, on high-pointed hills, were half-ruined villages, looking, with their gapped and broken gray houses, like old wasps' nests. Capelle, the first town which we passed, was completely destroyed. Some of the walls had fallen into the street and a road had been made over them. Soldiers were at work among the ruins, dragging out the dead, whose bodies, as they were found, were laid out beside the way in startling numbers. The unforgettable odor of death was on the air. Capelle was on the level and, as at Avezzano, nine-tenths of the population had perished.

At the fork of the roads, in what was once the centre of the town, stood a young priest at a long table, with an officer beside him, receiving such supplies as might be given by passing automobiles, while a tin basin was used as a receptacle for any contributions in money which might be handed out. The church, which once faced the little piazza, was a ruin and in front of what had been the portal had been set up a little rude altar of a board across two fragments with a small crucifix behind it. When we returned a little

* "Who, even with words set free, could ever fully tell, by oft relating, the blood and the wounds that I now saw?

"Every tongue assuredly would fail, because of our speech and our memory that have small capacity to comprehend so much."

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later on two little vases of flowers had been added. I have seen many grander but never a more impressive place of worship. The gathering of the stricken survivors around that ruined altar is one of the striking features of the situation, and the night processions, so long as the weather permitted, kept one in mind that religion still gave its holy consolation.

Alba Fucense, the first town passed after Capelle, crowned a hill at the back of Capelle. Its cyclopean walls survive from the time of the ancient Marsi, and later on, after its conquest, the Roman presidio was there. In the old church was possibly the finest work of art in the Abruzzi, a choir-screen by the Cosmatis. It is all gone now, buried beneath the ruins of the church.

Next came Magliano dei Marsi, also in ruins. Several other towns on peaks across the little valley showed plainly in gaping houses the ravages of the shock, but they could only be reached on foot or horseback. On the way we were met by a local doctor from Russolo, who, with tears in his eyes, told us of the distress there. He was on his way to secure aid. A promise was given him to go there later, and we passed on to Torano, a ruined village at the foot of the mountains. Soldiers had arrived there but were without provisions—like the surviving inhabitants with whom they had doubtless divided the rations sent with them. The supplies for the place were handed over to a lieutenant and the counsellor of the village, and one of the automobiles was turned into an ambulance to take two wounded girls to Scurcola to be sent to Rome by train that afternoon. Returning on our tracks to visit another village, we found at the crossroads a group who told us of a stricken village up a little valley, Santa Anatolia, which as yet had received no succor and was in a desperate plight.

And the report was less than the fact. Santa Anatolia had stood on a hill overlooking the little valley from which a curving road had recently been built up to the village. Its houses were now razed or shattered; its inhabitants were either in the ruins or in the fields below the town—a few huddled under little booths beside the way. It grips the heart to see those who weep and pray for gratitude that succor has come. We asked for the officials of the place.

"The assessore."

A dozen men and women dashed up the road to find him. He came—a plain countryman in the prime of life, a man of the soil and a man to be remembered. The supplies were turned over to him—sacks of bread and *salame*—and he stored them in a single-story structure built into the hillside. He said nothing at the time, scarcely a word, but when we left he thanked us in the name of the people about him in the simplest but most eloquently touching words I ever heard. Before we left, the advocate of the place, who with the vicar had joined us, walked with us through the main street of the village, pointing out the houses in which four or twice four persons had been killed. They were still under the ruins. He was a man of consideration and wealth for that region. His house, which had stood at the end of the street overlooking the valley below, had been a fine one, with a carriage drive up to the door. Three of the outer walls had fallen; fortunately the cross walls had stood, though broken, and the family was saved. They had found shelter in a cow-shed, where we saw them. But they were all living.

Our railway-car, having been emptied of its stores, was turned into a hospital car for the wounded from Torano and Scurcola, and on the arrival of the train for Rome the car was pushed from the siding and attached to the train—the wounded in charge of the benignant old paroco, who was truly a father to those broken and bereaved children of his care. There were no beds, and the straw which had been promised did not arrive in time, but there were several doctors on the train, to whom the wounded were commended, and we kept our young Kentucky doctor with us, as there were other places to visit.

It was mid-afternoon before, having distributed our supplies, we visited Avezzano. It was the largest town in the stricken region and, as has been stated, was a place of wealth and refinement. An old Colonna castle and a new Torlonia palace fronting the fine park added dignity to its modern mansions. The houses, however, though handsome, had been

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badly built, constructed mainly of round stone laid in an indifferent mortar, and beneath the shock they had simply crumbled to the ground. Only one house in the place stood—a house constructed of reinforced concrete. Even the old Colonna castle and the Torlonia palace were down. The streets were piled high with the débris and the once thriving town looked a simple field used as a dumping-ground. Nature had crushed it out of all semblance to that which it had been. The fine park alone remained uninjured. A single hydrant, twisted and broken, still gave water to the place.

The organization here was good. Many soldiers had been sent to this as a central point for relief and the Red Cross had also established a central station here which did a great and efficient work. Everywhere the soldiers were engaged digging, digging, digging. It was a hard task and at the end only the mangled bodies of the dead to be lifted out. Happily, for some days yet a few living were found here and elsewhere and the work, however laborious, was done with zeal. Sometimes the young soldiers dropped at their posts, overcome by their toil and the horror of it all; for even those who saw it but for a moment the horror, though dimmed, can never be wholly forgot. The dead one got used to; it was only the mangled one cannot forget. Men passed by with coffins made with their own hands and borne on their back or shoulders as naturally as though they were ordinary burdens. At one corner the colonel who had charge of the quarter through which we were passing met a brother officer, also on duty, who said to him as he greeted him: "I have had a great misfortune; my only brother is beneath that ruin; I am the last left of my family." It was not an unusual incident. Many cases occurred in which soldiers dug out the bodies of those near to them. At another point, where many soldiers were working in the ruins, the officer said, that was a seminary. Over sixty dead were lying there; only one of the students escaped.

These instances are given not because they were worse than others, but only because they were representative. Happily, the instances of preservations were sometimes not less remarkable than those of destruction. The last person saved at Avezzano was a young woman with her child in her arms who had been pinned under the ruins for ten days. A baby was shown me twenty-four days old which had fallen three stories without being apparently hurt. Indeed, the number of young babies who were saved must strike every one who has been on the ground or visited the hospitals.

To the horrors of the original catastrophe has been added of late the new horror of what we should in America term a "blizzard." For days the mountain passes have been reported to be covered by six feet of snow and the plains below by more than three feet. So bitter has been the weather that wolves are reported to be prowling around the towns, drawn possibly by the scent of that which is ever in the air. When it is reflected that nearly the entire population of that region are without homes or shelter, and without food save what can be got to them from the outside, one inclines to recast his opinion that war is the greatest evil that can visit humanity, and feels that possibly such an earthquake as this can rival war. In battles only men perish, but in such a catastrophe as this men, women, and children perish alike.

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ESAU'S DAUGHTER

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

BLACKIE was just back from home, telling us of springtime in Devon, when the strange woman came into the big room that served the King George Hotel for parlor and foyer. The coming of any woman was event enough in those days when the Porcupine promised the chance of a permanent gold camp and when men were speeding from Rhodesia, and New Zealand, and from all over the two Americas to the muskeg of the Canadian Bush; but this woman would have commanded our notice even at the Covent Garden opera, so tall, so straight, so regal was she, with her blue-black hair, and her sea-gray eyes, and her upflung chin. She wasn't young. No woman under thirty could have stood unflinching under the stares that all of us—prospectors, miners, gamblers, and our own little group in the corner of the room—levelled at her. The woman at the doorway never deigned us a glance after her first flashing scrutiny clicked a shutter on the lens of her mental snap-shot. The crowd in front of us stopped talking of leads and locations to give her undivided attention. Captain Marshall put up his eye-glass to look at her. Mrs. Deake, who knew every woman in the North Country from Cobalt up to Fort Albany post, leaned around past Ledyard to glimpse the newcomer. Ledyard whistled softly in admiration. Blackie halted in the middle of the story he had been telling. Behind the back of his chair his hands clenched while he stared at the woman, his keen blue eyes going dark with wonder. In a moment he went on as if he had not been interrupted, but he had been talking about Clovelly, and now he set the same tale in Tintagel, where Iseult "shut her sad eyes from sense of aught save tears," he quoted. "We'd been there over night," he was telling, "and just at dawn——"

"Oh, I say!" Mrs. Deake sprang up from behind Ledyard. "It's Moira Drummond." She whirled past Blackie, almost breaking Captain Marshall's eyeglass, as she rushed toward the tall woman. The woman had taken her packs from the miner who'd brought them over the trail from the railroad and was ordering a room from the curious clerk when Mrs. Deake swung her around. "Don't you remember me?" she cried to her. "I'm Rosamund Deake, Parker Deake's wife, y' know. Knew you in Aroyo ages ago."

The tall woman turned to her, pushing away the packs and giving her both hands in greeting. "Remember you?" she echoed, her voice sounding like the sighing of summer winds through the Bush. "Oh, little Rosie Deake, could any one in the world who'd known you—and Aroyo—ever forget you?"

I looked sidewise at Blackie, for he had been in Aroyo when the Deakes had lived in the Peruvian mining town. If the strange woman had been there then, Blackie must have known her well. Rosamund Deake had told me how tiny Aroyo was and how few white women had ever climbed to its height. But if Blackie had ever known this woman he gave no sign. His face was set in that noncommittal stare that an Englishman holds for those to whom he is about to be introduced. The woman in Rosamund Deake's wake gave him the same well-bred smile of acknowledgment that she gave to Ledyard and Captain Marshall.

Ledyard set his chair for her. She sank into it with a pantherish grace that her khaki skirt and blouse could not conceal and with no evidence of the weariness that might have come from her ten-

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mile tramp through the muskeg. She smiled at us impartially. "To think," she murmured in that liquidity of tone that marked her as an Irishwoman, "of coming across a world to find a wilderness and in that wilderness to find one's friends." She raised the last word almost to interrogation.

"Isn't the wilderness always the place where one does find his friends?" Captain Marshall hazarded heavily.

"You're an Englishman," she laughed, "and you English have a wonderful way of herding in the vacant lots of the world."

"And you Irish have a wonderful way of finding us out in them, Moira Drummond," Mrs. Deake declared. She had been watching the other woman with an affectionate friendliness I'd never seen Rosamund Deake show to any woman before. "Where did you come from, and what have you been doing?" she queried.

"Paris," the other woman smiled. She held up the sailor hat she had slipped from her head. "It doesn't look like the Rue de la Paix, does it, Rosie? But I assure you that I did buy it in France."

"I know what you do," said Ledyard with the excitement of one who makes a great discovery. "You paint pictures. You're the artist who painted the big prize picture in this year's salon. I saw your photograph in *L'Illustration* with a photograph of the painting. Must be glorious in color, that picture. Man on horseback on a hilltop outlined against the sky. I'll get the paper and show it to you," he told Mrs. Deake. "It's the one I loaned you, Marshall."

"You don't tell me!" said the captain. "Why, that's the picture I said reminded me of Blackie. Time I met you on the Frazer, Blackwell," he explained. "White man's country that, where men ride. Here they wade."

"What way did you come from Paris?" Rosamund Deake demanded. She and I were seated where we could see Blackie's hands clasp and unclasp.

"Havre and Montreal."

"How did you ever happen to set forth for the Porcupine?" Ledyard queried.

"That's the question that every conductor, and guard, and porter on the line from Toronto has been asking me," she laughed. "They have asked me if I were coming to my father, to my husband, to my brother. I wondered that they didn't include a son in the category of male relatives I might be seeking. I'm sure they thought me a lunatic. Perhaps I am. For I met old Jim Wishart up in the Crillon one day—did you ever run into him, Rosie, the big fellow who prospects for the Morgans?—and he told me of the Porcupine. Wilderness people don't track on the Champs Elysées, Mr. Ledyard, and horse-chestnuts haven't the fragrance of pines."

"What a long explanation!" Mrs. Deake said. "You ought to be flattered that you brought it out. Moira usually says, 'I tired of Paris,' or 'London ran dry for me,' and packs her kit for the ends of the earth. Have you been everywhere yet, Moira?"

"Not yet," she said. "But tell me, what are all of you doing here?" Her glance swept over Blackie with a casualness that excluded him from her interest in the rest of us.

"Parker's managing the North Star mine eight miles out on the track. I walked in to welcome Blackie to-day. He's been over home since March. And this is my neighbor, Dorothy Nicoll"—Mrs. Deake turned to me—"who's come from Surrey to stay with her sister, who's my neighbor. Her brother-in-law runs Ledyard's mine. And Ledyard comes from New York, and Captain Marshall from British Columbia. And we're all seeking gold."

"And Captain Blackwell?" There was nothing in the velvety softness of the question to stir Blackie, but he threw back his head in much the same gesture that she had used when she came into the hotel.

"I, too, am still a seeker, Miss Drummond," he said.

"For quartz or for free gold?" A trill of mockery lighted her voice.

"For quartz," he said.

"Doesn't that require patience?" she asked. "And hold you to one place too long?"

"Both," he said shortly. He leaned forward slightly as if he were about to say more when Captain Marshall boomed in: "Oh, I say, Blackie's a regular anchor now. When I knew him on the Frazer he was in a different town every month. Cheddescombe—he's the earl now, did

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you know that, Mrs. Deake?—used to call Blackie the Wandering Jew."

"Well, he stayed long enough in Aroyo," blurted Rosamund Deake. The instant she had spoken she colored hotly under her tan. "Isn't any one going to have tea?" she demanded. "Here I've walked eight miles to a tea-party and I haven't even seen a can of condensed cream."

"Come down to my bungalow," Ledyard implored. "The Chinaboy makes nectar out of tea-leaves." His bidding included us all, but he looked at Moira Drummond. She alone hesitated. "I must get my room first," she demurred; "I know gold-camp hotels in rush times." But Rosamund Deake interposed. "Oh, but you're going to stay with me, Moira." Ledyard, whose bungalow stood just around the corner at the lake-edge from the hotel, glared at Mrs. Deake as if demanding that she withdraw her invitation.

"If there's any difficulty about Miss Drummond getting a room at the hotel here," Blackie said, "I'll be very glad to give up mine." His offer seemed to answer some question in her mind and to decide her course.

"I think I'd better go with Mrs. Deake, thank you," she said; "that is, if you really want me, Rosie." To prove her desire Rosamund Deake was ordering one of Ledyard's prospectors to pack Miss Drummond's kit to the North Star mine.

Under the watchful gaze of the loungers in the King George we went over the ditches of the camp town to Ledyard's bungalow, Mrs. Deake keeping with her guest and Ledyard, and Captain Marshall trailing with Blackie and me. The captain talked of Moira Drummond. "Fine girl," he kept saying. "Must be one of the Athlone Drummonds, don't you think, Blackwell? Looks like the Viscountess Strang—she was an Athlone Drummond—a little, wouldn't you say, Blackwell?"

"Miss Drummond comes from Athenry," Blackie said.

"You don't tell me?" said the captain. "Owen Drummond's daughter." Then he talked of Drummond genealogy while Blackie and I went on in silence until we came to Ledyard's veranda. Mrs. Deake and the tall woman were already in Ledyard's hammocks and Ledyard's Chinaboy was setting out a tea-table when Captain Marshall flung his garnering into the conversation. "Captain Blackwell tells me," he boomed at Moira Drummond, "that you're from Athenry."

Rosamund Deake's eyebrows shot upward, but Moira Drummond negligently rearranged the pillows of the hammock. "Captain Blackwell has remarkable"—she paused for the fraction of a second—"perception. I am so often confused with the Athlone Drummonds."

Her tone held challenge, but Blackie, smoking in the corner, ignored it. Ledyard came back with the Chinaboy and started the phonograph on a record that chanced to lie on the disk. It whirred into a tenor solo, "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms." Instantly Blackie flung away his cigarette and crossed the veranda to the machine, snapping the lever till the needle rasped to a standstill. Ledyard regarded him frowningly. I thought that Moira Drummond was about to rise to set back the needle on the record when Rosamund Deake spoke. "Good boy, Blackie," she said; "that's no music for a party. Let's be festive."

But the festal spirit resisted her invocation, though she set on all the dance records that Ledyard's cabinet held. Ledyard did more than a host's duty toward the latest comer to camp, but Blackie's hostile silence conquered us all. The sun hadn't touched the rim of pines across the lake—the signal for the ending of Porcupine tea-parties—when I arose. "We've a long way," I said. Ledyard arose to come with us, but Mrs. Deake laughed off escort. "We'll be home before dark," she declared. Blackie said nothing, but kept beside me as we went through the town and out upon the Wallaby Track, that road blazed through the bush to the big gold-mines of the Porcupine.

Rosamund Deake and Moira Drummond, walking ahead of us, sped over the corduroy with the easy swiftness of wood rangers. I had always admired Rosamund Deake's tireless stride, but I had thought it the triumph of years of training in the hard ways of mining-camps and I had never tried to imitate it. Nor had I envied her for it. But this woman with her, carelessly swinging over the logs with

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a sureness equal to that of her companion and a grace infinitely greater, aroused in me a sudden fierceness of longing, such passion as the brown thrush may sometimes feel when she sees the flight of an eagle's mate. There was poise for flight in Moira Drummond's grace, a suggestion of daring soaring into realms above vision. Her freedom of movement, I thought, mirrored a freedom of soul. I tried to find phrases to explain her, but only the words of a song that Blackie had once read to me from his thumbed copy of Swinburne answered. They came to my lips:

"No maid that strays with steps unwary
Through snares unseen,
But one to live and die for, Mary,
The Queen."

"What's that you said?" Blackie asked me sharply, roused from some gloomy revery. I repeated the verses. "You mean Moira Drummond?" I nodded. He walked a long time silently again, his gaze fixed upon the woman before us. "And yet," he said at last, "that's not all of her. Did you ever think," he went on, "that there's a certain spirit that runs through life, through one generation after another, entering into certain personalities? It's not heredity," he explained, while I stayed silent, knowing that Blackie's philosophic moods, springing from surcharge of feeling rather than from meditation, required no understanding from me beyond mere listening. "It doesn't run in families. It's not even a national characteristic. There seems to be just enough of this spirit for one woman in each generation. Mary Stuart had it, I fancy, all the spirit that the world held in her day. Queen Maeve had it, and Grainne. Mary of Burgundy had it, too. It triumphs over time, and loss, and even over death, I'm sure. Do you know what I mean?"

"Did you know her before?" I asked him.

"In days we buried," he tried to laugh. Just then Rosamund Deake turned back to signal us. "Speed your pace, Dorothy," she called to me, "or we'll be out on the track till midnight." When we overtook her she manœuvred into pace with Blackie, leaving me to go ahead with her guest. Moira Drummond looked at me gravely, but without unfriendliness, as she asked: "Have you been long in the Porcupine?"

"Nearly a year," I told her.

"And like it?"

"I hate it," I declared. To her glance of inquiry I made answer. "My sister's the only relative I have, and she's in exile here with her husband. There's something so horribly oppressive, so insidious, about this bush," I continued, aroused as much by her personality as by the prisoning pines. "It's menacing. Don't you find it so?"

"I should not be here if I did," she said seriously. "No, the wildernesses of the world call to me as the low hills of Surrey—is it Surrey?—call to you. You see, you're a man's woman, Miss Nicoll, the sort of woman that men have been running into the mould of their desire for thousands of years. I'm not."

I knew that she was not, and I kept wondering why it was that every man in the camp whom she had met in the few hours she had been in South Porcupine had given her such homage as they had never given to me when I had come, the first English girl in the camp. She may have read something of my thought, for she said: "It must be a wonderful thing to see your life set in order for you, to know that you'll live and love, as your mother lived and loved, and that your children will go your way."

"You wouldn't want that, though?"

"No," she acknowledged. "I should not want that."

"What do you want most in the world, Miss Drummond?" I asked her.

"Freedom." Her quick answer was not to me as much as to herself. "I've earned it. And what do you want?" she turned back at me.

"Love," I said. Her sea-gray eyes roentgened my consciousness. "Yes," she said, "but you want the love given to you, do you not? And if it came, you wouldn't think it a chain on you and on the man who loved you, would you? These are foolish questions, are they not?" she laughed, seeing perhaps that I puzzled over them. "Tell me, are there any of the Alaska men in the Porcupine?" She lapsed into the conventionally conversational tone she had used at Ledyard's. "I went to Dawson over the

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Chilkoot when I was fifteen," she said. "I nearly destroyed a family's peace to accomplish my desire, but I went. Ever since then I've been camp-following the argonauts."

"Gold-seeking?"

"Yes," she said, "but not for the gold that lies in the earth."

We had come to the fork in the road where the ways divided, one path going to the Deakes' shack on Gillies Lake, the other leading to our place on Pearl Creek, when Mrs. Deake and Blackie overtook us. We said good-by, Blackie coming with me as Rosamund Deake called back that she was going to give a dance for her guest. Through the narrow way to my sister's house Blackie did not speak at all, although once I essayed comment upon Moira Drummond. He bade me good-by with the preoccupied air of a man who revolved a problem in his mind to the exclusion of all other thought. I saw him hastening back through the pines, his hands driven down into his jacket pockets, his shoulders slouched. Sybil, my sister, who had been on the veranda, asked me why Blackie had not stayed to dinner, as he usually did when he came home with me from tea. "He may be going to Rosamund Deake's," I said, and told her of the woman who had come to the Porcupine. She listened to my sketching of Moira Drummond. "I know her sort," she said. "There are scores of her in Africa. She's not the sort men marry, Dorothy." I knew that I had not drawn Moira Drummond aright when Sybil set her in a class, but I only said, "She's the sort men love," and went to my own room to think upon the chances that whirl great winds into quiet places.

Ledyard came to the mine the next afternoon. "Don't you want to come to Mrs. Deake's?" he asked me. I made some protest, but he laughed it off, and because I could think of no excuse for remaining away I went with him. All the way over he talked of topics that I knew he thought would interest me, but I knew that his mind was upon the woman at the Deake camp. The look on his alert face when he sighted Moira Drummond on the veranda of the manager's shack verified my suspicion that Ledyard, who had skimmed over the surface of Porcupine society since he had come from New York, had gone beyond his placid depth in his interest in the newcomer.

He set himself out to entertain her as soon as he seated himself at her side, without apparent realization of her powers of entertaining men. It was evident soon that he amused her. They were exchanging reminiscences of Cairo when Blackie appeared. He came to the edge of the veranda to give Mrs. Deake a message for her husband and was turning away when Rosamund summoned him. "You must come back," she commanded. He came, reluctantly enough, stroking his little dark mustache nervously as he took a low chair on the other side of Moira Drummond and withdrew into his silence as an Indian into a blanket. In spite of Rosamund Deake's effort to make the conversation general Ledyard held to a dialogue that excluded the rest of us from speech if not from hearing. He led the talk to poetry with an adroitness that no one of us appreciated until he drew from his wallet a magazine clipping. "I've had this for two years," he boasted, "and this is the first time I've read it aloud. May I read it to you, Miss Drummond? It's short."

"That's a cardinal virtue in a poem," she laughed, leaning forward a little as he began:

"Wild geese! Wild geese!
I watch your flight across the sands
With eyes that ache to see
One vision of those distant lands
My lover promised me."

At the first words Blackie had swung around until he faced Moira Drummond. Again she lifted her head with that imperious raising of her chin that she had held when she came into the hotel. Their eyes, meeting, flashed fire, steel against steel. Steadily they looked, each at the other as if across great vistas, as Ledyard went on with his reading.

"I may not breast the pulsing air,
I may not cleave the blue,
But from the prison of my care
I send my soul with you,
Wild geese! Wild geese!"

"I like that," Rosamund Deake said, watching the tops of the pines with the peculiar dreaminess into which a practical woman sometimes falls. "Did you ever

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notice," she asked, "that the wild-geese people, people like Moira and Blackie"—they turned from their gaze upon each other at her mention of their names—"always come to the North Country, just as the wild geese find their homes in the North?"

"I never thought of myself as a wild gander," Moira Drummond laughed, a little uncertainly, I thought. Ledyard held up the slip of paper as if to call back attention to it. "I've always wondered, since I read that poem," he said, "what sort of woman had written it." "Isn't it signed?" Moira Drummond asked him. "Only with an initial and a family name," he said. "I've had an idea that, if I should ever meet her, I should care for her very much." His voice bore conviction. "How very romantic!" she exclaimed. "You wouldn't expect that from an American, would you, Miss Nicoll?"

"We're the real romanticists of the earth," Ledyard boasted.

"Oh, no," she said, "the sentimentalists."

To prevent a possible argument I asked for the clipping. Ledyard gave it to me with a smile that explained itself as I saw the signature of the poem, "M. Drummond." I gave it to Blackie. He looked at it, then returned it to Ledyard without comment.

That afternoon began a dozen of the sort. Ledyard would come to our shack and ask me if I wouldn't go over to Mrs. Deake's. Once we were there he would devote himself assiduously to winning Moira Drummond's interest. Sometimes Blackie came, taking a chair in the corner of the veranda and smoking steadily, seldom speaking and always looking as if he cogitated some question of deeper moment than the surface conversation that the rest of us held. Usually he walked home with me, but he never again mentioned Mrs. Deake's guest. If she were the cause of the barrier that he set between himself and the rest of us in the camp, he alone knew. Always she treated him with distant friendliness, flecked occasionally with tiny whips of satire. Once, though, when Ledyard was reading to her, and Rosamund Deake and I were embroidering, I saw Moira Drummond watching Blackie. Ledyard looked up to see where her attention was focussed. Then he closed the book.

The next night Rosamund Deake gave a dance at the dining-shack of the North Star. I saw Ledyard dancing often with Moira before they went out from the shack together. She came back alone a little while later. The next morning Ledyard came to the mine, halting at our shack to speak with me. "I go to New York this afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry," I told him. He smiled a little wryly. "When a man loses a game," he said, "it's up to him to pull out, isn't it?"

That afternoon I met Moira Drummond. I had canoed down Pearl Creek into Gillies Lake and almost struck her canoe as she shoved it out from shore, so noiseless had been her coming through the bush. I kept beside her as well as I might, for she paddled as no other woman in the Porcupine could, with swift, sure strokes that made her boat one with the water. After a time she drifted and, keeping near me, fell into talk. "Did you know that Mr. Ledyard has gone to New York?" I asked her. "No," she said, then steered the talk away from him deftly. "I suppose," she asked me, "that you wish you were going out?" Before I knew her intention I was telling her of my love for the quiet country of Surrey. She listened attentively. "I wonder," she mused, "if you're homesick for the old places you've known as I'm heartsick sometimes for the new places I've never seen?"

As she stared out over the waters of the pine-edged lake I knew what Blackie had meant when he spoke of the spirit that ran through the world with just enough for one woman in each generation. Had she lived in Hellas of old, this woman with the sea-gray eyes of dream and daring, she would have gone out from the cities to the Thessalian hills and been worshipped as a goddess for the fire and light that haloed her. Had she been born in her own Ireland two thousand years before, she would have been the priestess for whom men lighted summer-eve fires on the mountains. She was no pioneer woman as was Rosamund Deake, following her man to the wilderness because it was a wife's duty

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to follow. Moira Drummond was the woman of the Sidh, luring men to the Moy Mells of the world. Unreasoningly I hated her for what she was, for I remembered Surrey—and something else not so far away. She seemed to have forgotten me as we drifted to midstream, but after long silence she spoke. "I, too, am going away," she said.

"Where?" I asked her.

"Back to the land of bondage," she said. "You see, my dear, the old ways of the old world conquer us all in the end."

She paddled away from me swiftly, pointing her canoe toward the other side of the lake. I turned back into the creek, puzzling over her words and her mood, wondering what motives inspired her intention of departure. I saw her, a silhouette against a blazing bush sunset, as I left the lake.

Hours later Blackie called me on the telephone. I hardly knew his voice, so tense was it with some emotion. "Have you seen Miss Drummond to-day?" he asked. I told him that I had left her on Gillies Lake. "What did she say?" he demanded. "She said that she was going away, but I think she didn't mean she'd go to-day," I told him. I heard some muttered ejaculation, but silence answered my queries. I stood by the telephone, trying to add the sum of Ledyard's going and this mystery about Moira Drummond, but the two and two would not make four. I took up the receiver to get Rosamund Deake, but the switchboard man seemed to ignore my call. Then, with one of the men from the office, I started to the North Star.

In the dark, flaring torches told us that some excitement prevailed. An occasional shout reverberated through the forests. The manager's shack was dark, but there were lights in the office that led us toward them. I found Rosamund Deake there, white, haggard, telephoning frantically to every mine in the district that answered the calls. "What is it?" I asked her. "Moira's gone. She didn't come in from the lake," she sobbed. "Oh, there can't be any danger," I assured her. "Moira Drummond can handle a canoe as well as a voyageur could." "That's what Parker says," she admitted. "They're hunting the bush. Parker's taken the south end of the lake, Captain Marshall's beating the east end, and Blackie's taken the north."

"Does she know her way in the bush at all?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Deake moaned. "She's a born ranger, and she's been wandering on all the trails and paths at this end of the track. But, oh, this awful bush!" She covered her face with her hands as if to shut out pictures that we both knew of men who had been lost in its thickness.

For two hours we waited in suspense, unrelieved by the infrequent telephone calls from the searchers. Rosamund Deake sank into a dull despair which told better than words of her fondness for Moira Drummond. Through a storm of conflicting emotions I found voice to say: "I believe that Blackie will find her." "What do you mean?" she asked me quickly. "Just that," was all I could say. We fell back into silence until a staccato shout from one of the men at the dining-shack brought us to the door. Under the flare of the torches we saw Blackie and Moira Drummond coming into the clearing. She walked slowly, her canoe paddle slung upon her shoulder, with Blackie following her. Rosamund Deake rushed across at them, crying out with excited joy. "Where were you?" she reiterated her question over and over, flinging her arms around the taller woman. "Lost," Moira Drummond told her, "absolutely, fearfully, eternally lost until Captain Blackwell rescued me."

Under the fire of Mrs. Deake's questioning she told the story, a simple enough tale of wanderings through the bush. She had beached the canoe and started to explore the north end of the lake, losing her way and her sense of direction in the darkness. "I was waiting for morning," she said, "when I saw Captain Blackwell's torch. I called and he came to me."

Through her recital Blackie had said nothing. As he set down his torch I saw that his hand was shaking. "Can I get you something?" I asked him. "No," he said, "but I think Miss Drummond will need care after her adventure."

"Mrs. Deake will give it to her," I said, and turned away. At the edge of the

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clearing I looked back. Moira Drummond and Blackie were staring at each other with that same tense, magnetized gaze that I had seen in their eyes on the day when Ledyard had read her poem. I stumbled up the path, going home alone.

Through the next day I fought against going to the North Star, but when night came the loneliness of the house chilled me. Sybil and her husband had gone to Haileybury and I was alone on the veranda, looking out over the moonlight of a North Country June when a loon somewhere off on Gillies Lake lifted its soul-shivering cry. The sound, rising above the sighing of the wind through the pines, spurred me out and sent me on my way toward human society, less fearful of what that might bring to me than of the loneliness of the bush.

I was going down the path, coming close to the Wallaby Track, when I saw a dark figure of a man in the patch of moonlight that marked the clearing at the fork of the road. In the misty white light of the northern night I knew Blackie. He was standing rigid with something of majesty about him that I could not instantly associate with the Blackie I had known for the year I had been in the Porcupine. The man I knew was a very human, almost commonplace, gentleman of England, who had been a little out of place among the lustier adventurers of the camp. The man on the track loomed a viking captain, a leader of a lost legion, a martin transformed to an eagle. I had thought to call to him, but that intangible but only too patently visible change in him, that accolading of his spirit, held me silent. I was close to him when I heard him speak. I thought he might have seen me and made ready to answer when I heard another voice. By its odd throaty tone, like that of an old Italian violoncello, I recognized Moira Drummond. Then I saw her.

She had pushed back the branches of pines that overhung the path from the track to the Gillies Lake mines. She was all in white, her filmy skirt caught up over one of her bare arms. A long rope of pearls fell below her waist and shone palely in the moonlight. Her thick hair was piled high on her head in a braid that crowned her like a coronet. Her head was flung back defiantly and she had braced her shoulders as if to withstand the force of an expected impact. She had said but one word, "Well?" but it vibrated with challenge. Blackie, his hand drawn behind his back, blocked her way. He did not waver beneath the stare of haughty indifference that she kept upon him. "I've been waiting for you," he said.

"Long?" She flung scorn into the word.

"Every night since you came to the bush," he said, "except last night when I chanced to find you."

"Why?"

"I have waited to talk with you."

"Why didn't you talk with me last night? You'd time in plenty."

"I waited for you to come to my trails."

"Why did you think I might come this way?"

"I knew your way of wandering at night."

"You've an amazing memory, Captain Blackwell."

"I have forgotten nothing that is concerned with you," he said.

"Then you may remember my *penchant* for solitude." She might have been ordering a vassal from her presence, but Blackie did not move. In the pause I tried to step backward from where I stood. I didn't want to see or hear this scene between this man and woman whose silences gave glimpses of a deep knowledge of each other they must have attained at some other end of the world's wildernesses. But a bough crackled beneath my feet, and I feared to move.

"What brings you to me now, Captain Blackwell?" I heard her demand. She still stood in the path against the pines. I could see her put one hand over a low branch as Blackie moved closer to her.

"What brought me to you in the beginning?" he asked in a tone I had never heard in his voice.

"A passing fancy." Her laughter corroded the words.

"You know that is not true."

"What else? You laughed, and loved, and rode away, did you not?"

"I was a boy then," he said, "a wild, and foolish, and blinded boy. I was only

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Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

No woman under thirty could have stood unflinching under the stares that all of us . . . levelled at her.—Page 431.

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twenty-two years old when I went to Athenry. I hadn't the wanderlust then. You were all that I wanted in the world after that first time I saw you. Do you remember where we met, Moira, in the wood of the golden rowans? I thought you a spirit when I saw you standing, all in white, in the gray moonlight. You led me through the woods, through the paths and the tangles, till we came to the field of the stone fences. Then you ran away. I hunted the county for you. I found you in your father's house. I asked you to marry me the second time we went through the moonlight together. You laughed at me."

"Why not?" she said. "I'd heard men tell before what you said, and watched them ride away."

"You sent them riding away," he told her, "just as you sent me. You talked to me of the far places till I went mad with longing for them. You told me of the snows of Alaska. You dreamed with me of the hills beyond Simla. You pictured for me the Great Wall of China. You read to me tales of the Long Trail. You stood at the gate, pointing westward, until I saw the path for me gleaming upon the ocean. You made it the greatest thing in the world. You fanned the flame of my soul till you sent me out adventuring overseas."

"Always the woman," she mocked him, "since Adam ate of the apple."

"Why have you held it all these years against me?" he pleaded. "I thought—until the end—when I met you again in Aroyo that you would have forgiven my going away from Athenry. But you had not forgiven. You led me on to win your revenge. Well, you've had it. Nights of loneliness and longing, days of bitterness, years of dreary wanderings, have been my life."

"Oh, don't, Jem." It was the name that he had not let me call him. He moved closer to her again as she said it. "Let's not talk of a past we can't redeem. Let's see things as they are and make the best of them." She set her hand upon his shoulder. I could see his hands tighten over each other as he held them behind his back. "Don't you see what the years have made me? A wandering woman who calls the far places home, who knows camp-fires instead of hearth-fires. I'm not the sort of woman a man needs for his wife, Jem. Why don't you marry the little girl from Surrey? She'll order your house, and mend your clothes, and fuss over your children; and she'll make you contented until you forget the wallaby tracks and the mountain passes and the portages and the seven seas. Oh, Jem, why don't you marry her?"

He wrenched his hands free from each other and grasped her wrists. "Because I don't love her," he said. "I might have loved her if you hadn't come back, Moira Drummond. But when you came I knew once more that you were the only woman for me, just as you have been since the night when we met in the rowan woods. You're my mate, Moira. For you and for me are the seas and the hills and the forests and the distant mountains. For you and for me are the long trails over plains and deserts. For you and for me the wide world is waiting, just as it waited at Athenry." She looked into his eyes deeply. "You said all that at Athenry," she told him, "and you said it once again at Aroyo."

"Moira," he said, "why didn't you marry me when we were in Aroyo? Didn't you love me at all then? I can't believe of you that you only led me to your vengeance. Those were glorious days on the top of the world. Didn't you care?"

"I loved you then," she said slowly, "better far than I ever loved you in Athenry."

"Then why did you send me away?"

"Haven't you ever known? Ah, how little you men understand even the women you love!" She drew away her hands from his grasp and held the pearl chain as she went on. "I went away because I understood you, Jem. You are of my clan. You are a son of Esau. I am his daughter. You sons of Esau may wander the world, driven by your longings, but the daughters of Esau live in bondage, suffering the agony of desire for the freedom our father bought."

"I don't understand," he said.

"Let's go back," she said, "to Athenry. You say that I gave you the wanderlust. That's not quite true, Jem. The curse of Esau brought us together.

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Under the flare of the torches we saw Blackie and Moira Drummond coming into the clearing.—Page 437.

I had the spirit that sang in your soul, but the spirit that brought you to me took you away from me. You left me at the first chance of going to the far places. When you went, I faced life.

"You see, Jem, I'd had but one great dream in life. You came to me when the dream was bright, the dream of the trail that has been the lure of men through all the ages. Generation after generation of my forefathers had looked across the sea from the Irish coast and dreamed that dream. Young and strong and glorying in the strength of their manhood, they had longed fiercely for the unknown lands that lay beyond the calling ocean; and they sang songs of their longing to the strange, wild sea and to the Land of the Living Heart that must lie on the other side. But love came into their lives, and the little joys and the little sorrows flickered in their hearth-fires until the light of the dream was dimmed, and they looked across the sea as men gaze upon the beauty they have renounced. And no one of them broke the shackles of the old life, though all of them cherished the longing in their souls. And so the dream came to me.

"You know Athenry. You know how

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the plains run toward the Connemara Mountains with the Galway gap going down to the sea. That gap was my way out. All through my childhood I used to look westward, telling myself that some day I should cross the ocean and go out to the west. My life would be out there among the hills. It was my Tir-nan-Og, Jem, my Land of the Living Heart."

"I remember," Blackie said.

"I was fifteen when my uncle was going to Alaska. I ran away to meet him at Queenstown. He took me with him. It was a wonderful year for a girl, a wild, daring, heroic year, before they took me back to Athenry.

"Then you came. You understood what all the others did not understand. You knew what the great longing was. You brought me rainbow colors to weave in my dream, and I put you in the heart of the dream and wove them all about you. When you went out of my life, Jem, you took the dream with you. Other women lose their dreams of one man and find solace; but I had given all other thoughts to the Great Thought and I gave that to you. Those men of long ago on the West Coast turned from their visions to their home hearths. I had no hearth. I took my way to the roads where weaklings strive for pride of place. 'They sold Diego Valez to bondage of great deeds,'" she quoted. He stood silent, his shoulders bowed. "I found my sisters in Egypt's land," she said, more to herself, I thought, than to him. "Children of Esau they are, too, who know the lure and who know the longing, but who have not answered the call. Sometimes they wed and put aside the dream. Sometimes they lose, as I had, the lure and the love. Among them I worked, and learned. When I could begin to think of you without wild regret, Jem, I knew that you had been wise."

"Wise?" His cry rose bitter.

"Wise," she repeated. "For freedom is the greatest gift in all the world, Jem. Had you married me in Athenry, you would have lost your freedom. That was the lesson I had learned when I went to Aroyo. I had come to find some pleasure in my own freedom to wander. Out there I watched you day after day with that thought in my mind. God had made you one of the freemen of the universe. How could I forge shackles for you? I had thought to win you back, Jem, out there in the Andes. I knew you were there when I went. But I came to love you so well that I could not prison you by my love. And so I sent you away. Did I not do right?"

"Not then," he said. "You had been wise in Athenry when I had been blind. You fell into blindness when I had learned wisdom. You say that you left me free. Do you call my loneliness freedom? Why, I've been so desperately lonely up here in the North that if that little girl from Surrey had but one spark of your fire, Moira, I'd have begged her to share my life with me. I've been so lonely for you that I've lingered here in the chance that you might come to Rosamund Deake, who was your friend. I've grown so lonely for you that I've gone back to Athenry just to invoke your spirit in the rowan woods. Don't you know, Moira," he went on, his voice wooing her as the voice of the robin woos his mate in the springtime, "what true freedom is? Don't you know, dear heart,

—"'that ye shall find the Lodges of the Wise,
The farthest Camp of the Delightful Fires,
By marching two by two, not one by one?'"

She held silent, her head lowered a little, her hands clasping her pearls. "You're Esau's daughter," he said. "I'm his son. You're taking the far trails again. So am I. You're still dreaming of dawns and sunsets, of South Sea islands, of the Great Snows, of starlights on the plains, of moonlights on the seas. You say the dreams died. They didn't. You would not be here if they had," he insisted triumphantly. "You'd be in Paris, or in London, or in one of the cities of the world where men and women bury themselves, knowing not this life of ours. You're still dreaming. And I've been dreaming again ever since you came to the camp, going over the old, old dreams, Moira, that I told you at Athenry, the dreams God gave us with each other and for each other. I'm dreaming the pictures I painted for you in Aroyo. Don't you know, Moira, that you're the warder of my soul? With you beside me I could taunt age, and time, and death. Oh, Moira, Moira,

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Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

"What brings you to me now, Captain Blackwell?"—Page 438.

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dearest, won't you come with me?" She swayed toward him, her eyes shining in the moonlight, but with her hands still closed over the strand. "If you send me away," he told her, "I shall go back to a joyless life through barren days and starless nights. Will you let me do that? Won't you keep my soul free? That's your woman's part. Only a woman's love, the one woman's love, can do that for a man. Won't you come with me, my comrade?"

She held out her hands to him. "For life and for death, Jem," she said, "and beyond life, and beyond death, I shall take the road with you." She lifted her face, luminously serene, splendidly loving, for his kiss. Then they went together down the Wallaby Track.

But I, standing alone under the cold stars of the North, cursed my father Jacob that he had bought for his children's portion only the heritage of growing old by sodden hearth-fires while Esau's children wander together through their home of the whole wide world.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A TOY THEATRE

By Benjamin R. C. Low

You banished fairies and lean outlawed elves,
Immured in dusty books on closet shelves;
You exorcised young spirits that have lain,
Cooped-up with cobwebs, in a cynic's brain;
You goblins and goodfellows, mischief mites
That drank the cream and teased the dog o' nights;
You godmothers; you witches on old brooms;
You prancing princes (coal-black hair, and plumes),
Maidens, magicians, ogres, Jack-in-vines,
Con your enchantments, furbish up your lines,
Make ready for revival—not so fast!—
You shall be summoned when the play is cast.
And you, grown old too early, you whose eyes
Have lost the wonder of the truly wise;
You scoffers armed with "science," and a laugh,
Who know the world and scorn the better half;
You, also, looking backward with regret,
Who catch a glimmer of late childhood yet;
And you who never wandered, skimped indeed,
Beyond the borders of the hard world's need;
But most, you children, holding in your hearts
The ways of highest heaven, best of arts,
Be seated here. Yon curtain is the mind:
Let logic slip, and—laughter is behind.
Ay, laughter, and brave deeds, and hopes come true,—
The old sweet world of fancy, made for you.
But mark you, disenchantment's nigh at hand;
Whoever questions will not understand.
Look to 't: and, as you love us, we entreat,
Put off your cares; a smile will buy your seat.
Ho! actors! come, make ready there within:—
Have up the curtain; let the play begin!

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SEKHET: A DREAM

By John Galsworthy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

SEKHET! She who devours the evil souls in the underworld! She with the dark head of a lioness, and the dark body of a naked woman; one leg striding, hands clenched to her sides, and eyes, not woman's and not lion's, staring into the darkness, looking for her next meal! There she stands, by day, by night, ever in the blackness, watching! No wonder the simple folk think she eats their children!

It was after seeing Sekhet in her dim cell at Karnak that I dreamed this dream. . . .

I thought I saw the Five Judges of the dead sitting in a lemon grove outside the walls of Karnak. And where the lemon grove ended, stood we—the dead—waiting to come up for judgment—thousands on thousands of us, stretching away in the Egyptian dust, over the plain of Thebes. The five judges sat in a row. Sombor, that little and lean one, with long, parchmenty, sunken face, and fiery dark slits of eyes, held in his thin fingers a flower of the papyrus. Diarnak, tallest of them all, sat upright, never moving, his grave visage clothed in a peaked beard, while a bat, in the sunlight, flitted round his head. Membron, whose broad and hairless face shone as if he anointed it at night, now smiled and now was solemn, balancing in one hand a piece of gold, in the other a little image. Marrosquin, falling into paunchy curves, having a face lined, pursy, subtle, stroked a cat curled up on his rounded knees. Buttah, that short and red-faced gray-beard, with his little, piggy eyes, and his large gold signet-ring, seemed slumbering.

And Sómbor spoke: "My brothers, Sekhet waits!"

And I saw that the first of us already stood before them—a young man he was, tall, and of an amiable, weak countenance. On his lips, which dribbled light froth, a faint curly smile was wandering; and his tragic eyes watered freely in the sunlight.

"Here, sirs," he said.

Sombor: Your name? Varhet? You died last night? Speak the truth, which we know already. Drink?

Varhet: Yes, sirs.

Diarnak: How many times convicted?

Varhet: Never, sirs. There was no policeman in my village.

Diarnak: Name of village?

Buttah: Look 'ere, Diarnak! Keep to the point! Now, just tell us why you took to drink, young man.

Varhet: I hardly know, sirs. It made things seem brighter.

Buttah: Well, I like a drop o' Scotch as much as any one—not to exceed. Go on, young man.

Varhet: Yes, sir. The more I drank the less happy I was; and the less happy I was the more I drank.

Buttah: I quite understand. You wanted to have an 'appy time. I do myself; an' I may as well say that, what with hard work, and a game o' skittles, and a little religious life, I'm as jolly as most.

Varhet (eagerly): Yes, sirs; that was it.

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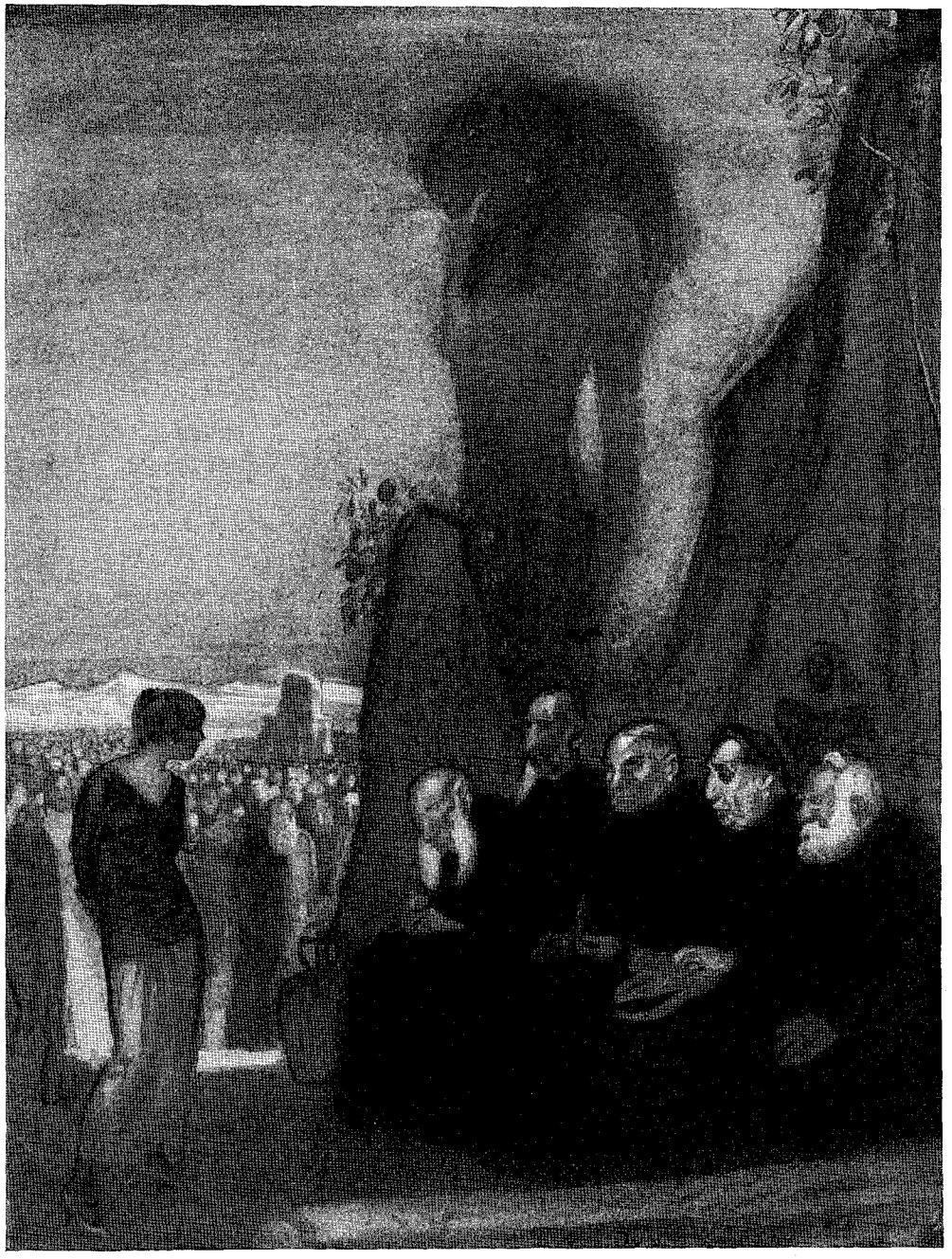

Drawn by Boardman Robinson. Sombor. Diarnak. Membron. Marrosquin. Buttah.

"While noting the deadliness of your sin, we must be charitable. Speak!"—Page 448.

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I only wished myself and everybody happy. And when I found that I could not be, I took my gun and shot myself.

Buttah: Naow! You shouldn't 'ave done that! That was extravagant. If there's one thing I can't pass over, it's extravagance.

Sombor: You shot yourself. Ha!

Marrosquin: So violent! Why not a softer death, Varhet?

Varhet: Sir, I lived in a very simple village.

Membron: You destroyed the temple of your body?

Varhet: Sir, it was getting worse and worse, doing no good to me or any one; I thought——

Diarnak: A soldier the less in the world! Beyond forgiveness.

Sombor: Have you any intelligible defense, Varhet?

Varhet: Sirs, since I have been dead, I've thought it might have saved me if I could have described happiness, when I was feeling miserable.

Marrosquin: You mean, you might have made a romantic writer? Very interesting! I have always felt that the foundation of optimism in art is the ill health or misery of the artist.

Buttah: Here! Keep to the point, Marrosquin.

Sombor: Vote! Those for Sekhet?

Marrosquin: One moment! By his own confession this man has a touch of the artist in him.

Sombor: Marrosquin! If this unhappy drunkard is allowed to take his life with impunity, vast numbers of men who are not happy will do the same. And who are these unhappy ones? Those in judging whom I hold my office; who make Diarnak's soldiers; provide Membron with the best opportunities for his discourses; minister to your cultured comfort, Marrosquin; and create the fortune of Buttah, backbone of his country. These men who will kill themselves are the very foundations of society. Let us have no more of this. Vote! For Sekhet? All, save Marrosquin. Take him down!

Smiling, and looking from face to face with his watery, tragic eyes, Varhet was placed beneath the largest lemon-tree. And the second of us stepped out. This man was very burnt and dirty—about fifty years of age, with black eyes peering out of matted hair and beard, and his clothes so forlorn and patched that he looked like nothing but a mop made out of ends of cloth.

Diarnak: Name? Nain? Speak, Nain!

Nain: I am a tramp.

Diarnak: That we see.

Nain: I died an hour ago.

Diarnak: What of?

Nain: Not bein' moved on.

Buttah: What! How's that?

Nain: They took an' kept me in *one* place. I stuck it a month. Then I got the *Wanderlust* an' slid out for good.

Diarnak: What is the meaning of these clothes, then? The regulations——

Nain: I arst 'em to give me my own clothes to die in; an' they 'ad mercy on me.

Membron: While respecting the liberty of the subject, Society is bound to restrain those whom it finds inconvenient.

Marrosquin: He smells atr-rocious!

Sombor: You are, then, one of those miserable scoundrels who won't work.

Nain: I am.

Sombor: There is no sentence too severe for you.

Diarnak: How is it you did not become a soldier?

Buttah: Diarnak, don't insult the flag! My man, you're an extravagant feller. In my opinion you deserve all you'll get. You were born tired.

Nain: I was.

Diarnak: Any defense?

Nain: None, but this here *Wanderlust.*

Sombor: Vote!

Marrosquin: One moment! This is really interesting. *Wanderlust!* My good man—describe it for us!

Nain: It's like this, as you might say. There you are, workin' the bloomin' handle, or layin' the bloomin' bricks, or brushin' the bloomin' street, same as you 'ave for a month; and, suddenly, you gets a feelin' 'ere. An' you says to yourself: What oh! An' you goes on turnin' the bloomin' 'andle or layin' the bloomin' bricks. But next day you slides out.

Marrosquin: My dear good man, that is inarticulate. What—what, exactly, do you feel?

Nain: Gov'nor, as you presses me, I should say it was like catchin' a smell o'

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rain in a dry country. After that you can't stick no more dry country, till next time.

Marrosquin: Ah! now—I understand. Very pictur-resque! The touch of the artist there. I almost think we might——

Diarnak: Marrosquin! By my new regulations this man was to stay and do steady work in one place. He has died and broken them. If we let him off, my new regulations too are dead.

Marrosquin: Still—the *Wanderlust!* So poetic!

Buttah: I never 'ad it myself!

Sombor: The majority of men are disinclined to work; if this man is not condemned, the majority of men will know they need not work.

Membron: We must face facts, but not be cynical. I personally am inclined to work; with the doubtful exception of Marrosquin, we are all inclined to work.

Diarnak: We govern.

Sombor: Yes; we work at what we like. Most men do not.

Marrosquin: True; still, it seems hard——

Buttah: Marrosquin, if you'd been brought up to industry as I was, you'd 'ave no patience with these jokers who can't stick to their jobs.

Marrosquin: Heaven forbid!

Diarnak: Vote! For Sekhet? All, but Marrosquin. Remove him!

Nain was placed beneath the lemon-tree, and the third of us stepped forth. This was a young woman of a good height and figure, in a dress open at the neck, and not long enough to hide her ankles. Her short, broad face, with its pale hair, was pretty and amiable; but her bistre-circled eyes of forget-me-not blue, tragic and furtive, passed from countenance to countenance with a frightened caress.

Membron: Your name? Talete! You need not tell us what you are. Any palliating circumstances we shall consider. While noting the deadliness of your sin, we must be charitable. Speak!

Talete: Whatever I've done, sir, please, a man's done too.

Sombor: You dare say that. Vote!

Buttah: Now, now, Sombor; you're too quick with the little girl. Give it tongue, my dear. How did you come to die?

Talete: Of fright.

Marrosquin: God bless me!

Talete: Yes, sir. The police do drop on us so lately—a girl's got no chance. My nerves aren't what they were; and the day before yesterday, when they ran me in again, I died.

Buttah: You oughtn't to have done that! How old are you?

Talete: Twenty-four.

Buttah: T't, t't! Very early—very early!

Membron: The reward of sin is unquestionably death.

Sombor: One source of evil the less.

Diarnak: You know the law?

Talete: Yes, sir. Men has to have girls like me, so the law must run us in, for fear people might say men favored a gay life.

Marrosquin: It is monstr-rous that men, who make the law, should discriminate in favor of themselves.

Diarnak: The streets must be kept in order.

Buttah: Now, my dear, what made you take to this life? It's a wasteful way of goin' on, at the best.

Talete: If you please, I married when I was sixteen; we didn't get on; and I met somebody I thought I could love properly, but I couldn't; then I met another I was sure was right, and he wasn't; after that I didn't care no more so much; but, though I took them all for a living, I was always looking for *him*——

Marrosquin: R-remarkable! The pursuit of perfection! This girl is an artist. I think we might——

Membron: My brethren! Vote!

Sombor: Sekhet!

Buttah: It goes against the grain; me an' Mrs. Buttah's got daughters. Let her off, I say.

Talete: Yes, sir; and I've never given any man away.

Diarnak: Sekhet!

Marrosquin: She is pathetic. I am not prepared——

Membron: Two votes to two! Determining judgment—let me review this matter. If we forgive this fallen daughter, as in accordance with strict principle, without entering for the moment on textual criticism, we possibly ought, with what shall we be faced? With the loss of

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the power to say to the people: Sin at the peril of your souls! This, my brethren, is extremely dangerous. We should always remember that the heart of our creed is sympathy and compassion, but we must gravely distrust sentiment. Spiritually compelled to remark that I do not condemn her, I am not prepared to forego my power to say I do. For, brethren, we should ever bear in mind that if *we* did not condemn, perhaps no one would; or that if, by chance, they did, it would be derogatory to the dignity of us, who are acknowledged by ourselves to be the arbiters of morality. While, therefore, giving the utmost weight to compassion, I regard it as my professional duty to say: Sekhet! The motion is carried by three votes to two. Take her down!

And, as Talete went, I noticed that a dove perched on her shoulder, and sat there cooing; and though her eyes never ceased to furtively implore her judges, she rubbed her cheek against the bird. He who had taken her place was a young man with bright eyes, a little black moustache which he continually twisted, and a perfectly straight back to his dark head.

Marrosquin: Your name? Arva? Quite! You passed away from us in what manner?

Arva: Flying.

Marrosquin: Professional?

Arva: Not exactly. I'd got through the rest.

Marrosquin: Yes, yes. Had you tried morphia, and Monte Carlo?

Arva: Both. And racing.

Marrosquin: I see; confirmed case. I know so many nowadays. "*Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.*"

Buttah: So far as I twig, the young man's a gambler. And let me tell him at once he's come to the wrong shop here. There's too much of this gambling goes on.

Marrosquin: Still, we should try and put ourselves in his position. I myself have no temptation that way.

Sombor: You haven't the pluck!

Marrosquin: That r-remark is uncalled for. (*To Arva*) Tell us why you have run through everything like this.

Diarnak: And be brief.

Arva: I was born at a good pace.

Marrosquin: A charming phrase. This young man is an artist.

Arva: That, and the papers.

Membron: While deploring the tendency of the Press to snippets and sensationalism, we must do justice to some excellent qualities.

Buttah: I can forgive a lot in the young, but this feverishness isn't English. I never felt it myself but once, an' then Mrs. Buttah soon had me right with a mustard plaster. It's chaps like you that keeps stocks on the jump.

Diarnak: That exceed the limit.

Membron: That support our national vice.

Arva: Well, what do you expect, with the show humming round a fellow as it does now?

Marrosquin: We quite understand that you were born without ballast. Have you anything further to say in your defense?

Arva: Will any of you lay me six to four I don't beat Sekhet over the first quarter?

Buttah: Young man! No levity!

Membron: I fear that he is hopeless.

Marrosquin: I confess that I have a certain admiration for this type. I do not see my way to Sekhet, but shall be glad to record the other votes.

Buttah: Sekhet!

Diarnak: The army has been cheated of another soldier. Sekhet!

Membron: The church of a son. Sekhet!

Sombor: I like pluck. I will give him the benefit of a doubt.

Marrosquin: I feel for you, young man, but the judgment is Sekhet, by three votes to two!

Arva: Right! I've had a run for my money.

And Arva was placed beneath the lemon-tree. Then I saw them come and lead forth him who was standing next to me. Of what evil could one who had so noble a mien be guilty? Attired in white, tall, and with a fine-shaped head, deep eyes, and a full beard, he moved me to a feeling of reverence. Quietly he waited to be questioned, and it seemed to me that our judges were uneasy. Then Buttah, turning his little eyes upward, spoke:

Buttah: Well, sir! Give it a name,

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will you? Khanzi? How do you spell it? Just so! Now, Mr. Khanzi, perhaps you'll be so good as to tell us how you came to drop this mortal coil, as the poet says?

Khanzi: There was no more a place for me.

Buttah: Do I understand you to say, sir, that you were crowded out?

Khanzi: I died of refusal from door to door.

Membron: Ah! I seem to—Usher, draw the curtains!

Diarnak: Khanzi, I know you.

Buttah: I don't; and I'm not sure I want to. If you wish to make a statement, I'm not the one to stop you; but I don't think it'll make much impression on us. You seem to me a very outlandish party.

Khanzi: Brothers!

Sombor: Don't call us brothers, or it will be the worse for you.

Khanzi: Companions! From day to day and year to year I have wandered, as the wind wanders from leaf to leaf. I have passed from pool to pool and seen my image shine, and die in the dark water. I am ignorant, with no merit save love of all that lives. The dew falls, and the stars come out, and I rest a moment, and pass on. Would that I might stay forever with each living thing!

Buttah: They won't have you. Is that it?

Khanzi: I have no goods, I have no name. I have heard them say: "If we take him in, we lose all. Power and wealth we shall have none, only love! What use is that?"

When Khanzi had spoken these words there was a very long silence, each judge sitting with his hand before his face. It was Buttah who at last made utterance.

Buttah: Well, what shall we do about him? I've heard of this here love, but never met a bagman that travelled it. Would you gentlemen like to ask him a question or two? Usher, hand me my toupie; the glare's shockin'.

Sombor: It would appear that you are a dissolving agent.

Khanzi: The wind sweeps and loosens all things, yet the wind binds all things together.

Sombor: Speak plainly. Are you or are you not opposed to those who sit in judgment?

Khanzi: Gentle sir, he that gives me shelter no longer cares to judge; he loves too much.

Sombor: No judgments! No power! Very well!

Diarnak: Khanzi! Do you or do you not obey orders?

Khanzi: Sir, I obey all orders; but where I am, no orders are given. All is service for love.

Diarnak: No orders! Enough!

Membron: Khanzi! I remember that once we gave you trial, and you were not successful. Love, no doubt, is the ideal, but to rack people, body and soul, is more efficacious; we have been induced by long experience to preach the first and practise the second. Have you anything to say why after all these centuries we should make further trial of you?

Khanzi: Brother, I am not allowed to plead, or stay where I am not wanted. I can but alight here and there, as the rain, and the songs of birds, and sunlight sinking to earth between the leaves. If you cannot welcome me with a whole heart, then bid me go!

Membron: You ask for the impossible. There is no such thing.

Marrosquin: Khanzi! Whenever I read of you in books, see you in pictures, hear your voice in music, I am moved to admiration; and now that I see you in the flesh I desire to keep you with us if it be possible. But one question I must put to you. Will you or will you not destroy that comfortable elegance of life, that culture, which, I confess, is the *sine qua non* of my existence? I sincerely hope you may be able to answer in the negative.

Khanzi: Friend, what is comfort? Is it to share with all men, to hurt no living thing? Is it to throb with this one's pain, and thrill with that one's joy? If that be comfort, and elegance, and culture, I may gladly stay with you.

Marrosquin: Ah! Leave me, please!

Buttah: Mr. Khanzi! I tell you frankly that I'm the man in the street; there are hundreds and thousands like me that have had to make their way in the world. And what I ask myself is this: How should I have done it if I'd took you

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into partnership? How should I have got on if I'd thought of everybody else as I've thought of Number One? No, sir, that's unpractical, and un-English, and therefore it's unchristian! With all the good-will in the world, the sooner Sekhet has you, the better for us all! Sekhet!

Sombor (not removing his hand from before his face): Khanzi! Of all offences committed against society, yours is the greatest. For where you are, our society cannot be. Where you are, there exists no need for myself, nor for Diarnak, no need for Membron, Marrosquin, or Buttah. This is unthinkable. And since this is unthinkable by us, there can be no question of your fate. Sekhet! Sekhet!

Diarnak: No more shall you sow disaffection in my ranks. Sekhet!

Membron: Khanzi! I have listened with sympathy to your explanation of your own nature, but I seem to gather from it an implied attack upon myself. I have every wish to tolerate, even to welcome, your theory, but I am unable to perceive how I can reconcile it with my principles. I am therefore reluctantly compelled—usher! the shutters!—to say: Sekhet!

Marrosquin: Alas! Alas! Sekhet!

Then all the judges, covering their faces, in voices that seemed coming from a grave cried out once more: "Sekhet!" And Khanzi, gazing at them with his deep eyes, lifted his hand in token that he had heard, and stood back with the others beneath the lemon-tree.

My turn had come! But as I was stepping forward, Sombor rose. "Take," he said, "those five behind the palm-trees, and let Sekhet off her chain. Enough for to-day, my just and learned brothers. Let us see our judgments carried out." And, followed by the other judges, he passed out of sight behind the palm-trees. Varhet, Nain, Talete, Arva, and Khanzi were taken from the lemon-grove. And there came up a queer and sudden gloom, till the sky was the color of a blackish orange. And the dark sea of those behind us, over the plain of Thebes, was broken by white faces, as it might be by little wave crests flicked up under a coming storm. Presently, from the far side of the lemon-grove, I saw my dragoman, Mahmoud Ibrahim, yellow skirts upraised in hand, come running at full speed. His broad and jocund face was broken between terror and amusement. Pointing with thumb across his shoulder, he gasped out: "Sekhet! She is making a mistake. She is eating the wrong ones! She is eating the judges! She is a good one; she has had four; she is chasing Buttah! My Lord! he is running—he certainly is running! What a life! What a life!" He rolled with laughter. And we heard from the distance a long-drawn "O-ow!" Then silence—silence over the plain of Thebes, to the uttermost mountains. And the sky was once more blue. . . . I woke. . . .

Sekhet! She who devours the evil souls in the underworld!

By day, by night, ever in the blackness, watching!

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A BALLADE OF THE LIRIS

By Edmond Rickett

("*rura, quæ Liris quieta*
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.")
—*Horace, Odes, Book I, 31.*

THE shining Capitol upon its hill
Gives back the glory of the southern day,
Firm-builded as the Empire, mighty still
To smite the savage world with wide dismay;
And in some quiet valley far away
Lies one amid the quivering leaves unseen
Content to watch, while thoughts unbidden stray,
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

Afar the legions pillage, burn, and kill;
Rome calls, and who shall falter or delay?
What nation now shall strive against her will?
What power shall bid her march majestic stay?
Sing thou, O poet; of glory sing!—Ah, nay;
Here is no tumult, here 'neath leafy screen
Winds peacefully along its dreamy way
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

The long years fade and die, the Fates fulfil
At last the doom foreshadowed; in the gray
Of Time bewildered work for good or ill
The laws of brooding death and sure decay.
There is no place where thou canst stand and say:
Rome reigneth here!—And still flows on, serene
Amid the wavering gleams that glance and play,
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

L'ENVOI

Poet, thou hast sung of kings, and where are they?—
They were; and then as now these banks between
Thus idly flowed in gentle swirl and sway
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

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FIGHTING IN THE CARPATHIANS

AS SEEN WITH THE AUSTRIAN ARMY

By James F. J. Archibald

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE war in the Carpathians is more like war as I have always known it. It still has an element of the sporting chance about it. In Germany it has long ceased to be a sporting proposition—it is simply a mechanical, card-index affair, where one becomes absolutely bored after the first few weeks by the monotonous perfection of the relentless arrangement. But in the Carpathians it still has an element of uncertainty. Galloping aides still carry messages, balloons are still used for artillery-fire control, and the cavalry is still a factor in the fight. The organization is exceedingly good, and the condition and the spirit of the troops I found excellent, but the problem which Austria is facing is a gigantic one, for it is the problem of bad roads and open country. The only satisfaction the supporters of the Austrian cause can derive out of the very difficult situation which they now face is that it is even a little more difficult for the advancing enemy.

The Carpathian Mountains have been the great natural barrier which has made it possible for Austria to hold back the Russian horde, just as the Danube and the Save Rivers have prevented any possible invasion from the south. The fighting in the Carpathians has been the fiercest of any during the entire war, but it has been so far removed from wire head, and there have been so few correspondents who have been able to get near the front, that the public is as little informed regarding events in that portion of the theatre of war as they are of the conditions around the Persian Gulf, where Russia is establishing herself firmly in the portion of the territory which England has denied her for many years.

I did not see the preliminary fighting in Galicia or beyond the Carpathians. Lemberg had fallen and Przemysl (pronounced *Chem-e-zel*) was besieged, and the Austrian armies were slowly falling back on the Carpathian passes when I applied in Vienna for permission to go to the front. I was late in my arrival in the fighting zone because I went to the German front first, and also because I have learned after many campaigns that it is worse than useless for correspondents to demand permission to accompany any belligerent army during the first month of any war. There is nothing that will worry and annoy a commanding officer during the trying hours of mobilization quite as much as the demand of a war correspondent to be allowed to report on the conditions then existing. It must be remembered that even the most highly educated military genius is invariably as nervous at the beginning of a campaign as a temperamental actress on a first night. Very few commanders have ever seen any actual warfare, and therefore the last person in the world whom they care to have about at the beginning of the campaign is a foreign correspondent. Before I left America I had made my application through the proper diplomatic channels; therefore, when I arrived at Vienna, there was no necessity of delay. I immediately presented myself to Count Forgach, who was formerly Austrian minister in Belgrade, where I had visited him, and who is now next to the head of the foreign office in Vienna. I presented my papers and was given the opportunity to make my request personally to the foreign minister, Count Berchtold. I told him that I desired to go immediately to the front, and was informed that I could start the following day, which pleased me very much indeed, until Count Berchtold added: "You may go directly to the Servian front." This was exactly what I did not want to do, and I told him that I had been given letters to Archduke Frederick, who commanded the Austrian

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army, and that I was especially desirous of going to Galicia. The foreign minister told me that the day before all foreign attachés and correspondents had been transferred to the Servian front, and that it would be necessary for me to go there also. At that moment there was absolutely nothing of interest on the Servian front, and it was well known that the Russians were making great advances into the Carpathians and, being particularly desirous of seeing this big movement I explained to Count Berchtold that, unless the Austrian army was in a complete rout and was fleeing before the Russians, it would be far better to let me proceed to Galicia than to send me out with an army where there was nothing of importance going on. I explained to him that I had retreated with the Russian army for a year and four months in Manchuria, and that I still considered that retreat one of the greatest military achievements of modern military warfare—I pointed out that any one can command an advance but that it takes a master mind to conduct an orderly retreat before a powerful enemy. I explained that to me a retreat did not mean disaster, and that if the conditions were not absolutely hopeless I still wanted to go to Galicia. He evidently saw my point, for he telephoned the war ministry, and the following day I received my permission and was told to report at Archduke Frederick's headquarters.

Preferring to have company, I asked Captain Graham, our naval attaché to the American embassy, if he would accompany me, but he told me that it would be impossible to get permission. Ambassador Penfield, who has so ably filled the most difficult post in our diplomatic service, gave Captain Graham the necessary leave, and armed with this I made an application through the press department of the war ministry, completely ignoring the regular channels, and asked that Captain Graham be allowed to accompany me as a guest. Much to his surprise the permission was granted, and he was afforded his first opportunity to get nearer the war than a bulletin-board. An officer of the general staff met us at the railway station, and we were taken on a long railway journey to the field-marshal's headquarters, which were then at Teschen, a very old and picturesque town in Silesia, about ten or fifteen miles from the Russian border and about sixty miles from Cracow.

Although there was no fighting in the immediate vicinity, the several days which I spent at the great headquarters of the Austrian forces were to me the most interesting part of the war thus far, for it gave me an opportunity to study the workings of a great staff in the field, and to meet the men upon whose shoulders falls the great task. I was fortunate enough to have been personally presented to his Royal Highness Archduke Frederick by his son-in-law, Prince Hohenlohe, and was therefore invited to join the headquarters' mess. I have had the pleasure of visiting Austria and Hungary nearly every year for some years past, and I have always said that the friendliness and hospitality of the Austrians and Hungarians as I have known them in times of peace could not be improved upon, but I find that I was wrong. In war they can even be more thoughtful and courteous than in peace. War has that effect on some men always, but here it seemed to have that effect on the whole army. I have never experienced such a spontaneous hearty friendliness as I met with the Austrian army in the field. I do not merely mean the officers with whom I came in contact officially, but also the many I met in railway-carriages, on troop trains, in restaurants and cafés, or elsewhere, who offered their hospitality and assistance to men whom they had never before seen and who were to them simply strangers in their land. I mention this at some length because it is a rare case; men at war sometimes become nervous and irritable, and the spirit which was shown in the Austrian army means so much toward the success in battle and in campaign that it is worthy of note. It shows that the men of the Austrian army have strong hearts and clear minds, not easily disturbed by trifles, as is too often the case. It showed to me that temporary disaster or local reverses will not have a depressing effect upon them, a fact that I later found to be true.

My few days at the great headquarters proved to be intensely interesting and very instructive, as there has been a great change in methods and distances since the advent of motor-driven vehicles and wire-

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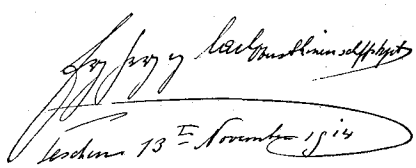
less telegraphy. There is a gigantic task before these few officers at the great headquarters, and I do not believe that we ever give them sufficient credit; in their hands rest the lives of many men and the fate of the nation, and they do not take their task lightly. Each one of the headquarters staff has a task far more difficult than the man in the trenches, who is in closer contact with the enemy. I found an energetic working staff from H. R. H. Archduke Frederick down to the lowest ranking officer.

I was received by H. R. H. Archduke Frederick on the same day of my arrival at the great headquarters, and he did Captain Graham and myself the honor of inviting us to dinner the same evening. It is rather a curious turn of military events which made it possible for Archduke Frederick to occupy his own castle at Teschen while the operations were in this vicinity (as, among other titles, he is also the Duke of Teschen), and he pointed out that fact by saying that it gave him pleasure to receive us not only at his headquarters but in his own home.

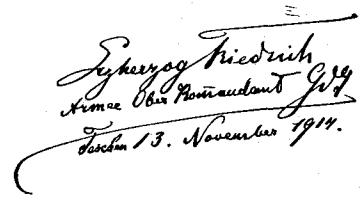
I have met the commanders of many armies, but never have I been more impressed than by the simple, kindly forcefulness of Archduke Frederick, a man whose many years of military service give him many advantages over most other men in experience of military affairs. He is a man slightly below the average height (which seems to be the rule with so many of the great military leaders of the world), of a particularly cordial and sympathetic manner. His resemblance to Emperor Franz Josef is quite remarkable, both in

From a photograph by C. Pietzner, Vienna.

From a photograph by C. Pietzner, Vienna.



H. R. H. Archduke Carl Franz Josef, Crown Prince of Austria.



H. R. H. Archduke Frederick, Commander-in-Chief, Austrian Army.

Written in Mr. Archibald's autograph-book, November 13, 1914.

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manner, personality, and appearance. I felt instantly that the mothers of Austria and Hungary must feel that their sons are in good keeping in his hands and that not an unnecessary life will be lost. I had an exceptional opportunity, as I had the honor of sitting on his left at the mess table. On the other side was the crown prince.

Colonel Rittmaster von Hoen, of Archduke Frederick's staff, who had charge of all correspondents.

Before dinner on that first evening the crown prince, H. R. H. Archduke Carl Franz Josef, received Captain Graham and myself privately and talked with us some time before dinner. Archduke Carl has, without exception, the most wonderfully sympathetic charm of any man I have ever met in public life. He has what not one man in ten thousand possesses, and that is an enormous personal magnetism. A man may have genius, talent, birth, or riches—he may be a great soldier, prince, or statesman; but if he does not possess that rare gift of magnetism he will have a hard struggle to reach the height of popularity. Archduke Carl talked to me in English as though he spoke no other language; he talked of the world's affairs with an obvious knowledge beyond the ordinary mind, and asked a great number of questions, which is, after all, the way that men of affairs who are more or less limited in their travels, owing to their duties at home, keep in touch with the world.

He is undeniably a born leader whose following, small or great, will be bound to his standard by ties of love. He is a man all classes will adore, and a man, curiously enough, whose personality is little known even to his own people. At the present time he is a hard-working officer with the rank of colonel on Archduke Frederick's staff.

Mr. Archibald's transport in trouble in Dukla Pass.

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On the right of the crown prince sat another man, of an entirely different type, and whose head is crowned with the gray hairs of experience—Conrad von Hotzendorf, a soldier every inch. He tasted the cup of sorrow early in this war, when he lost his only son during the first week of the conflict, but his work has not halted. He is the chief of staff under Archduke Frederick, and upon his shoulders falls a large portion of the planning and execution of Austria's great campaign. He reminded me of an eagle, grimly silent, watchfully alert, a man of war if there ever was one.

General of Artillery Krat, and his Bosnian chief of staff in Dukla Pass.

While at the great headquarters I was asked by Archduke Frederick what part of the line I would like to visit, and I answered that, as Alexander, Count von Kolowrat, who is one of my best friends, was on the headquarters staff at the Third Army, and as the Third Army occupied two of the most important passes through the Carpathians, I should like to go there. It was therefore arranged that I should start the next morning for the headquarters of General Boaowic, who commanded the Third Army. It was a three days' trip by railroad and automobile, but it afforded an excellent opportunity of studying the military preparations along the entire line.

I noticed throughout the entire country that the most minute precaution is being taken against disease and contagion of various sorts. Disinfectant covers the railroad lines in all directions, as disease is one of the greatest problems with which the Russian and Austrian armies must contend. A night ride by automobile to a little town in Dukla Pass in the Carpathians ended the journey, and we finally pulled up at a schoolhouse which Boaowic occupied as his headquarters.

A "litt" by the transport.

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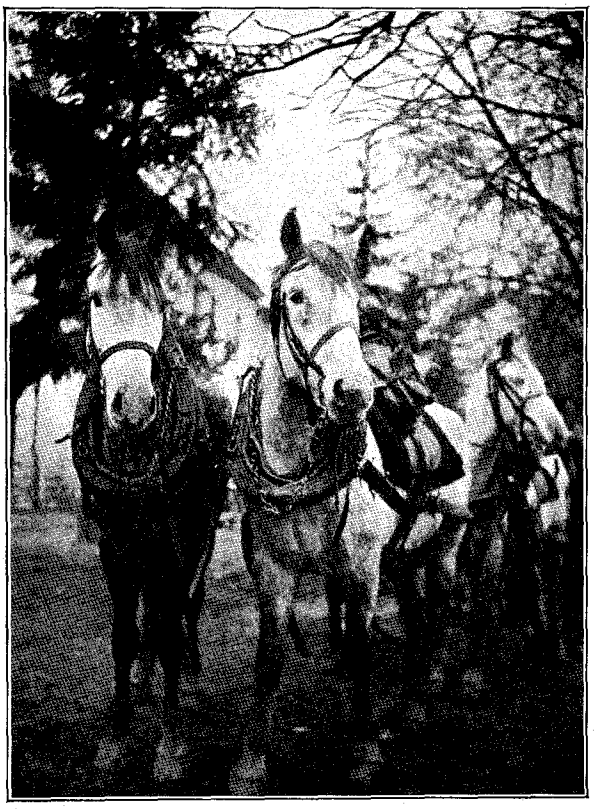
I was told that the commanding general was busy for a moment, and so we were shown into a class-room by an ordnance officer named Theodore Stenberz. His English was so perfect that it was noticeable even where all of the officers spoke it so well. Later, when I took a picture of



Six-horse-power heavy gun-batteries.

him hammering away at an American typewriter, I asked him to give me a permanent address to which I could send the photograph; and was rather surprised when he gave me his office address at a number on Union Square, in New York.

In a few moments an aide came and told us that the commanding general wished to be excused from any formal greetings at the moment, as there was something of great importance which had just come to his attention, but that he would like simply to bid us welcome and would see us later at mess. We went to his room, and, as the door opened, a muddy, field-stained general of cavalry came hurriedly out. An orderly brushed in with an armful of maps and dropped them on the floor beside the general, who stood bending intently over a great chart which was spread out on a school-table.

I wondered if a more important lesson in geography had ever been studied in that class-room.

As we entered the general arose and came to the door to greet us. Again I marvelled at the character of the Austrian officers. We had interrupted him in the midst of what I afterward found to be an important movement of troops, and yet he had time to devote to the moment of bidding us welcome. As he came forward in the dim light of the schoolroom, I felt that I had chosen well for my first field experience when I chose the command of General Boaowic.

While at the front I was impressed by two things in the Austrian soldier: his absolute cheerfulness under all circumstances, and his respect for the enemy. There could not be two more admirable traits in the men of a well-ordered military force. His cheerfulness shows a spirit that is most valuable to a commander, for it will guard off sickness as well as win battles. If the men are growling and grumbling at everything that goes wrong, then everything does seem to go wrong; but the note of cheerfulness which I found throughout the entire Austrian army does much toward starting things on the right road to success.

To belittle and underestimate the enemy is undoubtedly the greatest military sin, but every officer and man with whom I talked on the subject had nothing but praise for the Russian force in every particular. I was told that their artillery was excellent and that their infantry was as brave as any in the world—and that the dread Cossack was a good sportsman in

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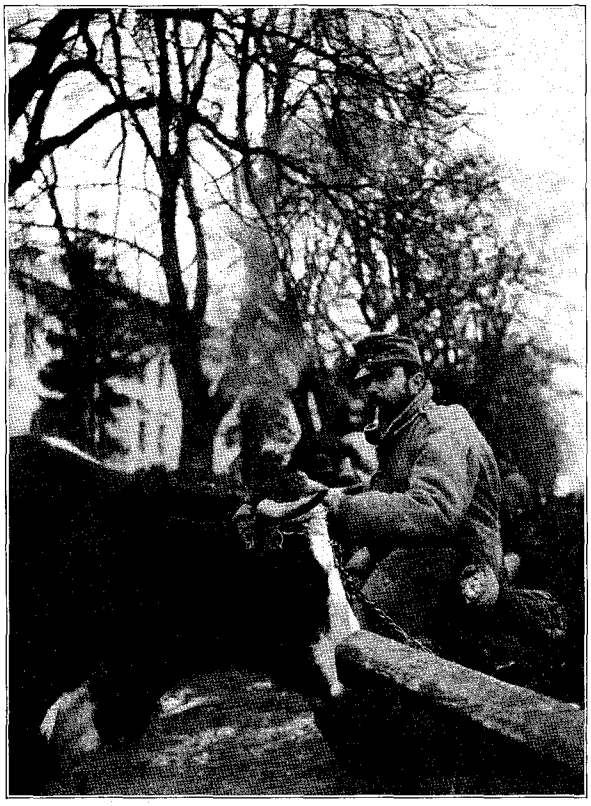
the game. That is the proper spirit and one that will be of the greatest value to the commanding general.

The first action which I saw was the defense of Dukla Pass through the Carpathians, at the time when Russia drove the Austrian army back into Hungary as far as Bartfeld, which their cavalry occupied eight days before they were driven out again. This was a retreat which was heralded throughout the world as a complete rout of the Austrians, and I have since seen despatches telling of the wild disorder of the retreat—how men had refused to fight and had thrown down their arms in terror; of the great friction between the Hungarians and the Austrians. As a matter of fact, I have never seen a more orderly and well-organized withdrawal of forces. There was not the slightest excitement, and the rear-guard actions kept the advancing enemy at a sufficient distance and sufficiently in check to allow the Austrians to withdraw every gun and wagon in perfect order. In fact, I have seen many advances which were far more disorganized than was this retreat.



The Austrian food supply is its own transport.

When I first rode into Dukla Pass in the Carpathians I felt that I had been terribly cheated—I had in my mind a rugged, rocky, narrow pass through great gorges in the mountains and pictured how easy it would be to defend such a pass; but, as a matter of fact, the passes through the Carpathians are wide, rolling table-lands. It is exactly the same as though we had to repel an army advancing through the Rocky Mountains at the heights near Cheyenne. There is a gradual rise into the mountain passes, but the passes themselves are broad, open rolling country, exceedingly difficult to defend. In most instances they are heavily wooded, which gives the advancing enemy much opportunity to take valuable cover. The Austrian forces were compelled to build earthworks and defenses of a very permanent character to defend themselves against the greater odds. Their trenchwork is exceedingly interesting and very well done, as they use timber for the foundation, so that their men have complete cover from the opposing fire and are able to return it through openings built between the timbers of the works, which are covered with earth.

The great silken gas balloons played an important part in the campaign in the Carpathians, and they have been used to a great extent. In an article in this magazine last November on "Aviation," I wrote of Count Edmund de Sigmundt, who was to have been Austria's representative in the international balloon contest at Saint Louis this year. I found that my friend had already distinguished himself before the war had been in progress a

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month. He has been using his balloon at the front, and has been acting as a lookout for the advance lines, and has twice been brought down by Russian artillery shells. Once the rope which held his balloon captive was cut by shrapnel-fire, and a strong wind carried him directly

Lieutenant Belletz,
A volunteer automobile-driver.

over the Russian lines. He landed in some wood, abandoned his outfit the moment he came to earth, and succeeded, although wounded, in working his way back through the Russian lines to the Austrian side. It took him three days to accomplish this feat, and in a week he was in the air again. Count de Sigmundt is one of the few aviators who have stuck faithfully to their lighter-than-air apparatus, and he has done splendid work and has received three wounds in the doing.

Aviation in the Carpathians has been beset with many difficulties. Lieutenant Felix Franke, who has flown in and out of besieged Przemysl on several occasions, told me that it was most difficult to attain any altitude in the Carpathians, for the purpose of scouting or artillery-control, because of the rare mountain air of these already high ranges. Both balloons and 'planes have, however, done most valuable scouting work during the campaign in these picturesque mountain ranges.

I doubt if there has ever been a more exciting and daring adventure in time of war than the aeroplane flights in and out of besieged Przemysl. As the Austrian fortress has been entirely surrounded by the Russian army, and as it is a long flight to the nearest Austrian base, the first danger that confronts the daring aviator is that of the hazardous journey to the besieged fortress. It is particularly hazardous as the entire flight is over the enemy's lines, and any motor trouble or difficulty

Oberleutnant Baron Economo, President of the Vienna Aero Club.

of any sort would compel a landing and immediate capture. This aerial scout must fly at a very great altitude, and advance until he is practically over the fortress, then he must plane down in a very narrow spiral into the town, and during this descent he is certain to be under fire a very considerable length of time. Again, when he leaves Przemysl, he must ascend by the same spiral route in a very small space, for to take a wide circle in the ascent would mean instant death, as it would bring him too close under the range of the Russian guns. During several

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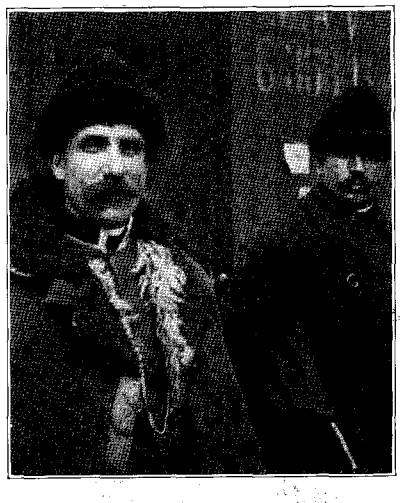
months of the siege of Przemysl aviators have flown in and out of the fortress time after time, and I do not think one of them as yet failed in the attempt, although several have been severely wounded on the hazardous journey.



Hungarian trainmasters.

The campaign in the Carpathians is much more like the old-fashioned war than anything I saw with the German army. The roads are so bad during the winter months that the motor does not play the great part in this campaign that it does in Germany and France. In fact, I had great difficulty in getting through with the motor which had been detailed to me for my use at the front, and it got into serious trouble on several occasions. The lovers of horses and the exponents of the cavalry arm of the service would have found this campaign much more to their liking than the "gasolene war" being waged in France.

Motor-scouting has proved to be one of the most dangerous forms of duty in the present war, and it is especially so in the Carpathians, either on the Galician or the Russian side.

Count Kolowrat shows his friends with a great deal of pride the one-hundred-horse-power automobile which he is now driving for his own personal use in the field, which he captured from the Russians. One of my Vienna friends, Baron Constantine Economo, had a very exciting experience in the Carpathians a short time ago. While at headquarters Baron Economo came in with his car so riddled with bullets that it was necessary for him to put it in for repairs. It seems that he had been sent out by his command-

The retreat from Dukla.

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ing officer to attempt to discover the enemy, and, after having gone forward what he considered a surprisingly long time before seeing any of the Russian force, he decided to change and go in another direction. Just as he turned his car he saw a gathering of Cossacks some distance off in the road to the right. Thus having accomplished his purpose, he made his way back toward his own lines. Coming to a small village, he was surprised to see the streets of the village which he had just left filled with Cossacks. He ordered the men with him to get down out of sight, then opened up his throttle and gave them frantic signals with his horn. The Cossacks, not believing it could possibly be the enemy's automobile, as it came from the direction of their own advance, opened up a lane, and he dashed through the squadron of Cossacks and was well on the opposite side of the village before they realized he was of the enemy. They opened fire on him, but fortunately he escaped with a few honorable scars on his automobile.

Surgeon Albrecht (on the right) in charge of the Base hospital, Third Army; Sister Else, nurse; and a transport officer.

The winter has been exceedingly mild—in fact, the mildest that has been known for years; the soft ground has made the movement of troops, artillery, and transport exceedingly difficult. The Austrians use thousands of native farm wagons for their transportation, each in charge of a peasant driver, and naturally the congestion of transport and troops on the narrow roads makes the problem far more difficult in the Carpathians than at other portions of the German and Austrian line.

One day while at the front I was exceedingly puzzled when I saw a non-commissioned officer teaching a squad of men to figure in Chinese. On an improvised board he had written the various Chinese numeral characters, and their equivalent in Roman numbers. Before the board sat a class of a score of soldiers working on the Chinese characters. I was frankly amazed, but, upon inquiry to a staff-officer who accompanied me, found that it was not exactly an educational outburst in the army, but rather a school of necessity. I learned that at the outbreak of the war an Austrian firm had just finished a large order of field-artillery and its supply of ammunition for the Chinese Government. As it is the custom to carry a condition in all contracts of this character that if the government in whose territory the arms are manufactured so directs, it may purchase them at any time before the shipment is made. The Chinese guns and ammunition were just ready for shipment when the war started,

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and therefore the entire lot was taken over by the Austrian Government. All of the range numbers on the sights, for distance and elevation, and all of the fuse marks on the shrapnel and shell were in Chinese characters, so it was necessary to give the Austrian artillerists a lesson in the Oriental language to enable them to use the batteries then turned over to the defense of Austria.

The greatest danger lies in the information system, which has evidently been cleverly prepared by the Russians in Galicia and Hungary. It has been suspected that the priests of the Greek Church have organized the peasants of their various districts into corps of spies, and, in consequence of the perfection of that organization, there is scarcely a move of the Austro-Hungarian army made that is not immediately communicated to the enemy. It is a difficult system to break up and a most dangerous one with which to cope.

It has been discovered that bands of smugglers who operate in time of peace in the Carpathians have secret trails across the mountains, and now in war they double their ill-gotten gains by guiding parties of the Russians across these secret trails to attack the Austrians in the rear.

The unity of the many different factions under the dual monarchy is very remarkable, and I found a perfectly good spirit among the people throughout the war zone, and the corps of spies are simply made up of a portion of the peasants who are open to bribery and have no real relation to the national spirit of the people.

The Red Cross division of the Austrian army has received the same splendid support from the women of Hungary and Austria that has been shown by the women of all nations at war. American women have done their full share, and the appreciation of the Austrian Government has already been expressed to Mrs. Pen-

Reserves detraining.

field, the wife of the American ambassador, who has been the untiring leader in the work of relieving suffering and providing supplies. Another American, Mrs. Cárdeza, has maintained a perfectly equipped field-motor surgical hospital at the extreme front, and has served with it during the entire campaign. Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy has also worked day and night in the hospitals in and around Vienna.

I have received the English and American newspapers regularly during the time I have been with the German and Austro-Hungarian forces, and have been surprised at the misconception which seems

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to prevail regarding the determination on the part of the Austrian and Hungarian people. In nearly every paper I read despatches telling of the discontent among the people, of riots and famine, but I have yet to find a single one of these stories that proved to be true. It has been the habit in this war to fasten unfounded stories of cruelty and savagery upon the Germans, and stories of dissatisfaction and unrest upon the Austrians and Hungarians. It has been reported time after time that Hungary was about to make a separate peace, and that there was much friction between the two peoples. I personally know many influential men of both Austria and Hungary, and I have friendships among them that inspire confidence, and I believe that I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that the dual monarchy is an absolute unit for the continuance of the war.

Remains of a farm wagon thrown on the roof by an exploding shell.

The daily press now points to the resignation of Count von Berchtold as foreign minister and the appointment of Baron Burian as proving that there is antagonism between Austria and Hungary. I have had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Baron Burian for several years, and I can say truthfully that no man lives under the dual monarchy more sincerely for a greater Austria and a continuance of the present form of government than he does. He is a man of great strength and of many followers. He is a brilliant statesman and diplomat, and it was his hand that steered Austria-Hungary's cruise through the crisis of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. His personality is austere and cold, although not unapproachable. Like all Austrians and Hungarians he was strongly for peace, but now that the war has commenced he is for a vigorous policy to meet the Russian move.

Whatever happens in the future, the Austro-Hungarian armies should be given the highest credit for their magnificent work during the first five months of this titanic struggle in holding back the great hordes of Russian regiments pouring through every roadway and mountain pass into their territory. It has been a struggle against overwhelming odds, a struggle that has tested the mind and muscle of every man from the aged Emperor down to the last recruit. That portion of the public in foreign lands which has criticised the operations of the Austrian forces, or which has gained an idea that their armies were weak and demoralized, that their commanders have not been sufficient, and that their retreats have meant disaster, has not realized in the slightest degree the immensity of the problem which has confronted the Austrian army from the very beginning of the war. The Austrian people are a happy, care-free, peace-loving people, and they

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had great difficulty in bringing to themselves the reality of the horrors of war. It must also be remembered that there does not seem to be the slightest animosity or hatred between the Austrians and the Russians. They both go about the business of killing each other as a disagreeable, temporary incident that must be attended to for the good of their respective countries, but they go about it with no rancor whatever in their minds. There has always been diplomatic rivalry, and many incidents have brought the two countries to the verge of hostilities, but with it all there is always a good word for the Russians from every Austrian.

On way to the market in Bartfeld.

It was the obvious plan of Russia and Servia to crush Austria and Hungary at the outset and then deal with Germany later by an invasion through the conquered Austrian territory. The result of the first six months' campaign should speak for itself. During this time Austria has held out against the force which has outnumbered her three, five, and at times ten to one. Up to this time she has been waging a defensive campaign, although it must be remembered that that does not necessarily mean a stationary defense, for the first principle of defense is to attack and advance whenever it is possible.

Austria has been beset on every side by enemies actual and by enemies who are steadily preparing and each day threatening more openly. At the commencement of the campaign the Servian armies were undoubtedly the most dangerous part of the entire line arrayed against Germany and Austria, for the Servian army was made up of more than four hundred thousand veterans of three years' hard fighting. Their leaders had mastered the game and the men had learned all of the smaller detail of war which can only be learned by experience in the field. The Servian armies commenced their operations at a state of efficiency which is just now being attained by most of the other countries after several months' continual fighting. I except the German armies, because their organization has proved to be such a marvellous thing even from the

A transport-driver.

A Galician peasant.

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very beginning that it was in a class by itself. But all of the rest, from France to Montenegro, had to learn their lesson from the beginning. In this respect I am inclined to believe Austria was the least prepared of any of the belligerent nations. Her naval defense, although small, was of the first order, but the trend of events has proved it to be useless up to the present time. Russia had learned many lessons in Manchuria and thousands of her soldiers to-day wear the yellow-and-black campaign ribbon of the struggle against Japan; the British had recently been schooled in South Africa, and the French in Morocco; but of the present generations of Austrians and Hungarians but few knew anything of actual warfare. I do not mean that they were unprepared for war, for they had a truly splendid force, but there is only one place to learn actual warfare in all its hideous branches, and that is in the field in time of war; and that is why I say that Austria was the least prepared of any nation. Her strength is growing each day, and early in the year she will have almost a million new men in the field; and I am inclined to think she will acquit herself well with the opening of the spring campaign.

There has been so much said regarding the suffering of the inhabitants of Belgium that we have almost lost sight of the terrible destruction and devastation in Poland and Galicia. On both sides of the fighting line the refugees fleeing from the war zone are in a state of terrible suffering. The sights I saw along the line of march would be unbelievable in time of peace, but in time of war one becomes accustomed both to suffering, and seeing others suffer. There has been little said regarding the suffering because there is really no opportunity for its relief from the outer world, and because Austria and Germany are doing everything in their power to alleviate that suffering. I have no doubt that Russia is also doing her share with the refugees fleeing toward Russia, but it all seems so much worse here because the condition of these peasants even at best is much worse than anything in Belgium. Tens of thousands of Jews are making their way into Austria and Hungary, and their sufferings, as they trudge along the troop-congested, muddy roads, is most heartrending. Actually many die on the road, and many is the hasty grave dug beside the Carpathian roads, where the strain has been too great and the life was snuffed out. Somehow, these few deaths seem even more pitiful than the thousands who fall in battle.

Heavy artillery in Dukla.

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AT THE CALL OF CHANCE

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

The handsome, aristocratic face, framed in the white lawn babette, showed no tenderness.—Page 470.

WHEN Sister Theodora paid that long-promised, long-delayed visit to her sister by the tie of blood, nothing was further from her intention than to ravish that sister of one of the most cherished of earthly possessions, a valuable servant. But although Mrs. Alden, in the poignancy of her injury, called upon the rest of the family to witness that Theodora had always been masterful, the fault was not so much hers as that of the dovelike but obstinate Mariana. She had become so obsessed with the idea of accompanying Sister Theodora that her usual painful

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timidity was overborne by her anguish of desire and she had even knelt at the Sister's feet in supplication.

There was about the young woman more than a little mystery. Five years before, when, during one of those periods of domestic upheaval which come even to the best of housekeepers, Mrs. Alden had been at her wits' end to secure capable servants, Mariana had appeared out of the void, turning to walk up the steps as Mrs. Alden was walking down them. References she had none and she was, so she said, a stranger in the town. In answer to questions nothing could be elicited further than that she had lost all her family and needed work. She gave her name as Mariana Morton, and, for the rest, had the manner and appearance of one gently bred. For the first time in her life, Mrs. Alden took in a servant without a reference. The emergency was great and the girl's face, which was perhaps too beautiful for one in her position, was touchingly innocent in expression. In the event the experiment had been extraordinarily successful. Mariana was not only gentle and faithful, but competent, the only drawback being an excessive timidity, which made it difficult to give her anything to do which would involve contact with persons outside of the family. All the more remarkable, then, was her sudden infatuation for the guest and her insistent desire to attach herself to her service.

Of course Sister Theodora might have refused decisively to listen to the appeal and under other circumstances would have done so, if for no other reason than that a good woman does not lightly walk away with another woman's servant. But the girl had made an extraordinary impression on her. She was so evidently fitted for a far higher station and had yet adjusted herself so modestly to the position which she occupied, which, to be sure, was by this time not exactly that of an ordinary servant. Not only was she a person of refinement, but it had also become known that she was by no means uneducated. In the first year of her stay she had surprised Mrs. Alden by the announcement, made with much embarrassment, that she could understand all that was said when the family, according to their usual practice in the presence of servants, carried on their conversation in French. She was fond of reading and was discriminating in her selection of books. In addition, she was ardently religious. Naturally all this, taken in connection with her reticence about her previous life and her apparent friendlessness, suggested the idea that in that past there might have been some false step, since atoned for by repentance and a blameless life; yet it was difficult to look at her and really believe this.

When matters had finally gone so far that Sister Theodora felt in herself a willingness to yield to the girl's entreaty, she made her consideration of the matter conditional on entire frankness on Mariana's part. Let the girl confide in her fully as to her life before coming to Mrs. Alden and she would then decide what was best to be done. When at last the veil of reserve was withdrawn it was only to bring her face to face with a new mystery. Mariana's reticence and probably her timidity as well, had their origin in the fact that she had nothing to tell. She could recall nothing whatever of her past, for her memory only went back to the time when she found herself sitting by the roadside in the open country outside of the town where Mrs. Alden lived. She was both foot-sore and hungry and was quite without money. She had walked into the city and, entering the first hotel she came to, a small, obscure tavern, had pulled the rings off her fingers and offered them in payment for board and lodging. The proprietor had taken the rings and allowed her to stay, but had frightened her very much by the rude familiarity of his manner. The next day she walked out, determined not to go back. Wandering aimlessly about the streets, she had seen Mrs. Alden coming down her steps and had turned toward her on an impulse of confidence in the kindliness of her face. That was the whole story. The years had passed and, so far as she knew, no one had ever come to look for her.

Sister Theodora liked to be a providence. Neither her temperament nor her religion permitted her to turn away from any one in need of aid; nor did she ever shrink from responsibility. She resolved to take the girl home with her and keep her, while in the meantime she would make every effort to find her friends. It happened that in the large school under her charge there was need of a person to look after the linen and do such mending as the pupils required. Such a person need not have the status of a

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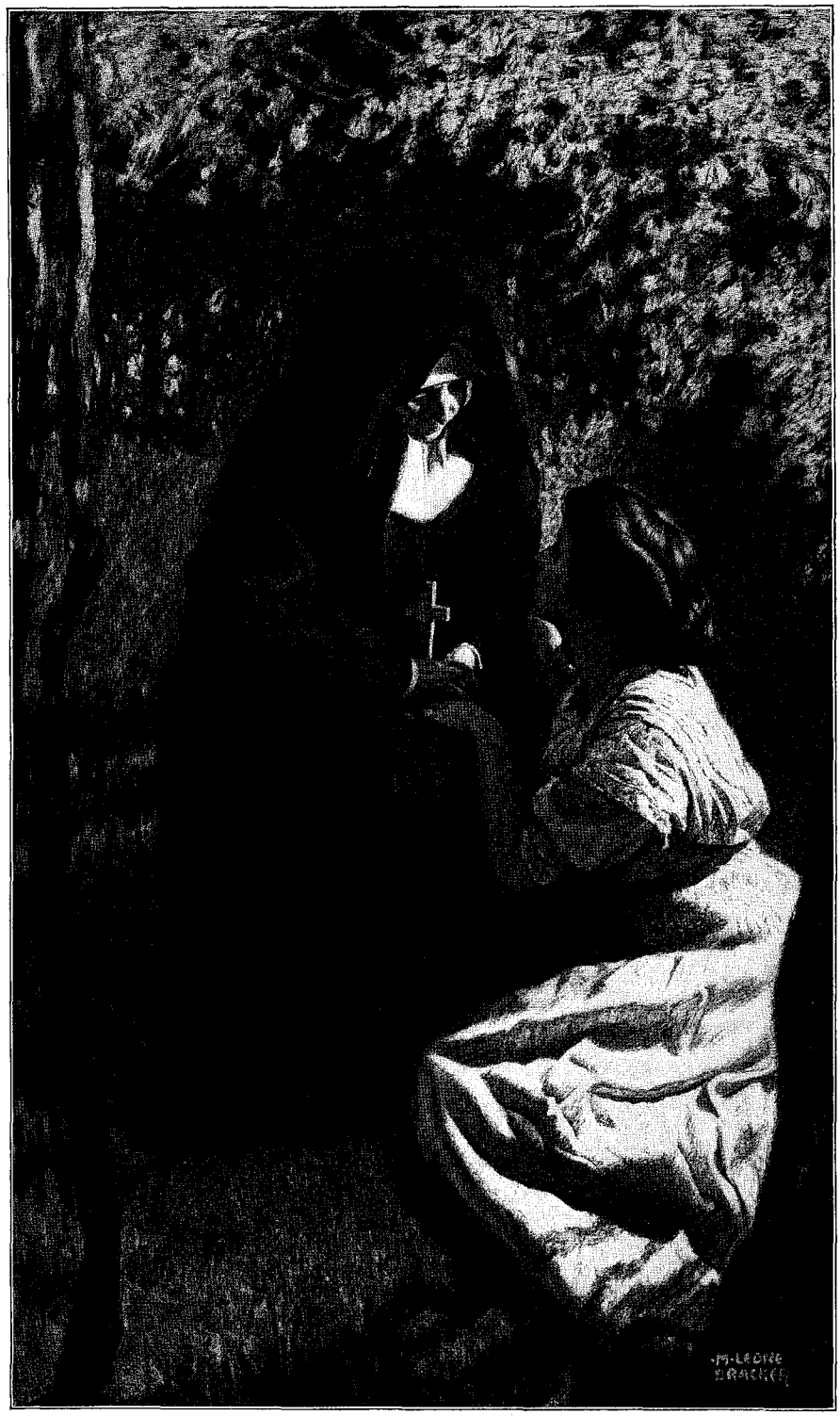

Drawn by M. Leone Bracker.

"What family have I but you?" she said. "I want to belong to you *more*."—Page 471.

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servant and could lead a perfectly secluded life; and seclusion was what Mariana most desired. She did not in the least wish to be restored to whatever friends she might have had, if only she could be permitted to be near the one person who had inspired her with an adoring affection. She consented to whatever Sister Theodora asked of her at this time, from allowing Mrs. Alden to learn her story to permitting inquiries to be made at the hotel where she had left her rings. The tale imparted to her did not wholly assuage Mrs. Alden's indignant grief that Mariana, to whom she had been so kind all these years, should now wish to leave her, although she admitted that since the girl was so set on it, she might as well go. As to the hotel, it had been torn down and no one knew what had become of its former proprietor.

II

THE five years spent under Mrs. Alden's roof had not been a period of unhappiness to the timid soul thrown thus abruptly into an unknown world. Peaceful, protected, and busy years they had been. Nor had Mariana been without affection for her friendly employers; but that mild contentment she now exchanged for an ardent inward joy, restrained by her timidity from much outward manifestation. Everything in her new home was delightful to her; the presence near her of the adored Superior, the merry, affectionate school-girls, and, most of all, the religious atmosphere in which her soul unfolded. To her humble work she brought an ardor of devotion which made of it a high service. The only flaw in her happiness was the fear lest Sister Theodora's search for some clue to her former life might be too successful. She wanted nothing more than what she had.

The Sister Superior was conscientious in her search, though not thorough to the point of publicity. She examined files of old newspapers and even employed a man to make inquiries, but Mariana obstinately refused to allow any advertisement of the matter, claiming the Superior's promise that her confidence should be guarded—a promise given before her tale was told. In yielding to this obstinacy Sister Theodora was betrayed by the traitor in her own heart. Had she been a Romanist she would probably have felt it her duty to lay the matter before her confessor, but not being accustomed to defer, except in form, to her bishop, she went her way independently, and when her inquiries proved to be fruitless, accepted the situation with somewhat more than contentment.

Hitherto Sister Theodora had never loved anything so much as she loved power. Even those persons who thought her most admirable had been obliged to concede that she was hard. The handsome, aristocratic face, framed in the white lawn babette, showed no tenderness; the penetrating eyes which seemed to pierce to the very soul of a trembling school-girl or a subservient Sister never melted. She was no hypocrite. Her religion was sincere, even if somewhat overlaid with forms and ceremonies, the punctilious observance of which gratified her religious and æsthetic sense and even gave her a subtle feeling of being in a way in partnership with the august Power to whom she addressed her devotions, although she would with perfect sincerity have denounced such an idea as blasphemous. But no woman can permanently and wholly deny her heart. Sister Theodora was now in that period of middle age when the forces of nature make their last onslaught before a woman is definitely started on the down grade toward old age. At this period there are many follies which one sees and many more which no one ever suspects. In Sister Theodora's case it was the maternal instinct which, all unknown to herself, had suddenly come to life. She who was used to having people stand in awe of her had succumbed to the person who was afraid of all the world besides, but not of her. She loved Mariana as fondly as any young mother adores her baby. Yet through it all, she had self-command enough to try, more or less successfully, to conceal her state of mind from the sharply observant eyes of her school-girls, a matter in which she had the less difficulty since she could not, if she would, be demonstrative. Softened she certainly was, and the girls found her much "nicer" than before the lovely, mysterious stranger came.

Mystery hung about Mariana, even though her timidity yielded somewhat in this atmosphere of love which surrounded her. The girls frankly adored her and,

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after the fashion of their kind, wove fictitious romances about her, but her gentle aloofness baffled curiosity. From the first it had been her heart's desire to join the Sisterhood, and in this, the Superior, even while recognizing that Mariana would thus be the more securely hers, was conscious of a foolish weakness. She could not bring herself to wish to see that loveliness obscured by a conventual dress. It was her delight, in those early days, to dress this daughter of her heart in the subdued but subtly artistic costumes which suited the soft and gentle style of her beauty. She smothered this weakness under a conscientious scruple—a scruple which in giving her pain gave her also a sense of virtue.

"Do you think," she asked, "that it will be well for you to separate yourself so definitely from the world, in view of the possibility of your some day finding your family?"

Mariana came and knelt by her side. "What family have I but you?" she said. "I want to belong to you *more*."

Unwonted tears stood in the Superior's eyes as she laid her hand on Mariana's head.

After all, when Mariana was dressed in the black garb of the Order it had to be admitted that she was lovelier than ever, while in her expression there was something uplifted and almost unearthly. Secluded within the red brick walls of the school building, walking in the flower-bordered alleys of its walled garden, kneeling in church in an ecstasy of prayer, warmed by the love which surrounded her, giving out whatever lay in her of affection and service, she was indeed seraphically happy. Thus time passed uneventfully, save for the changing family of school-girls, until she had been in the school four years.

III

One night there was an alarm of fire—dread sound for those in responsibility. There was great excitement, but no damage beyond the burning of one of the outbuildings. It was, on the whole, a pleasant experience for the girls, who, delighted with anything that relieved the monotony of school life, were charmed to get up and dress in the middle of the night, and showed no alarm whatever. Not so Sister Mariana, who fell into such a deplorable panic that for once the Superior was angry with her and spoke to her with a severity bitterly repented of afterward.

The girls were ordered back to bed and the next day things resumed their ordinary course. It was remembered later that Sister Mariana showed an unusual lassitude. In the course of the years her sphere of service had widened and among her duties was that of reading to a group of the girls for an hour in the evening. On that evening she took her place and began, but after a few pages her voice faltered and her hands dropped into her lap, whence the book slipped to the floor, while the reader laid her head back against the chair and at once became unconscious.

Great was the consternation! The girls flew this way and that, some for water, others, trembling and awe-struck, to support the Sister's head, while two, going together as girls do, ran through the halls to the Superior's room, to tell her what had happened. She followed them at once, with terror in her heart. The unconscious woman was leaning back in her chair, her head resting on the shoulder of her favorite pupil, Annette. Although pale, she was breathing gently and seemed like a person in a deep sleep rather than in a faint. The Superior waved aside the glasses of water and bottles of cologne which were held out by eager hands. Her orders were brief and imperative. One girl was despatched for two stalwart woman-servants and the rest were sent away. She herself took Annette's place at the Sister's head. Sister Mariana was a slender creature and the servants carried her without difficulty to the Superior's room and laid her on the low bed. Then, instead of sending for the doctor or for the school nurse, Sister Theodora dismissed the two women and closed the door. She felt not only that she knew what this attack meant, but that she had always expected it. For some moments she stood by the bedside, apparently uncertain what to do. Stooping, she loosened the stiff collar and opened the neck of the dress. She felt the pulse and decided that for the present she might safely do without medical assistance. With her finger still on Mariana's pulse she waited, her mind beset by fears. What would happen when those dear eyes opened? Sister Theodora was ever chary of caresses, but

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suddenly she lifted the sleeper's head to her breast and pressed kisses on the unconscious lips. Then she laid her down again and covered her up tenderly from the chill of the night. Slowly the night wore away. Sister Theodora lived over again the years since Mariana's coming—Mariana, so sweet, so dear, her very own. What was to befall her now? Would memory, if it came, bring her anything but sorrow? Going to the window she threw open the blind. Day was already breaking. With an air of determination she turned to ring the bell. She would send for the doctor at last—it might, after all, be safer. Her hand was arrested, for just then the sleeper drew two or three long breaths, stirred restlessly, and opened her eyes.

IV

Sister Mariana sat up straight. "Where am I?" she exclaimed. Her tone showed bewilderment and a certain physical weakness, yet even so it had a note of vivacity foreign to her usual soft utterance.

The Superior was standing beside her. "Don't you know me, my child?" she asked anxiously.

Mariana looked at her, at the room, at the bed. The Superior's eyes were fixed with intense anxiety on Mariana.

"No, I don't know," said the latter. "Am I in a hospital? What has happened to me?" She put her hand to her head. "I remember feeling strangely a little while ago." She lay down again and closed her eyes. "I think I am tired," she added.

Sister Theodora hardly dared to breathe.

"Please call my husband," said Mariana, opening her eyes again.

Sister Theodora started forward. "Don't try to talk yet," she said, in an aimless effort to gain time. For a moment the other lay still, collecting herself. Then she sat up again.

"I am perfectly strong," she said calmly, but with insistence. "I am quite able to be told all about it. I suppose I have been ill. But first of all, I want my husband."

"He is not here," said the Superior, with a dismayed sinking of the heart. A husband had never once occurred to her, so virginal had Mariana seemed.

"If I have been ill he certainly isn't far away," replied Mariana with a little laugh. Strange to say, Sister Theodora had never heard her laugh, although she had a lovely smile. "Please send at once," she added impatiently, "and then you can tell me everything." She happened to glance at her sleeve and plucked at her white cuff as if to pull it off. "For instance, I wonder why you have put these clothes on me."

The Superior rallied all her forces in an effort to command the situation. "Listen to me, Mariana," she said. "This is all very strange and bewildering to you, but——"

"Why do you call me Mariana? My name is Agatha Gordon. I must have been out of my mind—though I don't see why. I never knew anything so extraordinary. Is this a hospital? And how long have I been here?"

"You have been here for some time."

"*Days?*"

"Yes—days."

"I only remember that I was feeling tired. My husband was away from home. I went to lie down—and I remember nothing more until now. And my husband? Why isn't he here now? Hasn't he been sent for? He would be so anxious about me. Has anything happened to him?" She started to her feet with a look of distress.

"No, no—at least—I do not know—" faltered Sister Theodora.

"Oh, poor John! I must go home at once. I'm sure you have been very kind, though I haven't known anything about it. Forgive me that I can hardly wait to thank you, but I am so worried about my husband. Please let me have my own clothes now. *How* many days is it?" She broke off with a gasp. "There isn't any hospital in Brixton! *Where am I?*"

How to tell her? Sister Theodora thought to do it gradually, but this new, imperious Mariana, who was not the Mariana of her love, made short work of her caution.

"You might as well tell me everything," she said, and her tone was that of a person used to command. "People always tell me the truth."

"I will first send for the doctor," said the Superior, going toward the bell.

"You will do nothing of the sort." Mariana intercepted her and took her by the arm. "I am perfectly well and I am not

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going to wait a minute to have this mystery explained." She began to wonder whether for some unknown reason she had been drugged and kidnapped.

"I would spare you if I could," said the Superior, and then, white-faced, dry-lipped, but with a cold collectedness of manner, she told the tale. Only of her own affection she did not speak. It seemed utterly beside the mark.

Mariana listened with compressed lips. "You have not yet told me how long this has lasted."

It was true that Sister Theodora had not dared to tell her that, without preparation. "Nine years," she now answered.

"I don't believe you," said Mariana. It occurred to her then that she was alone with a lunatic. A little fear came into her eyes and she glanced quickly toward the door, as if looking for a way of escape. It gave Sister Theodora an extraordinary twist of the heart.

"Oh," she said, "I will leave you if you wish. Perhaps it will be better." She thought to go and telephone for the physician.

"Nonsense!" said Mariana, recovering her courage. "Why, if what you say were true, think how old I should be!" She broke off suddenly and walked across the room to the dressing-table with its little mirror.

Now to Sister Theodora's eyes her protégée did not look a day older than when they had first met, but nine years can hardly pass without some change.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mariana sharply. Then, her breath coming in gasps, she examined herself carefully. "It is simply that I have been ill," she said piteously. Pulling herself together, she turned on the Superior. "If you want to insist on this impossible story being true, give me some proof. Mind, I don't believe it. You can't do it!"

Nothing was to be gained by delay. Without a word the Superior went to a bookcase and selecting some periodicals and a few books, handed them to the other. Mariana looked at the dates of publication and laid them down in silence. She seemed, for the moment, stupefied. At length, in a voice hardly above a whisper, she said:

"And my husband?"

Sister Theodora was but a woman. She sat down in the nearest chair and shook her head. She could not speak.

"You needn't tell me he didn't try to find me! I know better. Oh—oh—" She ran to the other woman and dropped on her knees beside her. "Is he—don't dare to tell me he is—dead!"

In the moment of appeal she was again the beloved Mariana. Sister Theodora's heart went out to her. "My poor child," she said with a breaking voice, "I know nothing."

"But surely he would have traced me. He would never have rested. It would have been advertised everywhere."

"I told you I searched through the old newspapers. But it was already six years then."

"But surely you advertised?"

"I have told you what measures I took. You wouldn't let me advertise. You implored me not to do even as much as I did."

"You hadn't any right to listen to me. You knew I wasn't myself. And how do I know that what you say is true? You had some purpose. You were a wicked woman!"

V

AGATHA fell at first into a state of the most violent agitation. Then, summoning all her strength, she controlled herself and announced that she must start for home at once. Sister Theodora had not left her, but sat silent, filled with unavailing remorse for that sin of omission which had seemed no sin at the time, cut to the heart by Agatha's undisguised aversion, yet with a creeping feeling of dislike for this changeling who had taken Mariana's place. Meantime, unnoticed by either of them, the night had given place to day. Sister Theodora looked out with unseeing eyes at the green grass, the blossoming shrubs, bathed in the sunshine of a June morning.

"I must have a man's help," said Agatha, pacing the floor. "You must be under somebody's direction. Are you Protestant or Catholic?"

"Protestant," answered the Superior, in dull surprise at the question.

"Very well then, where is your bishop? I must see him—or if he isn't here, the next man in authority."

"I will send for him." Then, remember-

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ing the early hour: "I don't suppose he is up yet."

"Let him get up. Oh, surely this is important enough!"

Sister Theodora went to her desk and wrote a note and left the room with it, while Agatha resumed her impatient pacing of the floor.

The Bishop came with as little delay as possible, for the Sister Superior was not in the habit of sending for him. When he arrived she told him the whole story. The good man was tremendously perturbed and was inclined to blame somebody. He thought that he could have managed the affair better.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" he exclaimed in distressed sympathy. "But I think you should have advertised for her friends," he added.

Sister Theodora, who was concealing her grief and dismay under the most rigid armor of pride and reserve, answered coldly: "She forbade it; and she seemed perfectly in possession of herself and a person to be considered. As it turns out that we did not have her real name I don't see what would have been gained."

"My own opinion would have been that she was not in a condition to judge." After a pause he added: "Why didn't you consult me? In bringing her to the school you should have done so. It was a very great responsibility to assume."

"As far as the school is concerned my action has been justified. Since I am compelled to defend myself, I will remind you that my success in the school is due in some measure to my ability to judge of character."

The Bishop, who was notoriously the most easily taken in of men, sighed.

"However," continued Sister Theodora, rising, "the matter which presses is to find her friends now. She asked me to send for you and is waiting to see you."

"Yes, yes." The Bishop sighed again. "I had better see her at once."

Agatha was still pacing the room when the Superior came for her. Breakfast had been sent to her and stood untasted on the table. "I thought he would never come!" she exclaimed.

The Bishop had never particularly noticed Sister Mariana, who seemed to him merely a gentle and useful person of the dovelike type. He had not even been aware, good man, of her beauty. But this woman who entered the room with swift intensity and came to him with outstretched hands was another individual. Housed in what they had been wont to consider Mariana's body, she animated it with a different spirit.

"I need help very much," she said.

"Yes," he answered gently. "I have just heard your story." He turned to where the Superior had stood, but she had left the room.

"You have seen her already then," said Agatha. "I have no words for her wicked stupidity. Besides—I must not think. It is so important to act at once. I must get back to my husband—and I feel so helpless about getting away from this strange place. But first—tell me how much of her extraordinary story is true."

He made her sit down and seated himself beside her. "I will tell you what I know," he said, "but it is very little. You came here some years ago—four, I am told. I saw you first as an assistant in the school. Two years ago you were admitted to the Sisterhood." He glanced at her dress. She had arranged the collar, seeing that there was nothing to take its place, but her hair was uncovered. "I understand that you have made many friends here."

She made an impatient gesture. "Now let me tell you who I am. My husband is John Gordon, professor of English in Brixton College. We had not been married very long." Her voice trembled, but she recovered herself immediately. "My father had died the year before; my mother had been dead a long time; I was an only child. Practically I had no one but my husband. He must have moved heaven and earth to find me. And you never heard of it? You never saw any advertisements?"

The Bishop shook his head sadly. "Never," he said.

"I cannot understand it! Apparently people never read the newspapers." She started to her feet. "I must go to him at once!" she exclaimed.

"Of course you must," said the Bishop. "But," with a detaining hand on her arm, "let us go about it the right way. First I will send a telegram. He may have left Brixton. I have a friend there at present. I will wire him and see whether your hus-

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band is there. If he is, he can start at once and you will see him as soon as if you went yourself."

"Yes—yes—but no delay! And then, with some curiosity. "Does this place seem entirely strange to you?"

Agatha's eyes filled. "Oh, so strange—and so dreadful. I hate it, I hate *her!* Oh,

In her expression there was something uplifted and almost unearthly.—Page 471.

about money. I don't know whether I have any, but John——"

"Don't think of it—don't think of it!" said the Bishop hastily. "Surely we will take care of you." On the point of going, he turned back, looking at her kindly, but

what is this dreadful thing that has happened to me? I have heard of such things—but one never, never expects anything strange to happen to *oneself*. But it has been so much harder for John!"

She turned away to master the sobs

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which shook her. The Bishop had to pause to get his voice, and before he could speak she had flung herself around and laid both hands on his arm.

"Oh, quick, quick!" she cried. "Send your telegram! Don't wait a minute. Oh, suppose it should happen to me again!"

"I'll go at once," said the Bishop. "And I will send my wife to you and she will bring you to my house to wait for news."

VI

"INFORM Professor John Gordon his wife is found and in my house." This was the Bishop's telegram.

The reply ran as follows: "Gordon's whereabouts unknown. Wife perished in fire some years ago. Have written."

This gave food for reflection, and the Bishop, who had chanced to meet the telegraph boy at the gate, took a turn down the street before he went in. He was inclined to believe thoroughly in Agatha; but then, Sister Theodora had believed in Mariana. However, Mrs. Gordon might have escaped from the fire with a mind unhinged by the shock. He decided to show her the telegram without comment.

"What fire?" said Agatha. And then: "We must advertise for him at once." Then she broke down with the bitterness of the disappointment.

No, she remembered no fire—yet that would have been why there had been no search made for her. "But what became of me?" she cried hysterically. "And when they didn't even find my bones, surely they ought to have searched for me!"

She was in a fever of impatience, insisting that not a moment should be lost in advertising. In vain the physician who was called in tried to calm her. "Of course he is tremendously interested in my case," she said impatiently to the Bishop's wife, "but I cannot stop to be studied now. And I won't be experimented on."

Up and down stairs, in and out of the garden she went, unable to rest, to eat, or to sleep. The only external matter for which she seemed to care was the shedding of Sister Mariana's chrysalis. This was accomplished under the supervision of Mrs. Thornton, who bought and put on her the garments of every-day life. The Bishop's wife never wavered in her faith in her. Agatha looked with some surprise at the way the things were fashioned, so differently from the clothes she remembered, then smiled bitterly and refused to look in the glass. When compelled by sheer physical exhaustion to cease her endless march, she liked best to stop in the library. If the Bishop was there, she sat near him, as if for protection; if not, she wandered from chair to chair, uneasily. Mrs. Thornton hovered always in the background, unseen for the most part, but ready for all emergencies. Long after, Agatha remembered the cups of broth and glasses of milk which had been coaxed down her throat. All the affairs of the household were quietly subordinated to the comfort of the distracted guest.

"We must send word to Holmes to let the cataloguer wait," said Mrs. Thornton to her husband. "The library is the only place where the poor thing will ever sit down."

Through it all, Sister Theodora's name was rarely mentioned. Agatha felt for her a repulsion which left no room for gratitude for the aid and comfort of which she had no recollection. And in the school, a stone's throw away, Sister Theodora, bereft, tormented, stoically hiding her grievous wound, went through the routine of her daily duties. So two days passed.

"Will that letter never come?" Agatha would exclaim; and the Bishop awaited it with an anxiety scarcely less than her own. At last it arrived. The Bishop was hurrying off with it, but Agatha's watchful eye had detected the postmark and she stopped him as he passed.

"I must see it," she said.

"Certainly," he replied, but his heart quaked. He managed to glance through the sheet before he handed it to her. Then, with a sigh of relief, he left her alone and went to speak to his wife.

"Thank God," he said to her, "he doesn't seem to have married again and I think they would have heard if he had died."

"And the fire?"

"Heaven knows how she got away unseen, but the dates coincide. Obviously it was the fire that upset her in both cases."

"You will understand how startling your telegram was," so the letter ran, "considering that for nine years Mrs. Gordon has been supposed to be dead. I heard the story when I first came here, but now I have

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got the details from an old friend of Gordon's. It seems they had only been married a short time and were living in a frame cottage which they had built just beyond the

As for Gordon, he was a perfectly changed man.—Page 478.

edge of the village—a new quarter, at that time not much built up. Gordon was away from home for a few days and Mrs. Gordon was supposed to be in the house with a servant. She had parted from a friend at the gate an hour or so before, saying that she was very tired and drowsy and was going to lie down. It is supposed that the servant must have set herself and the house on fire at the same time, for no alarm was given and neither mistress nor servant was ever seen again. When the fire was discovered it was too late to do anything. The house and all its contents were burned to the ground. A few charred bones were found, but nothing to distinguish one body from the other. It seems that poor Gordon kept saying that he wasn't sure—that he

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didn't believe she was there. Yet if she wasn't there, where was she? One couldn't believe that she had gone away and left him. And if it is indeed Mrs. Gordon who is with you, where has she been and what has she been doing? It seems a worse tragedy than the other. As for Gordon, he was a perfectly changed man. Of course he felt that if he had been at home it wouldn't have happened. He kept his position here for a while, but he couldn't bear it. He resigned without having another place in view, and you know professorships don't go begging. There are always more men than there are places and, fine a man as he seems to have been, Gordon was too indifferent to put himself in the running. He was young too, just beginning to make good. His friends heard of him for a while, doing one temporary thing after another, and then he ceased to write to them and dropped out of sight. He has not been heard of for some years.

"Now as to your Mrs. Gordon, of course you will be careful. Are you sure it is she? And if so—well, I suppose you will know what you are about. . . ."

"I'm afraid the letter will be upsetting," said the Bishop to his wife. "Of course she will want to go to Brixton and find out all she can about her husband—and those people may as well identify her. I'll go to Brixton with her, but I haven't the moral courage to go back to her just now. You go, dear. Take her a milk punch or something," he added, with the instinct which we all have to stuff things down our friends' throats when they are in trouble.

Mrs. Thornton waited for no milk punch. She went immediately and was met at the door of the library by Agatha with the letter in her hand. She was very pale, but quite steady.

"Read it," she said. "I must go there at once and find out all I can. John might come here in my absence, but I must take that chance."

"My dear!" said the Bishop's wife. "We would keep him for you."

"When is the next train?" asked Agatha.

The Bishop, who had ventured within sight, was relieved by her self-control. He heard the question and came forward. "Don't trouble about that," he said, taking her hand and shaking it in token of comradeship. "I'm going with you and I'll see about everything. You have only to come along with me."

"How good—how good you are!" said Agatha, the tears coming to her eyes; and the Bishop ran away.

Dinner was hastened, all the preparations were made, and Agatha sat with the Bishop and Mrs. Thornton in the golden glow of the summer evening, waiting for the carriage which was to take them to the station. In her impatience she got up and went to the door to look down the street just as a man came up the steps.

"It is Holmes's cataloguer, come to ask about the work," said Mrs. Thornton, who sat near a window. "She will meet him, but I dare say she won't mind now."

She did meet him. Her face was in the light, his was in the shadow.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and stood transfixed.

Agatha knew his voice and held out her arms to him.

Sister Theodora still prays for Mariana. She has at times had the idea of going over to the Church of Rome and entering a convent. Possibly what chiefly deters her is the thought that some day Sister Mariana may return, expecting to find her. For what has happened once may happen again.

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Head-dresses of the eighteenth century.

FRENCH MEMORIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA

DANCING AND OTHER SOCIAL CUSTOMS

By Charles H. Sherrill

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS

IF the reader is displeased with the following sketch of early American customs, he should blame a certain ancient sofa and not the author! For it was the said sofa that caused these lines to be written, and it came about in this way: among some old furniture handed down in our family is an unusually long mahogany sofa upon which, says tradition, General La Fayette frequently sat when he came to take tea. Tradition further alleged that in the memoirs of some Frenchman (name not given!) this fact was set forth at length. Curiosity to read what this unknown had to say upon the subject led through such pleasant literary country that soon the original purpose became only secondary to the constantly growing interest in the memoirs and their writers. The French Government, with that courtesy for which it is justly famous, granted access to the archives of its Ministry of Foreign Affairs, an unsounded well of secret history, written by makers of history. A former diplomatic colleague of the writer at Buenos Aires, Pierre Baudin, when he later became Minister of Marine, gave every facility for examining their precious records. Similar courtesies brought access to other Ministries in Paris, to the Archives Nationales, and the great collections of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

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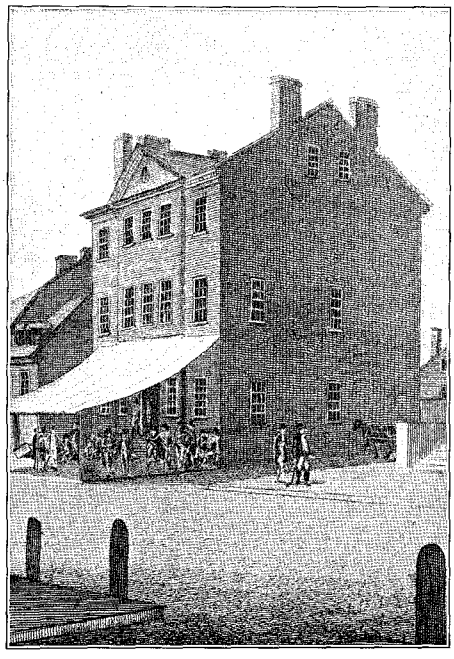
It is difficult to express in words how delightful was the collecting of these memoirs and the inspection of these ancient French records. It became strikingly clear how engrossing must have been the interest of the French in the life of the American people during the last quarter of the eighteenth century—so engrossing as to produce a series of over forty memoirs, written from almost every conceivable angle. Not only can we draw from the narratives of ordinary travellers but also from those of sundry specialized and contrasting types: royalist exiles like the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, or Brissot the Girondin republican; a eulogistic littérateur like Chateaubriand, or a captiously critical philosopher—a botanist or a bookseller, a geologist or a social butterfly—from Crèvecœur, who lived so long among us as to spoil his French, and the Comte de Revel, who was only twenty-four days ashore, all in the trenches at Yorktown; from Chevalier de la Luzerne, the minister who admired us and was by us admired, and Beaumarchais, the French agent who at times ridiculed us—as perhaps was to be expected from the author of the "Barber of Seville."



The City Tavern (1799), Philadelphia.
From the engraving by William Birch.

A delightful group of personalities, these eighteenth-century authors, alike only in being Frenchmen and in their friendly attitude to the customs and people of the new-born American republic, but in every other respect a most diversified gathering. They will naturally fall into groups of varying size. Many were of the warrior caste, but (anomalous though it be) it will be from those devoted to this stern profession that we shall glean most of our lighter hints of American life. Headed by La Fayette, the long line of soldier authors will be Rochambeau, Chastellux, Du Bourg, Closen, De Kalb, Blanchard, Duc de Lauzun, Dumas, Deux Ponts, Revel, De Grasse, Dupetit-Thouars, De Noailles, Ségur, De Broglie, the four De Lameth brothers, Pontgibaud, and Abbé Robin the chaplain. More than a few will prove to have visited our land equipped with a philosophical turn of mind, for it must not be forgotten that to be a philosopher was a reputation then highly esteemed. In this group were Brissot, Clavière, Mazzei, Bonnet, Mandrillon, Saint Méry, Bayard, and Beaujour. Next come the three naturalists, Michaux the botanist, Volney the geologist, and Crèvecœur the farmer. There are three more who can be best classed as travellers, Marchand, Des Lozières, and Bourgeois. The list of agents and diplomatic representatives who were sent here by France is a long one, and it is for their reports that recourse to government archives is peculiarly necessary. The last group is perhaps the most picturesque of all, consisting as it does of temporary exiles from France waiting on our hospitable shores the return of more peaceful conditions at home—Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and the Marquise de la Tour du Pin, whose pen pictures, by the way, are the best of all—so gay, so brave, so discriminating.

Nor are these numerous memoirs our only available source for this sketch of our country's yesterday as seen through French eyes, for the various French archives contain a rich store of reports

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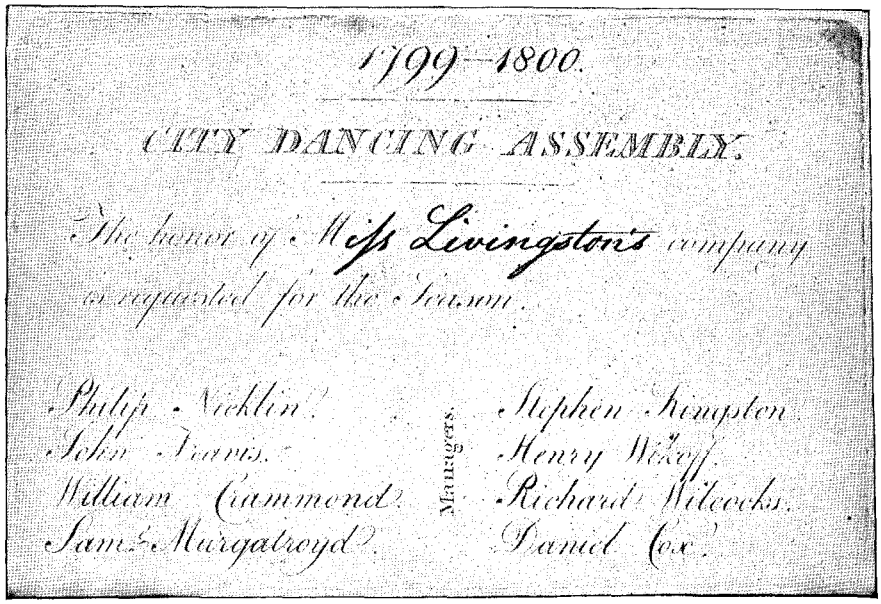
written home by diplomats, soldiers, and sailors during that period. Then, too, there are many private letters, some published but more unpublished, which lend intimate touches for our picture of long ago. Surely no epoch of any country's life has ever been so fully or so sympathetically described by individuals of another nation!

It is the writer's earnest wish that these pages may assist in reviving the memory of France's splendid service to the fellow-citizens of Washington.

From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

Honora Sneyd, a lady of the period.

"Come, miss, have a care what you are doing," shouted the master of ceremonies to a damsel who was permitting a bit of gossip to interrupt her turn in a contra-dance, "do you think you are here for your own pleasure?" That such ballroom discipline should have characterized a Philadelphia assembly in 1781 was almost as surprising to the French officer who saw it as it is bewildering to us in these free-and-easy days of tango teas and complete surrender to that invading thief of society's waking hours. How cut-and-dried were the Philadelphia dancing-parties of those times was recorded in great detail by the brilliant Marquis de Chastellux, the French officer whom American society did its best to spoil, and who repaid their attentions by his amiable account of American life. But listen to further de-



City Dancing Assembly invitation.
From the original in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

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tails of the same assembly: "A Manager, or Master of Ceremonies, presides at these amusements. He gives to each dancer a folded ticket which is numbered, and thus it is chance which decides the partner that you are to have and must keep the whole evening. All the dances are arranged for in advance, and are called out in order. These dances have, like the toasts which they drink at table, a certain political flavor. One is called 'The Success of the Campaign,' another 'The Defeat of Burgoyne,' a third 'The Retreat of Clinton.' The managers are generally chosen from the most distinguished officers of the army. At present this important post is confided to Colonel Wilkinson, who is the clothier, that is to say, charged with uniforming the troops. Colonel Mitchell, a short, stout man of fifty years, a great amateur of horses and recently in charge of the army transport both for the American as well as the French armies, used to be master of ceremonies, but when I saw him he had just quitted that distinguished position, and danced as a simple citizen. They say that he used to exercise his authority with much severity."

Elizabeth Bowdoin (Mrs. Temple).

From the original crayon by John Singleton Copley. In possession of Winthrop Tappan.

Another admiring visitor to testify concerning the dancing-parties of those days was the Comte de Ségur, son of the French Minister of War, whose conclusion after attending numerous balls in Providence was: "I do not remember to have ever seen anywhere more gayety and less confusion, more pretty women, well dressed, full of grace and with less coquetry." This same de Ségur had formed one of an almost inseparable trio at the French court, the other two being the Marquis de La Fayette, and the Vicomte de Noailles, and it was a great blow to be left behind when they, first one and then the other, went off to the American war, and to have to postpone his visit till September, 1782, thus losing a share in the glory they were winning in the American cause. La Fayette needs no introduction to a people who love his memory, and who will surely welcome frequent quotations from his writings. Of de Noailles one has to learn at second hand, but he shall here be introduced as the officer who, when the French moved out from Newport to join Washington on the Hudson, marched on foot all the way in order to set his men an example of endurance. Made of splendid stuff were the French who joined in our struggle for independence, and that nearly forty of them wrote out their impressions of American society and its customs shows how abundant is the material from which to draw an account of our forefathers whose friendship they earned and enjoyed. Widely differing in personality as did this group of friendly foreign writers, in one trait they were united—the sympathetic point of view from which they studied the new-born nation they were befriending. It may well be that their government had shrewd political purpose in aiding the colonists against England, but not so the writers of those memoirs—they were allies of the heart, not of the planning brain. One after another they shall step forward to contribute to our picture of the American life they knew, and while so contributing we shall come to know and to love them as did our ancestors long ago. But now back to our warrior-beau Chastellux and listen while he compares a Boston ball with its prototype, the Philadelphia assembly: "We set out together for Dr. Cooper's house and from thence to the

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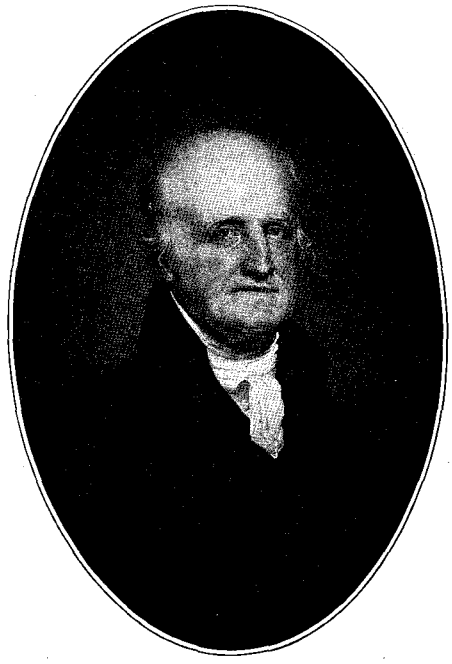
Association Ball, where I was received by my old acquaintance, Mr. Brick, who was one of the managers. I stayed there until ten o'clock. The Marquis de Vaudreuil opened the ball with Mrs. Temple; Monsieur de l'Eiguille (the elder) and Monsieur Truguet each danced a minuet, and did at dancing. Even that practical-minded quartermaster Blanchard noticed in Providence that "neither the men nor the women dance well; they use their arms very awkwardly."

Chastellux, despite his interest in the frivolous side of social life, was too astute

Duc de Lauzun.

From the painting of the Surrender of Yorktown by John Trumbull, in the Yale School of Fine Arts.



Richard Peters.

From the painting by Rembrandt Peale in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.—Page 486.

honor to the French nation by the distinguished and graceful manner of their dancing. I regret to say that it contrasted somewhat with that of the Americans, who generally are awkward, particularly in the minuet. The prettiest dancers were Miss Jarvis, her sister, Miss Betsey Brown and Mrs. Whitemore. I found the women very well dressed, but with less elegance and care than in Philadelphia; as for the hall, it was superb, of a charming style of architecture, well furnished and lighted. For general effect, good order and refreshments, this assembly was much superior to that at the City Tavern of Philadelphia." It may console our Boston friends to know that more than one of the French commented that the Philadelphia ladies did not excel

to overlook the serious note that in those troubled times was ever to be heard by those who cared to listen. Tories everywhere imperilled the success of the American cause, and in recognition of this fact he notes that "the Tories have been publicly excluded from this Assembly (Philadelphia)," and comments that "Miss Footman was rather contraband, being suspected of not being a good Whig." Sundry confirmations of this system of social boycott are to be found in the official despatches of the French ministers, preserved in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris, to which the author was courteously granted access by the French Government. Minister Gérard, on August 24, 1778, reports that he had been obliged to give up the idea of a ball on his King's birthday,

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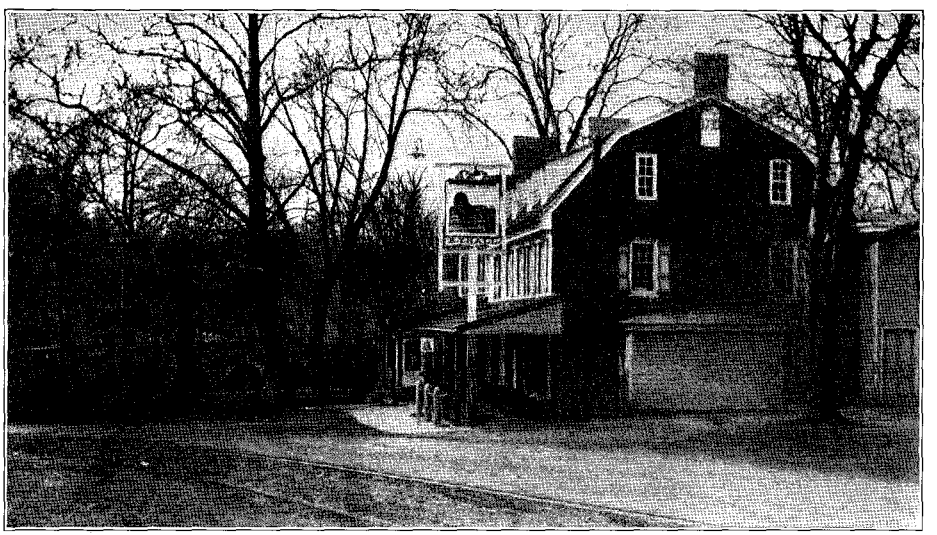

The Red Lion Tavern, near Philadelphia, as it is at present, where a "frolick de melons" was held annually in August.

because "they wish to establish an absolute line of separation between the Whigs and Tories, especially between the ladies." He gives as his reason for reporting this plan to ostracize the Tories—"I presume, sir, that you will not be indifferent to knowing the moral dispositions of this country," with which sentiment we are in hearty accord.

This same diplomat also wrote home how unwilling were the Americans to allow even Congress to interfere with so popular a pastime as dancing. He tells Vergennes, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Congress, at the instigation of Presbyterian delegates from the North, had passed a resolution renewing their request that the several States forbid dances and theatrical representations—"the very day this resolution was published there were held theatricals, acted by army officers and Whig citizens. The next day the Governor of Philadelphia gave a ball to a numerous company!" Even thus early did our people set their faces against class legislation by Congress. That this wide-spread love of dancing was not incompatible with patriotism is proved by the alacrity with which the ladies at a Baltimore ball given in La Fayette's honor engaged themselves to make up into shirts for his American troops the linen which he had secured for that purpose.

Nor was the worship of Terpsichore confined to the upper ranks of society, for "all American women, married or single, love dancing. They dance either between eight and eleven in the morning, or else in the evening from sunset until late at night. There you see grandfather, son, and grandson at the same party, which shows that dancing is done for the fun of it, and not merely to show off." This last is from the recently published memoirs of Saint Méry, preserved in the archives of the Ministry of Colonies in Paris. It may be hinted, in passing, that Saint Méry is possibly of less value for his conclusions upon what he saw in America than for the side-light he throws on Talleyrand, whom he befriended in exile and adversity in Philadelphia, to be rewarded later in France upon Talleyrand's rise to power. Saint Méry was for some time employed in the Philadelphia office of Daniel Merian, the business "name and style" under which the French Government long conducted a large and profitable trade in America. It is from Saint Méry we learn that dancing was every bit as popular in the country as in the cities, and he gives a pleasant account of what he calls a "frolick de melons, to which all the neighbors come to dance and eat watermelons," which was held annually in August at the Red Lion Tavern, a little way out of Phila-

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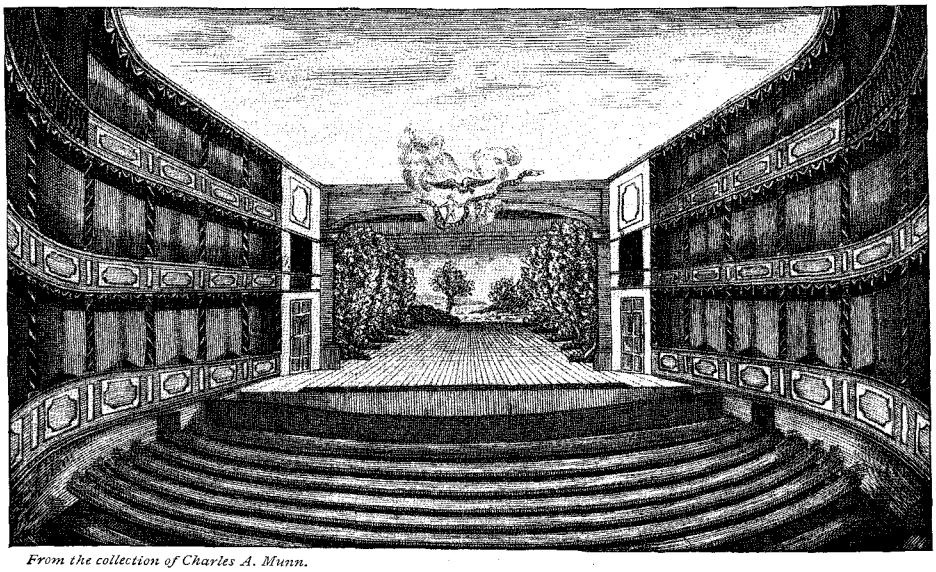
delphia on the New York road. Such a combination of physical and gastronomic activities speaks well for the soundness of our forebears' constitutions!

Because the tango and kindred diversions now hold public attention, dancing seemed entitled to come first in this retrospect of early American society as seen through French eyes. In similar wise, by way of recognizing the sway of that second social tyrant, bridge, cards shall come next in order; hear what the French had to say upon a subject so important to the social life of France at that time. Says Chastellux of an evening spent in Boston: "For the first time since I have been in America they made me play whisk [*sic*]. The cards were English, that is to say, much prettier and dearer than ours, and we marked our points with louis or Portuguese pieces. As soon as the party was over the losses were not difficult to adjust, because they were faithful to the rule established in society since the beginning of the troubles, which did not permit playing for money so long as the War lasted. This law, however, was not scrupulously followed in the clubs, nor when men played with each other. Bostonians like high play, and perhaps it is fortunate that the War came at this time to moderate that passion, whose consequences had begun to be dangerous." Just before La Fayette left France for the first time the cause of the struggling English colonies had so laid hold upon the popular imagination of French court circles (where all Americans were indiscriminately called Bostonians) as to displace whist by the new game of "Boston." Card-playing as a pastime was then so general a feature of European life that it is no wonder the French were surprised that this form of gaming was not more in vogue across the water. After this glimpse of city life let us change the scene to a rainy day at General Nelson's country house: "It is not useless to observe that on this occasion where fifteen or twenty people, of whom all were strangers to the family and the land, found themselves assembled in the country, and forced by bad weather to remain in the house, there was no question of playing cards. How many parties of tric-trac, of whisk [*sic*], of lotto, would there have been among us as a necessary consequence of an obstinate rain!"

Chastellux points out that among other diversions to which Europeans would have turned under like stress of weather was music, which he calls "a resource unknown in America," although he reverses himself farther on by saying: "Miss Tolliver sang several songs with English words but Italian music." He further refutes himself in this regard by narrating that in Philadel-



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

The New Theatre, Philadelphia.—From an old print.

Benches used instead of orchestra chairs.

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phia "during the afternoon we went to take tea with Madame Shippen. It is the first time since my arrival in America that I have seen music at a social function taking its part in real amusements. Miss Rutteledge played the clavichord and played it very well. Miss Shippen sang with timidity but a very pretty voice. Monsieur Otto, secretary to Chevalier de la Luzerne (the French minister) had a harp brought, and accompanied Miss Shippen and also played several pieces. Music naturally brought on dancing. The Vicomte de Noailles strung up a violin, which he tuned to the harp, and started the young ladies dancing, while mothers and other grave personages conversed in another room." Another of his pen vignettes shows that the range of songs was not limited, especially if the restraint due to female society was removed: "The Secretary of War, Mr. Peters, gave the signal for joy and liberty by singing a song of his own composition, so gay and free that I will dispense with giving either a translation or an extract,—it was really very pretty. He then sang another one more chaste and more musical,—a very pretty Italian cantabile. Mr. Peters is certainly the best Cabinet Officer of both the hemispheres for voice and the singing of either grave or gay music." What rôle music played at a summer resort like Bath, Va., is narrated by Bayard, who journeyed thither on horseback in 1783. Bayard was one of the few Frenchmen to write of us with that caustic criticism which the French can, when they choose, use so tellingly that its significant absence from most of these memoirs affords a striking proof of the kindly view-point of their writers. However, this particular quotation of Bayard is moderately genial and tells of a gathering from which the formality of city life is absent, and where "the ladies are invited to sing. Those with flexible and melodious voices are applauded and don't have to be urged to sing again. Every one is willing to sing because they are sufficiently well brought up in the deserts of the New World to dislike those snobs who permit themselves to hiss a woman who has yielded to the invitations of her friends. When a young American woman starts to sing, she begins by putting on a very grave appearance. Her features, which a smile would embellish, are drawn down; she remains perfectly perpendicular on her chair, her eyes fixed on the floor,—and one waits until her voice begins to proclaim that she is not petrified." A few years later we

From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

State House, Philadelphia, 1778.—From an old print.

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find that a change has set in, and that in Boston "music, which their Presbyterian ministers formerly described as a diabolical art, is beginning to form a part of their education. The piano is heard in some wealthy homes." He hopes, however, that although music is coming into its own as one of the social amenities Boston women will never get the rage for such perfection in it as the French, for "it is never acquired except at the expense of the domestic virtues." This last is from the pen of the serious and inquisitive philosopher Brissot, who brought with him in 1788 a letter of introduction from La Fayette to Washington which described him as a man of letters, who "greatly desires to be presented to you; he intends to undertake a history of America, and you will therefore please him very much if you let him look over your papers; for he really loves America, writes well, and will set out matters in their true light." A statement from the preface of the book which was the fruit of Brissot's trip to America, justifies La Fayette's words to Washington: "You will see in this book of travels the prodigious effect of liberty upon customs, industry and the improvement of the human race, for such is the encouraging picture which these travels will offer to the friends of liberty."

The correct hours for the paying of formal visits were so variously reported by the French that one is led to believe that there was no settled rule in this regard, at least when the receiving of such welcome visitors was involved. It is, however, rather surprising to find in the pages of Chastellux: "We went to see the ladies, following the Philadelphia custom, where the morning is the most suitable time to make visits."

Of course our love of shaking hands did not escape observation. How much depends on the point of view! Baron Closen thought it strange that the French custom of men kissing each other when they met, even in the public streets, "caused much laughter among the Americans," and he stoutly maintains that "the American habit of giving long and violent handshakes is just as funny as the European kissing custom!"

The gentle art of conversation has always been popular in this country, and earnest (if not excessive) practice of it ought to have brought us perfection in all its possibilities. Our conversational gifts appealed strongly to the French, whose comments thereon are almost all in a favorable vein, the most notable exception being Félix de Beaujour, according to whom "the conversation of the men turns generally upon politics or upon business—a favorite topic, for the American loses no chance to make money. Wealth is the subject of all his conversation and the reason for all his actions." This occasionally severe but always interesting critic erected during his own lifetime a hundred-thousand-francs monument to himself in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, Paris, where it still bears witness to his appreciation of his own talents! That most of the French admired the state of conversation as a polite art in America is praise indeed from a people possessing the high traditions of their famous salons of the preceding century. Brissot, upon the occasion of a visit to a Boston club, was pleased by "the information which they display in their conversation." Of that same city Mandrillon reports that the conversation, as well as "the houses, furniture, clothes, food and customs all resemble so closely life in old London that it was difficult to find any difference between it and that which always goes on in the midst of the excessive population of great capitals."

This would-be mysterious writer, not content with publishing his own two books in Amsterdam to avoid bother with the French censor (a not unusual practice at that time), must needs give out that the first book was written by an unknown Englishman by order of Lord Chatham, the prime minister, and translated into French by "Jh. M."! For his second book he plucked up enough courage to drop the translation subterfuge, although still using only his initials as author. Chastellux, while in Boston, paid "a visit to Miss Tudor, where we once more had the satisfaction of a quiet conversation, interrupted from time to time by agreeable music, which carried us rapidly on to the hour when we had to go to the club." Equally satisfying were his conversational experiences in Philadelphia, and of one occasion in particular he

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comments so illuminatingly as almost to revive the scene and make us participators therein: "The 13th I went to dine with the southern Delegates in company with the Chevalier de la Luzerne and the French travellers. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Mutterson were the nearest to me. I entered into conversation with them and was very pleased with what they had to say; I was still more so with that which I found the same evening at Madame Meredith's (daughter of General Cadwallader). It was the first time I met this agreeable family, although Chevalier de la Luzerne was on intimate terms with them, but they had just arrived from the country where General Cadwallader was detained by some business. Madame Meredith has three or four sisters or sisters-in-law. I was astonished at the ease and gayety which reigned in this family, and regretted not to have known them sooner. I conversed more particularly with Madame Meredith who appeared very amiable and well educated. For an hour we talked of literature, poetry and especially of history. I found that she was well informed on that of France, the relations between Francis I and Henry IV, Turenne and Condé, of Richelieu and Mazarin,—all seemed familiar to her, and she treated of them with much grace, spirit, and naturalness. While I was talking with Madame Meredith, Mr. Linch was engaged with Miss Polly Cadwallader, and she likewise made a conquest, so much so that when we left them Chevalier de la Luzerne amused himself greatly at the enthusiasm which their society had inspired, and our regrets at having known them so late. It must be said in honor of the ladies that not one of them is what you would call pretty." Volney, the geologist, disagrees completely with the author just quoted, for he considers us a taciturn race, but it is pleasing to note that he is convinced "that the domestic silence of the Americans is one of the most radical causes for their industry, activity, and success in agriculture, commerce and the arts." It would seem as if our ancestors were as gifted in pleasing certain foreigners by silence as others by conversation.

Because they came from France, a country where social geology had long been clearly stratified, it would have been but natural if our memoirists had devoted considerable time and many pages to an inquiry anent social classification as practised in a republic, but strangely enough the references to this subject are but few, although those few are very illuminating. Nearly all of them take frequent occasion to laud the perfect equality everywhere to be found in our land. Even military titles did not carry with them any social distinction, says Dupetit-Thouars, who was amazed to see a shoemaker who had been a colonel, and an apothecary who was a general. Especially did they notice this while travelling and in places of public entertainment, and they made many interesting comments upon the subject. Although opportunity was equally open to every one, our foreign friends did not fail to observe that society as usual made certain regulations to govern its members. Of course Bayard had his customary shot at those regulations, and concluded that there was among us no other test of social rank than the possession of wealth: "The inhabitants of Philadelphia, like all citizens of the United States, are classed by their fortunes. The first class is composed of carriage folk. Almost all these gentry, whatever their origin, have their coats of arms painted upon their carriage-doors. The son of a deported thief has liveried servants just like everybody else. Nobility having been abolished by the Constitution alone, it is not astonishing that so many individuals pretend to be descended from ancient English families. This fad becomes a sort of mania in mercantile cities. The second class is composed of merchants, lawyers and business men without carriages, and doctors who pay their visits on foot. In a third class are found people who exercise the mechanical arts. Ladies who possess carriages never so far forget themselves as to receive in their homes those of the third class. The people engage in commerce with all the ardor which vanity, long credits and the hope of gaining a fortune easily and rapidly can inspire. The more business a man does the more he is considered. 'He is,' say they, 'a very busy man': this title obviates the need for meriting any other. Business is mentioned with the same enthusiasm which the French employ to describe some generous action, or

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to give a panegyric. When a candidate for office publishes his platform in the newspapers, he begins by enumerating how much he is worth. The position of a rich man is the most brilliant which a citizen can desire." Supposing that this alleged state of affairs were not overcolored, it would be interesting to note how absolutely consistent it is with the statistics given by Mr. Price Collier to show that an English peerage is generally the reward of a marked success in the business world. The colonists were chiefly of English origin and, therefore, why shouldn't they have exhibited English tendencies in social classification as well as in other respects? Beaujour is one of the few to agree with Bayard's extreme view upon the power of wealth in our country: "In Europe there is greatly praised the equality which reigns among them (Americans) but this equality is less real than seeming, because custom establishes in society here even more decided lines than elsewhere, and distinctions the more odious because they are founded on nothing but wealth, without any regard for talents or even for public office. There is nothing in this country but extreme liberty or extreme dependence—everybody is master or servant, and you do not see any of those intermediate classes which elsewhere serve to bridge over the chasm." Talleyrand (destined later to be Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs) sugar-coats this bitter pill of Beaujour, for, although he admits our passion for acquiring wealth, he insists that we have an equally strong one for independence. One day in Maine he said to a man who had never visited Philadelphia: "When you go there you will be glad to see General Washington." "Yes, indeed," replied he, and added, with his eyes sparkling, "and I also want to see Bingham, who they say is so rich!" Washington the champion of liberty, and Bingham the man of wealth—together they incarnated America for him.

Surprising as was our social equality to these aristocratic Frenchmen, even more astonished were they at the extent to which the love of luxury evidenced itself in this new democracy of the New World. They came from a land possessing to a remarkable extent an admirable inbred frugality, and they were therefore all the more easily shocked by the wide-spread love of luxury in America. Comte de Ségur remarked in Boston that "democracy has not banished luxury, nowhere in the United States did one see so much wealth and so agreeable society." Nor was this true in the cities alone, for Talleyrand found "on the banks of the Ohio river, in a house built of roughly hewn logs, a piano, adorned with really beautiful bronzes. When Monsieur de Beaumetz opened it Mr. Smith said to him, 'don't try to play on it, because our piano-tuner, who lives a hundred miles off, didn't come this year.'" The large number of comments on this subject makes it clear that love of luxury had as firm a hold upon the wife of the day-laborer as upon the wealthiest households. Of Philadelphia Bayard says: "Few cities in the world have so large a proportion of shops as the Capital of Pennsylvania. The owners of these shops often indulge in luxury beyond their means." It would seem that the wit who declared that our national problem was not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living, had hit upon an ancient and not a recent defect in our body politic.

Our national purity of speech and manners was a never-failing source of surprise to the French. Perhaps they gave us more credit in that respect than we deserved, because subconsciously aware that the upper classes in their own land were then touching a lower moral ebb than ever before in their history. Sainte-Beuve says of that chronicle of profligacy and dishonor, the memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun, that its pages alone justified the French Revolution. About one-tenth of it is devoted to a description of the duke's service in America under Rochambeau, and it is gratifying to record that this portion at least is clean and wholesome. It is a significant testimonial to his American environment that almost the only decent comment upon women made by this profligate braggart is one of Mrs. Hunter of Newport and her two daughters: "I was never in love with the Hunter girls, but if they had been my sisters, I could not have been more attached to them." A miracle indeed! but unfortunately only a temporary one, for its effect seemed to last only so long as he trod American soil. Bayard

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characterizes our national decency as prudery, even insisting that it materially reduced our vocabulary; he particularly railed against the unwillingness of our women to use such a word as "shirt." Beaujour was much fairer than Bayard, and thought crudity was a fairer term to apply than prudery, and on the whole deals leniently with us: "Some writers, and especially the French, have praised American customs, while others, and especially the English, have decried them. Both of them have gone to excess. In this country, as in others, there is a mingling of vices and virtues, but the virtues appear less attractive than elsewhere because they are rarely accompanied by that grace which makes them admirable, while the vices here appear more hideous because Americans know nothing of the art of disguising them under a deceitful exterior. The American has a crudity of manner which displays him in an unfavorable light to strangers." Chastellux assents to crudity as a fair description of our early manners, but utterly fails to see the prudery which gained Bayard's notice. Moreover, he is more hopeful than Bayard as to the future which is in store for us: "If music and the fine arts prosper in Philadelphia, if society becomes easy and gay there, if they learn to appreciate pleasure when it comes without being formally invited, then one will be able to enjoy all the advantages resulting from their customs and government, without having to envy anything in Europe." The purity which was generally remarked by the French as characterizing our social intercourse certainly produced an admirable effect in our public life, as Brissot points out: "The frequent exercise of reason develops among the Americans a great number of individuals known as men of principle. This name sufficiently indicates their character, a type so little known among us that it has not even been named. It is among these men of principle that you will find the true heroes of humanity—Howard, Fothergill, Penn, Franklin, Washington, Sydney, Ludlow." Ségur, as son of a cabinet minister at the brilliant French court, was peculiarly fitted to notice the effect of this general purity of manners upon the assemblies and balls held at Providence, "greater than I ever remember to have seen in any other place."

It is not necessary for one to read many French memoirs of our Revolutionary and nation-forming period before being struck by the wide scope of the observations therein set out. Nothing seemed to escape the attention, and even the study, of those actively intelligent friends from across the sea. Highly interesting as they are upon all phases of American life, upon none are they more peculiarly competent to speak than upon society—that was a game of which they knew all the rules.

BALBOA IN PANAMA—1513

By Lloyd Mifflin

At last I reach the summit! . . . Has the glare
  Reft me of sight, or are my senses dazed? . . .
  Can yon dim vast be water? . . . Saints be praised!—
  An ocean! lo, an ocean, basking there!
Flash forth the swords, and let the bugle blare!
  Call up my soldiers—troops half fever-crazed—
  For never white man on this wonder gazed;
  Now, comrades, doff each casque, and kneel in prayer:
For, by my faith, our day's work in this zone
  Makes us immortal. Fame shall trumpet me
  In golden notes wherever fame is blown:
So, from the peak, in plumed humility,
  The priceless jewel of this sapphire sea
  Proudly I lay before España's throne.

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A SOLDIER'S BUTTON

By L. Allen Harker

Illustrations by Reginald B. Birch

NONE of us understood why little Teddy should have had such a passion for soldiers.

Certainly his family neither inspired nor shared it. Papa declared them to be almost universally "of a low standard of intelligence."

His mother was mildly negative in her views. She didn't express actual disapproval; in fact, she may have had a sneaking liking for them. But she was a devoted wife, and it would never have occurred to her to champion any class or cause disapproved by papa. She therefore wisely decided that the army did not interest her.

Teddy's sisters were facile echoes of their parents. And, after all, there was no earthly reason why any of them should take any particular interest in soldiers. They had seen very few. When they did happen to come across a body of men in uniform marching to the strains of a military band, they doubtless thrilled for a moment like everybody else. Then the soldiers and all they represented vanished from their minds as from their sight.

But it was quite otherwise with Teddy. He thought about soldiers, dreamed about soldiers, talked about soldiers, and asked incessant questions about soldiers of any one he could get to answer him; and this was the more surprising inasmuch as he was not naturally a talkative child, being of a calm and ruminative disposition.

And it amazed papa; for, quiet and biddable as Teddy was in every other respect, his enthusiasm for the soldier subject was so great that no amount of snubbing could keep him off it.

It arose in this way: On their way to the Highlands, they stayed for a month in a flat in Edinburgh. The flat was in Ramsay Gardens, and the nursery window looked out over the Castle esplanade. The Black Watch was stationed at the Castle, and from his window Teddy beheld them drilling. Each time he went out he saw them, and whensoever he did see them, singly or in companies, he was thrilled to the centre of his little soul.

It is believed that his nurse shared his enthusiasm, and that whenever she and Teddy went to take the air, Teddy trotting by her side or in his cart (he was just four at the time), they never went in any direction that did not either lead to, or circulate round about, the evolutions of the Black Watch. And that regiment never marched in any direction whatsoever that Teddy and his nurse were not among the most thrilled and enthusiastic of spectators.

Teddy's nurse was of distinctly pleasing appearance; plump, fresh-colored, and almost superhumanly neat in her becoming uniform, she was of that superior order of children's nurses who are trained in institutions guaranteed to turn out guardians of the young not only medically competent to cope with every known form of infantile disease, but so deeply studied in psychology as to be able to draw out all that is best and suppress anything that is evil in a child's character.

Mother had selected her with great care, for Teddy, their only boy, was a sort of happy afterthought in the family, as there was a gap of nearly eight years between him and his next sister.

His parents were much occupied in Edinburgh, as they had a great many friends there whom they had not seen for many years. The girls were in charge of Fräulein and mademoiselle, so Teddy and his nurse were left very much to their own devices.

It was a beautiful July. July often is quite a nice month in Edinburgh. Teddy was hardly ever kept indoors through bad weather; his cheeks grew round and rosy, his eyes were very bright and interested, and his parents declared that the keen,

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bracing air was doing him all the good in the world; for up to that time he had been rather a pale, phlegmatic child.

There is a very steep hill from Princes Street to Ramsay Gardens, and it is extremely hard work to push up a cart even without a solid little boy in it. Sometimes Teddy's nurse took him in a tram to Princes Street Gardens, generally when a band of the Black Watch was discoursing sweet music to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. But when she did wheel him out in his cart, invariably on the return journey there appeared some kindly kilted figure anxious to "gie the bairn a hurrl" up the steepest part of the hill. Teddy's nurse was always very stand-off and dignified. She accepted assistance, but with reservations; and she checked all Teddy's efforts in the way of conversation with his escort by time-worn aphorisms to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard; till Teddy felt that, delicious as were these "hurrls," they merely represented so many lost opportunities. And had his interviews with the members

She accepted assistance, but with reservations.

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of the Black Watch always taken place under the ægis of his nurse, it is probable that his passion for soldiers would have gone the way of many similar enthusiasms when he left Edinburgh.

Papa rented the flat from a personal friend, who was glad to have his servants taken on for such a short let. Among these servants was a Perthshire housemaid called Campbell by the authorities, but known among her fellows as "Girzie," and so Teddy knew her. Of course, Teddy's nurse was far too grand a person to consort on familiar terms with the other servants. She might, when only Teddy was present, occasionally unbend to a sergeant-major, but she very rigorously enforced the distance her "training" had put between her and ordinary domestic servants, and those not even of her employer's household.

Nevertheless, she offered no objection to Girzie's fulfilling her functions as regarded Teddy when she wanted an afternoon off in the society of the said sergeant-major. Girzie, who adored Teddy, was most accommodating, and she had a brother in the Black Watch. It is true he was "only just a soldier," as Teddy put it, to distinguish him from the more highly placed acquaintance of nurse; but for Teddy this was more than enough, inasmuch as under Girzie's guardianship he was allowed to converse freely with the short, thick-set man who was so agreeably ready to answer questions.

From Girzie's brother he learned all about "dirks" and "sporrans" and "fillibegs," and plaids and badges and battles, and many other things. Moreover, through Girzie's brother, he made friends with other kilted warriors.

Teddy was something of an Elizabethan in his simplicity and jovial sense of fellowship with his kind. And the truth is that the atmosphere of his home was some-

From Girzie's brother he learned all about "dirks" and "sporrans" and "fillibegs."

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what rarefied, for papa was a superior person. Quite excellent and kind in his domestic relations, but in many respects what more ordinary people called a crank. He held views, strong views; and he was rather apt to enforce them, not only upon his own family, whom in virtue of these very views he felt morally bound to influence in every possible way, but upon uninterested outsiders, and these, if of a hasty disposition, were apt to consign papa and his views to Jericho, if not to some even warmer climate. Papa was also a person of many and vigorous antipathies, which he seemed to think entitled him to special consideration.

Therefore did Teddy feel that the simple and jovial persons he encountered in Edinburgh filled a hitherto unsatisfied want in his nature, and he loved them dearly.

And they loved him, for "the wee stoot yin" was irresistibly frank and friendly, and few of us are impervious to the flattery of such respectful admiration as Teddy's round face and blue eyes plainly manifested whenever he came across any of his friends in the Black Watch.

One day when with Girzie in Princes Street, she took him to the Arcade and there bought for him a china doll dressed as a Highlander. Teddy was charmed with the present, though he could have wished the china face had been a little less simpering under its tall busby; but what *did* worry him was that there was something not just right about the uniform. He didn't know what it was, and he was too well-bred and grateful to Girzie for her kind present to find any fault; but when on the way up the hill they met her brother he at once pointed out several discrepancies, which he commanded his sister to remedy, explaining how it should be done. Girzie carried out his instructions that night, and next day they christened the doll "Colin Dougal," after her brother, and it became Teddy's most precious possession. Colin Dougal slept with him, ousting from that proud post a fluffy bird attached to an elastic that had hitherto possessed the privilege. Colin Dougal accompanied him in his cart and sat beside him at nursery meals, and to Colin Dougal Teddy used to sing over and over again the refrain of a song he had learnt from Girzie, which ran:

> "My love she's in Dumbarton
> Whaur they weir the tartan,
> Whaur they weir the tartan
> Faur abin' the knee."

It seemed quite fitting that anybody's love should dwell in a land where people wore that entrancing costume, and Teddy felt drawn to the lady every time he sang it, and directly after was always assailed by doubts as to whether Colin Dougal's kilt was quite short enough—it *had* been shortened, but the exigencies of his china legs precluded the strict brevity of the kilts worn by the Black Watch. Still, the tartan was the right one, and that was something.

The pleasant July days slipped speedily away, and one afternoon, when he came in from a walk with Girzie, nurse demanded the surrender of Colin Dougal that she might pack him.

Teddy clasped his doll more firmly in his arms, looked round the dismantled nursery, and foreboding laid a chilly hand upon his heart.

"Why do you want to pack him for?" he asked breathlessly.

"Because we are going by an early train to-morrow, and your mummy says everything must be ready to-night."

"Going!" gasped Teddy. "Going where?"

"We're going to Kingussie for August."

"I don't want to go to Kingussie. I want to stay here wiv all my fends. Do you," he asked anxiously, "want to go to Kingussie?"

Nurse looked flushed and rather cross. "I'm not asked," she muttered, "what I want, nor you neither, Teddy. Give me that doll at once, and I'll pack it with the other toys."

Teddy stared stonily at her and made not the slightest effort to render up his doll.

"I'm not going," he said firmly, "not to-morrow. Why, I haven't said good-by to none of them—have you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said nurse huffily. "Give me that ridiculous doll at once. You know I don't allow disobedience—" and as she spoke she made a grab at the doll.

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Teddy held on. The start for Kingussie was to be made a day sooner than originally planned, and had been decided only that morning, and mummy had let go, remembering that it was undignified to struggle with a small child for the possession of a china doll. Colin Dougal fell with a crash on the floor, one of his

He went quite quietly, one hand in that of the kind nurse, the other clutching his button.—Page 498.

taken upon herself to ask Girzie to wheel Teddy out without consulting nurse at all. This had upset all nurse's plans, and left Sergeant-Major Macdonald cooling his heels as he waited in vain at the bottom of the hill, while Girzie and Teddy had gone off in quite a different direction. Therefore nurse was decidedly irritable, and rather roughly tried to pull Colin Dougal out of Teddy's arms. Teddy held on, and then suddenly and despairingly let go, and at the same instant nurse also china legs broke right in two, and the severed half leaped gayly away and hid itself under a chair.

Teddy took a deep breath, and then he yelled and yelled; so that papa and mummy heard him in the drawing-room and rushed to the nursery to see what dreadful thing had happened. Teddy was standing stock-still just inside the nursery door. Nurse had picked up Colin Dougal and the broken piece of leg, and was trying to explain to her demented charge that it

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could be mended; but Teddy struck at her with both hands, and continued to bellow even after his parents had entered the room.

"What's this? What's this?" exclaimed papa.

"Are you hurt, my precious, are you hurt?" cried mummy, running to her little boy.

Teddy did not repulse his mother, and managed to ejaculate in the middle of a roar: "I don't want to go to Kingussie." The accident to Colin Dougal seemed a minor woe caused by and included in the devastating news of departure.

"Nonsense," said papa, looking pained. "Not want to go to Kingussie? Why, it's country, beautiful, quiet country, far better than this place, with those infernal bugles going from morning till night, and the horrid band, and all those tramping soldiers. You'll *love* Kingussie."

Teddy stopped in the middle of fresh efforts in the way of yells to exclaim indignantly: "Not 'fernal bugles." He hadn't the faintest notion what 'fernal meant, but he felt it was something derogatory and resented it accordingly. Papa looked rather surprised, but his pained look returned when Teddy started to shout again at the top of his voice. Nurse, taking advantage of the general confusion, was packing Colin Dougal—and actually wrapped up the piece of leg in a separate paper with cold-blooded detachment.

Mummy reasoned, papa reasoned, and nurse, who had quite recovered her institutional sweet serenity, spoke soothingly, but all to no avail. Teddy continued to sob, to scream, to lose his breath and then roar with renewed vigor as soon as he recovered it.

There was a great to-do.

Finally, papa and mummy departed. Nurse went on packing, and Girzie, who had been listening down the passage with her hand against her heart, came in and took the tired, miserable little figure in her arms and sat down with it upon her knee.

"Eh, Master Teddy, what'll the soldiers be thinkin' the night to hear such an awfu' stramash in this respectable house, an' both the windows open? They'll be fair affronted to hear that the young gentleman they thought such a heap on could cry like a randy wife. They puir soldiers will be shocked——"

Teddy sat up and gazed at Girzie. His breath still came in sobs, but he made no noise. "Will they mind, Girzie?" he asked. "Will—they 'eally—mind?"

"Mind!" Girzie repeated, "mind! They'd just be that upset . . . and you almost one of them——"

"Colin Dougal's b'oken his leg——"

"My brother broke his leg at the football, and look at him now!"

"But—we're going away, Girzie—and I haven't said good-by to your Colin Dougal——"

"Never fear, but he'll see you to say good-by, but not if you cry—an' you going to be a grand officer when you're a man—soldiers don't cry."

"Not if they're hurted in their hearts?"

Teddy had lifted his head from her shoulder and was gazing at her with tear-washed blue eyes that seemed to read her very soul.

"Not never?" he added.

"Well, no person would see nor hear them. I'm certain of that. If you're going to be a soldier, you mustn't cry; above all, you mustn't roar that folk could hear ye right across the esplanade. Listen, laddie, we'll no' forget you. Colin Dougal's just taken up wi' you, and he's sent you this for a keepsake. It's one of his buttons made into a wee safety-pin, and when you're a bit bigger ye can wear it to hold down your tie—if nurse'll let ye," Girzie added hastily, with an anxious glance at nurse, who continued to pack in silence.

Eagerly Teddy undid the little packet, and there was a real soldier's button mounted as a safety-pin.

"When can I have a tie?" Teddy asked eagerly, quite forgetting to thank Girzie.

Nurse came over to them and stood looking down at the little pin. Her face softened. "I've got one rather like that myself," she remarked. "You can fasten it in your blouse whether you have a tie or not," she added graciously. "No one would notice."

"Can I wear it always?" Teddy asked.

"Yes, if you like," nurse said; "and perhaps it will help you to remember not to cry if you fall down—or things happen that you don't like."

Girzie said nothing, but she fastened the safety-pin so that the button shone splendidly just above the ribbons that tied Teddy's sailor blouse.

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"No one would dream of touching it," said the doctor. "You must keep *tight* hold of it."—Page 498.

"I will mimember," he said solemnly.

"Are you sorry you were so naughty?" nurse asked, ever desirous to improve the occasion.

"No," Teddy said firmly. "I hate Kingussie."

But, after all, he didn't hate Kingussie. He would have liked it immensely only it rained all the time. July seemed to have used up all the beautiful weather, and August was very cold and wet. Teddy got one chill on the top of another, and sneezed and snuffled, and snuffled and sneezed, was generally ailing and lost all the nice color he had gained in Edinburgh.

Kingussie was a beautiful place; their lodgings were right up on a hill with glorious views from the windows of the house; there were woods and streams and a picturesque golf links covered with short, springy grass, but the damp spoiled everything. Even the loveliest view palls when it is always seen through a veil of driving rain.

Papa got a chill and was laid up for several days. And then Teddy alarmed his family by falling really ill. The local doctor was discouraging, and talked gloomily of unripe blackberries and appendicitis.

Papa thereupon carried his whole family back to Edinburgh before the end of the month. This time they stayed at the Caledonian Hotel, where the noise of Princes Street and the constant trains tried papa even more than the infernal bugles in Ramsay Gardens.

A great doctor, who had not yet started on his holiday, was consulted about Teddy, and he was even graver than the doctor up at Kingussie, and said there must be an operation at once.

That was a puzzling day for Teddy.

He was kept in bed till evening, and nurse and every one else were extraordinarily kind to him. Then mummy came and sat at the side of his bed, and told him that he was to go that night to another house and that the next day the great doctor would do something to him that would make him quite well.

"Why can't he do it here?" asked Teddy. "This is a very nice room."

Then mummy explained that people didn't have these things done in hotels. That doctors were particular men and

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liked to make people well in specially chosen houses called nursing homes, and that Teddy was to go to one of those homes that very evening in a taxicab.

"Will nurse come?" Teddy asked anxiously.

"I will come," said mummy, and her voice sounded quite hoarse, as if she, too, had got one of the Kingussie colds.

"Not nurse?" he asked, rather puzzled. "Who will dress me?"

"There are lots of nurses in that nice house who can do that, but you won't be dressed just at first, you know. The doctor will want to keep you in bed awhile after the operation."

"What's a operation?" he asked. "What's it do to you?"

But this mummy did not seem able to explain, and Teddy began to feel rather doubtful about the whole thing.

"Will it hurt?" he asked at last.

"Not at the time, my precious," said mummy, "but afterwards it may. I'm afraid it may hurt a good deal, but you will be brave. I know you will be brave."

"A b'ave B'itish officer," Teddy murmured; then turning his big, bright eyes on his mother, he said eagerly: "Can I wear my button?"

Mummy did not understand, but nurse did, and when it was explained, Teddy was assured that he might wear his button.

Then they dressed him, and nurse packed a little suit-case for him with Colin Dougal in it, and all his new pajamas and a dressing-gown. And he and mummy went to that strange house full of nurses.

A great many queer things happened in that house, and Teddy couldn't have borne the strangeness of it at all if he hadn't had his button fastened on the breast-pocket of his pajamas. He didn't sleep very well that night, but as often as he woke up, he would repeat to himself, "Guadaloupe, Martinique, Havannah,"* which are the first three of the long list of battles fought by the Black Watch. Girzie's brother could say them all, and Teddy loved to hear him roll them out in his strong Scottish voice, and tried to learn them, too, but they were mostly very long names, and only the first three had remained in his mind.

*The names of the battles are so spelled in the "Army List"—it is the old spelling, "Guadaloupe, Martinique, Havannah."

Every one was very kind, but it was depressing not to have any breakfast. Mummy's cold seemed to get worse, and one of the nurses suggested that it would be better if she did not come with them to the operating-room lest she give it to Teddy.

Teddy's heart was thumping in his ears. He kissed mummy. He kissed Colin Dougal, and with white and trembling lips he whispered, "B'ave B'itish officer," to himself many times over.

But he went quite quietly, one hand in that of the kind nurse, the other clutching his button, down a long passage into a room that was all tiled with white tiles, walls and floor and all—a room with no chairs in it, only tables, one of them long and straight right in the centre.

Two doctors met them; one he knew already. He was a nice doctor, and he looked at Teddy with eyes that were keen and kind behind his eye-glasses.

"You're a man," he said; "I can see that."

"I s'all not ky," Teddy said, though his voice shook. "I s'all not ky, because I'm going to be a soldier, and soldiers don't ky."

"I guessed that the minute I saw you," said the doctor. "We like soldiers here, and we get them well extra quick. Up you go—and you mustn't mind when we put that funny thing over your face."

Teddy lay down as he was told. He looked up anxiously at the strange doctor.

"You won't take my button away, will you?" he asked anxiously—"not when you make me go to sleep?"

"No one would dream of touching it," said the doctor. "You must keep *tight* hold of it."

It wasn't very pleasant, the thing they put over his face. There was a roaring in his ears like the burn at Kingussie after more rain than usual.

"A—b'ave—B'itish . . . Guadaloupe . . . Martinique——"

The burn had carried Teddy away into oblivion, but even then the small hand was closed tightly over the soldier's button.

That evening the doctor congratulated papa both on the complete success of the operation and upon the splendid military training he had given his little son.

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THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XIV

WHEN Spring and first love meet in a girl's heart, then the birds sing.

The songs that blackbirds and dusty-coated thrushes flung through Nedda's window when she awoke in Hampstead those May mornings seemed to have been sung by herself all night. Whether the sun were flashing on the leaves, or raindrops sieving through on a sou'west wind, the same warmth glowed up in her the moment her eyes opened. Whether the lawn below were a field of bright dew, or dry and darkish in a shiver of east wind, her eyes never grew dim all day; and her blood felt as light as ostrich feathers.

Stormed by an attack of his *cacoëthes scribendi*, after those few blank days at Becket, Felix saw nothing amiss with his young daughter. The great observer was not observant of things that other people observed. Neither he nor Flora, occupied with matters of more spiritual importance, could tell, offhand, for example, on which hand a wedding-ring was worn. They had talked enough of Becket and the Tods to produce the impression on Flora's mind that one day or another two young people would arrive in her house on a visit; but she had begun a poem called 'Dionysus at the Well,' and Felix himself had plunged into a satiric allegory entitled 'The Last of the Laborers.' Nedda, therefore, walked alone; but at her side went always an invisible companion. In that long, imaginary walking-out she gave her thoughts and the whole of her heart, and to be doing this never surprised her, who, before, had not given them whole to anything. A bee knows the first summer day and clings intoxicated to its flowers; so did Nedda know and cling. She wrote him two letters and he wrote her one. It was not poetry; indeed, it was almost all concerned with Wilmet Gaunt, asking Nedda to find a place in London where the girl could go; but it ended with the words:

"Your lover,
"DEREK."

This letter troubled Nedda. She would have taken it at once to Felix or to Flora if it had not been for the first words, "Dearest Nedda," and those last three. Except her mother, she instinctively distrusted women in such a matter as that of Wilmet Gaunt, feeling they would want to know more than she could tell them, and not be too tolerant of what they heard. Casting about, at a loss, she thought suddenly of 'the one who was going to bite.'

At dinner that day she fished round carefully. Felix spoke of him almost warmly. What Cuthcott could have been doing at Becket, of all places, he could not imagine—he was the last sort of man one had expected to see there; a good fellow, rather desperate, perhaps, as men of his age were apt to get if they had too many women, or no woman, about them.

Which, said Nedda, had Mr. Cuthcott?

Oh! None. How had he struck Nedda? And Felix looked at his little daughter with a certain humble curiosity. He always felt that the young instinctively knew so much more than he did.

"I liked him awfully. He was like a dog."

"Ah!" said Felix, "he *is* like a dog—very honest; he grins and runs about the city, too, and might be inclined to bay the moon."

'I don't mind that,' Nedda thought, 'so long as he's not "superior."'

"He's very human," Felix added.

And having found out that he lived in Gray's Inn, Nedda thought: 'I will; I'll ask him.'

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To put her project into execution, she wrote this note:

"Dear Mr. Cuthcott:

"You were so kind as to tell me you wouldn't mind if I bothered you about things. I've got a very bothery thing to know what to do about, and I would be so glad of your advice. It so happens that I can't ask my father and mother. I hope you won't think me very horrible, wasting your time. And please say no, if you'd rather.

"Yours sincerely,

"Nedda Freeland."

The answer came:

"Dear Miss Freeland:

"Delighted. But if very bothery, better save time and ink, and have a snack of lunch with me to-morrow at the Elgin restaurant, close to the British Museum. Very quiet and respectable. No flowers by request. One o'clock.

"Very truly yours,

"Giles Cuthcott."

Putting on 'no flowers' and with a fast-beating heart, Nedda went on her first lonely adventure. To say truth she did not know in the least how ever she was going to ask this almost strange man about a girl of doubtful character. But she kept saying to herself: 'I don't care—he has nice eyes.' And her spirit would rise as she got nearer, because, after all, she was going to find things out, and to find things out was jolly. The new warmth and singing in her heart had not destroyed, but rather heightened, her sense of the extraordinary interest of all things that be. And very mysterious to her that morning was the kaleidoscope of Oxford Street and its innumerable girls and women, each going about her business, with a life of her own that was not Nedda's. For men she had little use just now, they had acquired a certain insignificance, not having gray-black eyes that smoked and flared, nor Harris tweed suits that smelled delicious. Only once on her journey from Oxford Circus she felt the sense of curiosity rise in her, in relation to a man, and this was when she asked a policeman at Tottenham Court Road, and he put his head down fully a foot to listen to her. So huge, so broad, so red in the face, so stolid, it seemed wonderful to her that he paid her any attention! If he were a human being, could she really be one, too? But that, after all, was no more odd than everything. Why, for instance, the spring flowers in that woman's basket had been born; why that high white cloud floated over; why and what was Nedda Freeland?

At the entrance of the little restaurant she saw the one who was going to bite, waiting. In a brown suit, with his pale but freckled face, and his gnawed-at, sandy mustache, and his eyes that looked out and beyond, he was certainly no beauty. But Nedda thought: 'He's even nicer than I remembered, and I'm sure he knows a lot.'

At first, to be sitting opposite to him, in front of little plates containing red substances and little fishes, was so exciting that she simply listened to his rapid, rather stammering voice mentioning that the English had no idea of life or cookery, that God had so made this country by mistake that everything, even the sun, knew it. What, however, would she drink? Chardonnet? It wasn't bad here.

She assented, not liking to confess that she did not know what Chardonnet might be, and hoping it was some kind of sherbet. She had never yet drunk wine, and after a glass felt suddenly extremely strong.

"Well," said Mr. Cuthcott, and his eyes twinkled, "what's your botheration? I suppose you want to strike out for yourself. *My* daughters did that without consulting me."

"Oh! Have you got daughters?"

"Yes—funny ones; older than you."

"That's why you understand, then."

Mr. Cuthcott smiled. "They *were* a liberal education!"

And Nedda thought: 'Poor dad, I wonder if I am!'

"Yes," Mr. Cuthcott murmured, "who would think a gosling would ever become a goose?"

"Ah!" said Nedda eagerly, "isn't it wonderful how things grow?"

She felt his eyes suddenly catch hold of hers.

"You're in love!" he said.

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It seemed to her a great piece of luck that he had found that out. It made everything easy at once, and her words came out pell-mell.

"Yes, and I haven't told my people yet. I don't seem able. He's given me something to do, and I haven't much experience."

A funny little wriggle passed over Mr. Cuthcott's face. "Yes, yes; go on! Tell us about it."

She took a sip from her glass, and the feeling that he had been going to laugh passed away.

"It's about the daughter of a laborer, down there in Worcestershire, where he lives, not very far from Becket. He's my cousin, Derek, the son of my other uncle at Joyfields. He and his sister feel most awfully strongly about the laborers."

"Ah!" said Mr. Cuthcott, "the laborers! Queer how they're in the air, all of a sudden."

"This girl hasn't been very good, and she has to go from the village, or else her family have. He wants me to find a place for her in London."

"I see; and she hasn't been very good?"

"Not very." She knew that her cheeks were flushing, but her eyes felt steady, and, seeing that his eyes never moved, she did not mind. She went on:

"It's Sir Gerald Malloring's estate. Lady Malloring—won't——"

She heard a snap. Mr. Cuthcott's mouth had closed.

"Oh!" he said, "say no more!"

'He *can* bite nicely!' she thought.

Mr. Cuthcott, who had begun lightly thumping the little table with his open hand, broke out suddenly:

"The petty tyranny of the countryside! My God! Those prudes, those prisms! They're the ruination of half the girls on the—" He looked at Nedda and stopped short. "If she can do any kind of work, I'll find her a place. In fact, she'd better come, for a start, under my old housekeeper. Let your cousin know; she can turn up any day. Name? Wilmet Gaunt? Right you are!" He wrote it on his cuff.

Nedda rose to her feet, having an inclination to seize his hand, or stroke his head, or something. She subsided again with a fervid sigh, and sat exchanging with him a happy smile. At last she said:

"Mr. Cuthcott, is there any chance of things like that changing?"

"Changing?" He certainly had grown paler, and was again lightly thumping the table. "Changing? By gum! It's got to change! This d—d pluto-aristocratic ideal! The weed's so grown up that it's choking us. Yes, Miss Freeland, whether from inside or out I don't know yet, but there's a blazing row coming. Things are going to be made new before long."

Under his thumps the little plates had begun to rattle and leap. And Nedda thought: 'I *do* like him.'

But she said anxiously:

"You believe there's something to be done, then? Derek is simply full of it; I want to feel like that, too, and I mean to."

His face grew twinkly; he put out his hand. And wondering a little whether he meant her to, Nedda timidly stretched forth her own and grasped it.

"I like you," he said. "Love your cousin and don't worry."

Nedda's eyes slipped into the distance. "But I'm afraid for him. If you saw him, you'd know."

"One's always afraid for the fellows that are worth anything. There was another young Freeland at your uncle's the other night——"

"My brother Alan!"

"Oh! your brother? Well, I wasn't afraid for him, and it seemed a pity. Have some of this; it's about the only thing they do well here."

"Oh, thank you, no. I've had a lovely lunch. Mother and I generally have about nothing." And clasping her hands she added:

"This is a secret, isn't it, Mr. Cuthcott?"

"Dead."

He laughed and his face melted into a mass of wrinkles. Nedda laughed also and drank up the rest of her wine. She felt perfectly happy.

"Yes," said Mr. Cuthcott, "there's nothing like loving. How long have you been at it?"

"Only five days, but it's everything."

Mr. Cuthcott sighed. "That's right. When you can't love, the only thing is to hate."

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"Oh!" said Nedda.

Mr. Cuthcott again began banging on the little table. "Look at them, look at them!" His eyes wandered angrily about the room, wherein sat some few who had passed through the mills of gentility. "What do they know of life? Where are their souls and sympathies? They haven't any. I'd like to see their blood flow, the silly brutes."

Nedda looked at them with alarm and curiosity. They seemed to her somewhat like everybody she knew. She said timidly: "Do you think *our* blood ought to flow, too?"

Mr. Cuthcott relapsed into twinkles. "Rather! Mine first!"

'He *is* human!' thought Needa. And she got up: "I'm afraid I ought to go now. It's been awfully nice. Thank you so very much. Good-by!"

He shook her firm little hand with his frail thin one, and stood smiling till the restaurant door cut him off from her view.

The streets seemed so gorgeously full of life now that Nedda's head swam. She looked at it all with such absorption that she could not tell one thing from another. It seemed rather long to the Tottenham Court Road, though she noted carefully the names of all the streets she passed, and was sure she had not missed it. She came at last to one called *Poultry*. 'Poultry!' she thought; 'I should have remembered that—Poultry?' And she laughed. It was so sweet and feathery a laugh that the driver of an old four-wheeler stopped his horse. He was old and anxious-looking, with a gray beard and deep folds in his red cheeks.

"Poultry!" she said. "Please, am I right for the Tottenham Court Road?"

The old man answered: "Glory, no, miss; you're goin' East!"

'East!' thought Nedda; 'I'd better take him.' And she got in. She sat in the four-wheeler, smiling. And how far this was due to Chardonnet she did not consider. She was to love and not worry. It was wonderful! In this mood she was put down, still smiling, at the Tottenham Court Road Tube, and getting out her purse she prepared to pay the cabman. The fare would be a shilling, but she felt like giving him two. He looked so anxious and worn, in spite of his red face. He took them, looked at her, and said: "Thank you, miss; I wanted that."

"Oh!" murmured Nedda, "then please take this, too. It's all I've got, except my tube fare."

The old man took it, and water actually ran along his nose.

"God bless yer!" he said. And taking up his whip, he drove off quickly.

Rather choky, but still glowing, Nedda descended to her train. It was not till she was walking to the Spaniard's Road that a cloud seemed to come over her sky, and she reached home dejected.

In the garden of the Freelands' old house was a nook shut away by berberis and rhododendrons, where some bees were supposed to make honey, but, belonging, perhaps, to a union, made no more than they were absolutely obliged. In this retreat, which contained a rustic bench, Nedda was accustomed to sit and read; she went there now. And her eyes began filling with tears. Why must the poor old fellow who had driven her look so anxious and call on God to bless her for giving him that little present? Why must people grow old and helpless, like that Grandfather Gaunt she had seen at Becket? Why was there all the tyranny that made Derek and Sheila so wild? And all the grinding poverty that she herself could see when she went with her mother to their Girls' Club, in Bethnal Green? What was the use of being young and strong if nothing happened, nothing was really changed, so that one got old and died seeing still the same things as before? What was the use even of loving, if love itself had to yield to death? The trees! How they grew from tiny seeds to great and beautiful things, and then slowly, slowly dried and decayed away to dust. What was the good of it all? What comfort was there in a God so great and universal that he did not care to keep her and Derek alive and loving forever, and was not interested enough to see that the poor old cab-driver should not be haunted day and night with fear of the workhouse for himself and an old wife, perhaps? Nedda's tears fell fast, and how far *this* was Chardonnet she could not tell.

Felix, seeking inspiration from the sky in regard to 'The Last of the Laborers,'

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heard a noise like sobbing, and, searching, found his little daughter sitting there and crying as if her heart would break. The sight was so unusual and so utterly disturbing that he stood rooted, quite unable to bring her help. Should he sneak away? Should he go for Flora? What should he do? Like many men whose work keeps them centred within themselves, he instinctively avoided everything likely to pain or trouble him; for this reason, when anything did penetrate those mechanical defenses he became almost strangely tender. Loath, for example, to believe that any one was ill, if once convinced of it, he made so good a nurse that Flora, at any rate, was in the habit of getting well with suspicious alacrity. Thoroughly moved now, he sat down on the bench beside Nedda, and said:

"My darling!"

She leaned her forehead against his arm and sobbed the more.

Felix waited, patting her far shoulder gently.

He had often dealt with such situations in his books, and now that one had come true was completely at a loss. He could not even begin to remember what was usually said or done, and he only made little soothing noises.

To Nedda this tenderness brought a sudden sharp sense of guilt and yearning. She began:

"It's not because of that I'm crying, Dad, but I want you to know that Derek and I are in love."

The words: 'You! What! In those few days!' rose, and got as far as Felix's teeth; he swallowed them and went on patting her shoulder. Nedda in love! He felt blank and ashy. Youth! She was his youth—how much of his youth he had not realized till that moment! And now it would be gone. That special feeling of owning her more than any one else, which was so warming and delightful, so really precious—it would be gone! What right had she to take it from him, thus, without warning! Then he remembered how odious he had always said the elderly were, to spoke the wheels of youth, and managed to murmur:

"Good luck to you, my pretty!"

He said it, conscious that a father ought to be saying:

'You're much too young, and he's your cousin!' But what a father ought to say appeared to him just then both sensible and ridiculous. Nedda rubbed her cheek against his hand.

"It won't make any difference, Dad, I promise you!"

And Felix thought: 'Not to you, only to me!' But he said:

"Not a scrap, my love! What *were* you crying about?"

"About the world; it seems so heartless."

And she told him about the water that had run along the nose of the old four-wheeler man.

But while he seemed to listen, Felix thought: 'I wish to God I had a heart of leather; then I shouldn't feel as if I'd lost the warmth inside me. I mustn't let her see. Fathers *are* queer—I always suspected that. There goes my work for a good week!' Then he answered:

"No, my dear, the world is not heartless; it's only arranged according to certain necessary contraries: No pain, no pleasure; no dark, no light, and the rest of it. If you think, it couldn't be arranged differently."

As he spoke a blackbird came running with a chuckle from underneath the berberis, looked at them with alarm, and ran back. Nedda raised her face. Often afterward Felix thought of that look—so shining.

"Dad, I mean to do something with my life!"

Felix answered:

"Yes. That's right."

But long after Nedda had fallen into dreams that night, he lay awake, with his left foot enclosed between Flora's, trying to regain that sense of warmth which he knew he must never confess to having lost.

XV

Flora took the news with the air rather of a mother-dog that says to her puppy: "Oh, very well, young thing! Go and stick your teeth in it and find out for yourself!" Sooner or later this always happened, and generally sooner nowadays. Besides, she could not help feeling that she would get more of Felix, to her a matter of greater importance than she gave

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out. But inwardly the news had given her a shock almost as sharp as that felt by him. Was she really the mother of one old enough to love? Was the child that used to cuddle up to her in the window-seat to be read to, gone from her; that used to rush in every morning at all inconvenient moments of her toilet; that used to be found sitting in the dark on the stairs, like a little sleepy owl, because, forsooth, it was so 'cosey'?

Not having seen Derek, she did not as yet share her husband's anxiety on that score, though his description was dubious:

"Upstanding young cockerel, swinging his sporran and marching to pipes—a fine spurn about him! Born to trouble, if I know anything, trying to sweep the sky with his little broom!"

"Is he a prig?"

"No-o. There's simplicity about his scorn, and he seems to have been brought up on facts, not on literature, like most of these young monkeys. The cousinship I don't think matters; Kirsteen brings in too strong an out-strain. He's *her* son, not Tod's. But perhaps," he added, sighing, "it won't last."

Flora shook her head. "It will last!" she said; "Nedda's deep."

And if Nedda held, so would fate; no one would throw Nedda over! They naturally both felt that. 'Dionysus at the Well,' no less than 'The Last of the Laborers,' had a light week of it.

Though in a sense relieved at having parted with her secret, Nedda yet felt that she had committed desecration. Suppose Derek should mind her people knowing!

On the day that he and Sheila were to come, feeling she could not trust herself to seem even reasonably calm, she started out, meaning to go to the South Kensington Museum and wander the time away there; but once out-of-doors the sky seemed what she wanted, and, turning down the hill on the north side, she sat down under a gorse bush. Here tramps, coming in to London, passed the night under the stars; here was a vision, however dim, of nature. And nature alone could a little soothe her ecstatic nerves.

How would he greet her? Would he be exactly as he was when they stood at the edge of Tod's orchard, above the dreamy, darkening fields, joining hands and lips, moved as they had never been moved before?

May blossom was beginning to come out along the hedge of the private grounds that bordered that bit of Cockney Common, and from it, warmed by the sun, the scent stole up to her. Familiar, like so many children of the cultured classes, with the pagan and fairy-tales of nature, she forgot them all the moment she was really by herself with earth and sky. Those great creatures, in their breadth, their soft and stirring continuity, rejected bookish fancy. They woke in her rapture and yearning, a sort of long delight, a never-appeased hunger. Crouching, hands round knees, she turned her face to get the warmth of the sun, and see the white clouds go slowly by, and catch all the songs that the birds sang. And every now and then she drew a deep breath. It was true what Dad had said: there was no real heartlessness in nature. It was warm, beating, breathing. And if things ate each other, what did it matter? They had lived and died quickly, helping to make others live. The sacred swing and circle of it went on forever, full and harmonious under the lighted sky, under the friendly stars. It was wonderful to be alive! And all done by love. Love! More, more, more love! And then death, if it must come! For, after all, to Nedda death was so far away, so unimaginably dim and distant, that it did not really count.

While she sat, letting her fingers, that were growing slowly black, scrabble the grass and fern, a feeling came on her of a presence, a creature with wings above and around, that seemed to have on its face a long, mysterious smile of which she, Nedda, was herself a tiny twinkle. She would bring Derek here. They two would sit together and let the clouds go over them, and she would learn all that he really thought, and tell him all her longings and fears; they would be silent, too, loving each other too much to talk. She made elaborate plans of what they were to do and see, beginning with the East End and the National Gallery and ending with sunrise from Parliament Hill; but she somehow knew that nothing would happen as she had designed. If only the

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first moment were not different from what she hoped!

She sat there so long that she rose quite stiff, and so hungry that she could not help going home and stealing into the kitchen. It was three o'clock, and the old cook, as usual, asleep in an armchair, with her apron thrown up between her face and the fire. What would Cookie say if she knew? In that oven she had been allowed to bake in fancy perfect little doll loaves, while Cookie baked them in reality. Here she had watched the mysterious making of pink cream, had burned countless 'goes' of toffy, and cocoanut ice; and tasted all kinds of loveliness. Dear old Cookie! Stealing about on tiptoe, seeking what she might devour, she found four small jam tarts and ate them, while the cook snored softly. Then, by the table, that looked so like a great loaf-platter, she stood contemplating cook. Old darling, with her fat, pale, crumply face! Hung to the dresser, opposite, was a little mahogany looking-glass tilted forward. Nedda could see herself almost down to her toes. 'I mean to be prettier than I am!' she thought, putting her hands on her waist. 'I wonder if I can pull them in a bit!' Sliding her fingers under her blouse, she began to pull at certain strings. They would not budge. They were loose, yet they would not pull in. She would have to get the next size smaller! And dropping her chin, she rubbed it on the lace edging of her chest, where it felt warm and smelled piny. Had Cookie ever been in love? Her gray hairs were coming, poor old darling! The windows, where a protection of wire gauze kept out the flies, were opened wide, and the sun shone in and dimmed the fire. The kitchen clock ticked like a conscience; a faint perfume of frying-pan and mint scented the air. And, for the first time since this new sensation of love had come to her, Nedda felt as if a favorite book, read through and done with, were dropping from her hands. The lovely times in that kitchen, in every nook of that old house and garden, would never come again! Gone! She felt suddenly cast down to sadness. They *had* been lovely times! To be deserting in spirit all that had been so good to her—it seemed like a crime! She slid down off the table and, passing behind the cook, put her arms round those substantial sides. Without meaning to, out of sheer emotion, she pressed them somewhat hard, and, as from a concertina emerges a jerked and drawn-out chord, so from the cook came a long, quaking sound; her apron fell, her body heaved, and her drowsy, flat, soft voice, greasy from pondering over dishes, murmured:

"Ah, Miss Nedda! it's you, my dear! Bless your pretty 'eart."

But down Nedda's cheeks, behind her, rolled two tears.

"Cookie, oh, Cookie, darling!" And she ran out. . . .

And the first moment? It was like nothing she had dreamed of. Strange, stiff! One darting look, and then eyes down; one convulsive squeeze, then such a formal shake of hot, dry hands, and off he had gone with Felix to his room, and she with Sheila to hers, bewildered, biting down consternation, trying desperately to behave 'like a little lady,' as her old nurse would have put it—before Sheila, especially, whose hostility she knew by instinct she had earned. All that evening, furtive watching, formal talk, and underneath a ferment of doubt and fear and longing. All a mistake! An awful mistake! Did he love her? Horrible! If he did not, she could never face any one again. He could not love her! His eyes were like those of a swan when its neck is drawn up and back in anger. Terrible—having to show nothing, having to smile at Sheila, at Dad, and Mother! And when at last she got to her room, she stood at the window and at first simply leaned her forehead against the glass and shivered. What had she done? Had she dreamed it all—dreamed that they had stood together under those boughs in the darkness, and through their lips exchanged their hearts. She must have dreamed it! Dreamed that most wonderful, false dream! And the walk home in the thunder-storm, and his arm round her, and her letters, and his letter—dreamed it all! And now she was awake! From her lips came a little moan, and she sank down huddled, and stayed there ever so long, numb and chilly. Undress—go to bed? Not for the world. By the time the morning came she had got to forget that

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she had dreamed. For very shame she had got to forget that; no one should see. Her cheeks and ears and lips were burning, but her body felt icy cold. Then—what time she did not know at all—she felt she must go out and sit on the stairs. They had always been her comforters, those wide, shallow, cosey stairs. Out and down the passage, past all their rooms—his the last—to the dark stairs, eerie at night, where the scent of age oozed out of the old house. All doors below, above, were closed; it was like looking down into a well, to sit with her head leaning against the banisters. And silent, so silent—just those faint creakings that come from nowhere, as it might be the breathing of the house. She put her arms round a cold banister and hugged it hard. It hurt her, and she embraced it the harder. The first tears of self-pity came welling up, and without warning a great sob burst out of her. Alarmed at the sound, she smothered her mouth with her arm. No good; they came breaking out! A door opened; all the blood rushed to her heart and away from it, and with a little dreadful gurgle she was silent. Some one was listening. How long that terrible listening lasted she had no idea; then footsteps, and she was conscious that it was standing in the dark behind her. A foot touched her back. She gave a little gasp. Derek's voice whispered hoarsely:

"What? Who are you?"

And, below her breath, she answered: "Nedda."

His arms wrenched her away from the banister, his voice in her ear said:

"Nedda, darling, Nedda!"

But despair had sunk too deep; she could only quiver and shake and try to drive sobbing out of her breath. Then, most queer, not his words, nor the feel of his arms, comforted her—any one could pity!—but the smell and the roughness of his Norfolk jacket. Then he, too, had not been in bed; he, too, had been unhappy! And, burying her face in his sleeve, she murmured:

"Oh, Derek! Why?"

"I didn't want them all to see. I can't bear to give it away. Nedda, come down lower and let's love each other!"

Softly, stumbling, clinging together, they went down to the last turn of the wide stairs. How many times had she not sat there, in white frocks, her hair hanging down as now, twisting the tassels of little programmes covered with hieroglyphics only intelligible to herself, talking spasmodically to spasmodic boys with budding 'tails,' while Chinese lanterns let fall their rose and orange light on them and all the other little couples as exquisitely devoid of ease. Ah! it was worth those hours of torture to sit there together now, comforting each other with hands and lips and whisperings. It was more, as much more than that moment in the orchard, as sun shining after a Spring storm is more than sun in placid mid-July. To hear him say: "Nedda, I love you!" to feel it in his hand clasped on her heart was much more, now that she knew how difficult it was for him to say or show it, except in the dark with her alone. Many a long day they might have gone through together that would not have shown her so much of his real heart as that hour of whispering and kisses.

He had known she was unhappy, and yet he couldn't! It had only made him more dumb! It was awful to be like that! But now that she knew, she was glad to think that it was buried so deep in him and kept for her alone. And if he did it again she would just know that it was only shyness and pride. And he was not a brute and a beast, as he insisted. But suppose she had chanced not to come out! Would she ever have lived through the night? And she shivered.

"Are you cold, darling? Put on my coat."

It was put on her in spite of all effort to prevent him. Never was anything so warm, so delicious, wrapping her in something more than Harris tweed. And the hall clock struck—Two!

She could just see his face in the glimmer that filtered from the skylight at the top. And she felt that he was learning her, learning all that she had to give him, learning the trust that was shining through her eyes. There was just enough light for them to realize the old house watching from below and from above—a glint on the dark floor there, on the dark wall here; a blackness that seemed to be inhabited by some spirit, so that their hands

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clutched and twitched as the tiny, tiny noises of Time, playing in wood and stone, clicked out.

That stare of the old house, with all its knowledge of lives past, of youth and kisses spent and gone, of hopes spun and faiths abashed, the old house cynical, stirred in them desire to clutch each other close and feel the thrill of peering out together into mystery that must hold for them so much of love and joy and trouble! And suddenly she put her fingers to his face, passed them softly, clingingly, over his hair, forehead, eyes, traced the sharp cheek-bones down to his jaw, round by the hard chin up to his lips, over the straight bone of his nose, lingering, back, to his eyes again.

"Now, if I go blind, I shall know you. Give me one kiss, Derek. You *must* be tired."

Buried in the old dark house that kiss lasted long; then, tiptoeing—she in front—pausing at every creak, holding breath, they stole up to their rooms. And the clock struck—Three!

XVI

Felix (nothing if not modern) had succumbed already to the feeling that youth ruled the roost. Whatever his misgivings, his and Flora's sense of loss, Nedda must be given a free hand! Derek gave no outward show of his condition, and but for his little daughter's happy serenity Felix would have thought as she had thought that first night. He had a feeling that his nephew rather despised one so soaked in mildness and reputation as Felix Freeland; and he got on better with Sheila, not because she was milder, but because she was devoid of that scornful tang that clung about her brother. No! Sheila was not mild. Rich-colored, downright of speech, with her mane of short hair, she was a no less startling companion. The smile of Felix had never been more whimsically employed than during that ten-day visit. The evening John Freeland came to dinner was the high-water mark of his alarmed amusement. Mr. Cuthcott, also bidden, at Nedda's instigation, seemed to take a mischievous delight in drawing out those two young people in face of their official uncle. The pleasure of the dinner to Felix—and it was not too great—was in watching Nedda's face. She hardly spoke, but how she listened! Nor did Derek say much, but what he did say had a queer, sarcastic twinge about it.

"An unpleasant young man," was John's comment afterward. "How the deuce did he ever come to be Tod's son? Sheila, of course, is one of these hot-headed young women that make themselves a nuisance nowadays, but she's intelligible. By the way, that fellow Cuthcott's a queer chap!"

One subject of conversation at dinner had been the morality of revolutionary violence. And the saying that had really upset John had been Derek's: "Conflagration first—morality afterward!" He had looked at his nephew from under brows which a constant need for rejecting petitions to the Home Office had drawn permanently down and in toward the nose, and made no answer.

To Felix these words had a more sinister significance. With his juster appreciation both of the fiery and the official points of view, his far greater insight into his nephew than ever John would have, he saw that they were more than a mere arrow of controversy. And he made up his mind that night that he would tackle his nephew and try to find out exactly what was glowering within that crisp, black pate.

Following him into the garden next morning, he said to himself: 'No irony—that's fatal. Man to man—or boy to boy—whichever it is!' But, on the garden path, alongside that young spread-eagle, whose dark, smouldering, self-contained face he secretly admired, he merely began:

"How do you like your Uncle John, Derek?"

"He doesn't like me, Uncle Felix."

Somewhat baffled, Felix proceeded:

"I say, Derek, fortunately, or unfortunately, I've some claim now to a little knowledge of you. You've got to open out a bit to me. What are you going to do with yourself in life? You can't support Nedda on revolution."

Having drawn this bow at a venture, he paused, doubtful of his wisdom. A glance at Derek's face confirmed his doubt. It was closer than ever, more defiant.

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"There's a lot of money in revolution, Uncle Felix—other peoples'."

Dash the boy! There was something in him! He swerved off to a fresh line.

"How do you like London?"

"I don't like it. But, Uncle Felix, don't you wish *you* were seeing it for the first time? What books you'd write!"

Felix felt that unconscious thrust go 'home.' Revolt against staleness and clipped wings, against the terrible security of his too solid reputation, smote him.

"What strikes you most about it, then?" he asked.

"That it ought to be jolly well blown up. Everybody seems to know that, too—they look it, anyway, and yet they go on as if it oughtn't."

"Why ought it to be blown up?"

"Well, what's the good of anything while London and all these other big towns are sitting on the country's chest? England must have been a fine place once, though!"

"Some of us think it a fine place still."

"Of course it is, in a way. But anything new and keen gets sat on. England's like an old tom-cat by the fire: too jolly comfortable for anything!"

At this support to his own theory that the country was going to the dogs, owing to such as John and Stanley, Felix thought: 'Out of the mouths of babes!' But he merely said: "You're a cheerful young man!"

"It's got cramp," Derek muttered; "can't even give women votes. Fancy my mother without a vote! And going to wait till every laborer is off the land before it attends to them. It's like the port you gave us last night, Uncle Felix, wonderful crust!"

"And what is to be your contribution to its renovation?"

Derek's face instantly resumed its peculiar defiant smile, and Felix thought: 'Young brute! He's as close as wax.' After their little talk, however, he had more understanding of his nephew. His defiant self-sufficiency seemed more genuine. . . .

In spite of his sensations when dining with Felix, John Freeland (little if not punctilious) decided that it was incumbent on him to have the 'young Tods' to dinner, especially since Frances Freeland had come to stay with him the day after the arrival of those two young people at Hampstead. She had reached Porchester Gardens faintly flushed from the prospect of seeing darling John, with one large cane trunk, and a hand-bag of a pattern which the man in the shop had told her was the best thing out. It had a clasp which had worked beautifully in the shop, but which, for some reason, on the journey had caused her both pain and anxiety. Convinced, however, that she could cure it and open the bag the moment she could get to that splendid new pair of pincers in her trunk, which a man had only yesterday told her were the latest, she still felt that she had a soft thing, and dear John must have one like it if she could get him one at the Stores to-morrow.

John, who had come away early from the Home Office, met her in that dark hall, to which he had paid no attention since his young wife died, fifteen years ago. Embracing him, with a smile of love almost timorous from intensity, Frances Freeland looked him up and down, and, catching what light there was gleaming on his temples, determined that she had in her bag, as soon as she could get it open, the very thing for dear John's hair. He had such a nice mustache, and it was a pity he was getting bald. Brought to her room, she sat down rather suddenly, feeling, as a fact, very much like fainting—a condition of affairs to which she had never in the past and intended never in the future to come, making such a fuss! Owing to that nice new patent clasp, she had not been able to get at her smelling-salts, nor the little flask of brandy and the one hard-boiled egg without which she never travelled. And for want of a cup of tea her soul was nearly dying within her. Dear John would never think she had not had anything since breakfast (she travelled always by a slow train, disliking motion), and she would not for the world let him know—so near dinner-time, giving a lot of trouble! She therefore stayed quite quiet, smiling a little, for fear he might suspect her. Seeing John, however, put her bag down in the wrong place, she felt stronger.

"No, darling—not there—in the window."

And while he was changing the position

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of the bag, her heart swelled with joy because his back was so straight, and with the thought: 'What a pity the dear boy has never married again! It does so keep a man from getting moony!' With all that writing and thinking he had to do, such important work, too, it would have been so good for him, especially at night. She would not have expressed it thus in words—that would not have been quite nice—but in thought Frances Freeland was a realist.

When he was gone, and she could do as she liked, she sat stiller than ever, knowing by long experience that to indulge oneself in private only made it more difficult not to indulge oneself in public. It really was provoking that this nice new clasp should go wrong just this once, and that the first time it was used! And she took from her pocket a tiny prayer-book, and, holding it to the light, read the eighteenth psalm—it was a particularly good one, that never failed her when she felt low—she used no glasses, and up to the present had avoided any line between the brows, knowing it was her duty to remain as nice as she could to look at, so as not to spoil the pleasure of people round about her. Then saying to herself firmly, "I do not, I *will* not want any tea—but I shall be glad of dinner!" she rose and opened her cane trunk. Though she knew exactly where they were, she was some time finding the pincers, because there were so many interesting things above them, each raising a different train of thought. A pair of field-glasses, the very latest—the man had said—for darling Derek; they would be so useful to keep his mind from thinking about things that it was no good thinking about. And for dear Flora (how wonderful that she could write poetry—poetry!) a really splendid, and perfectly new, little pill. She herself had already taken two, and they had suited her to perfection. For darling Felix a new kind of eau de cologne, made in Worcester, because that was the only scent he would use. For her pet Nedda, a piece of 'point de Venise' that she really could not be selfish enough to keep any longer, especially as she was particularly fond of it. For Alan, a new kind of tin-opener that the dear boy would like enormously; he was so nice and practical. For Sheila, such a nice new novel by Mr. and Mrs. Whirlingham—a bright, wholesome tale, with such a good description of quite a new country in it—the dear child was so clever, it would be a change for her. Then, actually resting on the pincers, she came on her pass-book, recently made up, containing little or no balance, just enough to get darling John that bag like hers with the new clasp, which would be so handy for his papers when he went travelling. And having reached the pincers, she took them in her hand, and sat down again to be quite quiet a moment, with her still-dark eyelashes resting on her ivory cheeks and her lips pressed to a colorless line; for her head swam from stooping over. In repose, with three flies circling above her fine gray hair, she might have served a sculptor for a study of the stoic spirit. Then, going to the bag, her compressed lips twitching, her gray eyes piercing into its clasp with a kind of distrustful optimism, she lifted the pincers and tweaked it hard.

If the atmosphere of that dinner, to which all six from Hampstead came, was less disturbed than John anticipated, it was due to his sense of hospitality, and to every one's feeling that controversy would puzzle and distress Granny. That there were things about which people differed, Frances Freeland well knew, but that they should so differ about them as to make them forget to smile and have good manners would not have seemed right to her at all. And of this, in her presence, they were all conscious; so that when they had reached the asparagus there was hardly anything left that could by any possibility be talked about. And this—for fear of seeming awkward—they at once proceeded to discuss, Flora remarking that London was very full. John agreed.

Frances Freeland, smiling, said:

"It's so nice for Derek and Sheila to be seeing it like this for the first time."

Sheila said:

"Why? Isn't it always as full as this?"

John answered:

"In August practically empty. They say a hundred thousand people, at least, go away."

"Double!" remarked Felix.

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"The figures are variously given. My estimate——"

"One in sixty. That shows you!"

At this interruption of Derek's John frowned slightly. "What does it show you?" he said.

Derek glanced at his grandmother.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Of course it shows you," exclaimed Sheila, "what a heartless great place it is. All 'the world' goes out of town, and 'London's empty!' But if you weren't told so you'd never know the difference."

Derek muttered: "I think it shows more than that."

Under the table Flora was touching John's foot warningly; Nedda attempting to touch Derek's; Felix endeavoring to catch John's eye; Alan trying to catch Sheila's; John biting his mustache and looking carefully at nothing. Only Frances Freeland was smiling and gazing lovingly at dear Derek, thinking he would be so handsome when he had grown a nice black mustache. And she said:

"Yes, dear. What were you going to say?"

Derek looked up.

"Do you really want it, Granny?"

Nedda murmured across the table: "No, Derek."

Frances Freeland raised her brows quizzically. She almost looked arch.

"But of course I do, darling. I want to hear immensely. It's so interesting."

"Derek was going to say, Mother"—every one at once looked at Felix, who had thus broken in—"that all we West-End people—John and I and Flora and Stanley, and even you—all we people born in purple and fine linen, are so accustomed to think we're all that matters, that when we're out of London there's nobody in it. He meant to say that this is appalling enough, but that what is still more appalling is the fact that we really *are* all that matters, and that if people try to disturb us, we can, and jolly well will, take care they don't disturb us long. Is that what you meant, Derek?"

Derek turned a rather startled look on Felix.

"What he meant to say," went on Felix, "was, that age and habit, vested interests, culture and security sit so heavy on this country's chest, that aspiration may wriggle and squirm but will never get from under. That, for all we pretend to admire enthusiasm and youth, and the rest of it, we push it out of us just a little faster than it grows up. Is that what you meant, Derek?"

"You'll try to, but you won't succeed!"

"I'm afraid we shall, and with a smile, too, so that you won't see us doing it."

"I call that devilish."

"I call it natural. Look at a man who's growing old; notice how very gracefully and gradually he does it. Take my hair—your aunt says she can't tell the difference from month to month. And there it is, or rather isn't—little by little."

Frances Freeland, who during Felix's long speech had almost closed her eyes, opened them, and looked piercingly at the top of his head.

"Darling," she said, "I've got the very thing for it. You must take some with you when you go to-night. John is going to try it."

Checked in the flow of his philosophy, Felix blinked like an owl surprised.

"Mother," he said, "*you* only have the gift of keeping young."

"Oh! my dear, I'm getting dreadfully old. I have the greatest difficulty in keeping awake sometimes when people are talking. But I mean to fight against it. It's so dreadfully rude, and ugly, too; I catch myself sometimes with my mouth open."

Flora said quietly: "Granny, I have the very best thing for that—quite new!"

A sweet but rather rueful smile passed over Frances Freeland's face. "Now," she said, "you're chaffing me," and her eyes looked loving.

It is doubtful if John understood the drift of Felix's exordium, it is doubtful if he had quite listened—he having so much to not listen to at the Home Office that the practice was growing on him. A vested interest to John was a vested interest, culture was culture, and security was certainly security—none of them were symbols of age. Further, the social question—at least so far as it had to do with outbreaks of youth and enthusiasm—was too familiar to him to have any general significance whatever. What with women, labor people, and the rest of it, he had no time for philosophy—a dubious process at

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the best. A man who had to get through so many daily hours of real work did not dissipate his energy in speculation. But, though he had not listened to Felix's remarks, they had ruffled him. There is no philosophy quite so irritating as that of a brother! True, no doubt, that the country was in a bad way, but as to vested interests and security, that was all nonsense! The guilty causes were free thought and industrialism.

Having seen them all off to Hampstead, he gave his mother her good-night kiss. He was proud of her, a wonderful woman, who always put a good face on everything! Even her funny way of always having some new thing or other to do you good—even that was all part of her wanting to make the best of things. She never lost her 'form'!

John worshipped that kind of stoicism which would die with its head up rather than live with its tail down. Perhaps the moment of which he was most proud in all his life was that when, at the finish of his school mile, he overheard a vulgar bandsman say: "I like that young ——'s running; he breathes through his —— nose." At that moment, if he had stooped to breathe through his mouth, he must have won; as it was he had lost in great distress and perfect form.

When, then, he had kissed Frances Freeland, and watched her ascend the stairs, breathless because she *would* breathe through her nose to the very last step, he turned into his study, lighted his pipe, and sat down to a couple of hours of a report upon the forces of constabulary available in the various counties, in the event of any further agricultural rioting, such as had recently taken place on a mild scale in one or two districts where there was still Danish blood. He worked at the numbers steadily, with just that engineer's touch of mechanical invention which had caused him to be so greatly valued in a department where the evolution of twelve policemen out of ten was constantly desired. His mastery of figures was highly prized, for, while it had not any of that flamboyance which has come from America and the game of poker, it possessed a kind of English optimism, only dangerous when, as rarely happened, it was put to the test. He worked two full pipes long, and looked at the clock. Twelve! No good knocking off just yet! He had no liking for bed this many a long year, having, from loyalty to memory and a drier sense of what became one in the Home Department, preserved his form against temptations of the flesh. Yet, somehow, to-night he felt no spring, no inspiration, in his handling of county constabulary. A kind of English stolidity about them baffled him—ten of them remained ten. And leaning that forehead, whose height so troubled Frances Freeland, on his neat hand, he fell to brooding. Those young people with everything before them! Did he envy them? Or was he glad of his own age? Fifty! Fifty already; a fogey! An official fogey! For all the world like an umbrella, that every day some one put into a stand and left there till it was time to take it out again. Neatly rolled, too, with an elastic and button! And this fancy, which had never come to him before, surprised him. One day he, too, would wear out, slit all up his seams, and they would leave him at home, or give him away to the butler.

He went to the window. A scent of—of May, or something! And nothing in sight save houses just like his own! He looked up at the strip of sky privileged to hang just there. He had got a bit rusty with his stars. There, however, certainly was Venus. And he thought of how he had stood by the ship's rail on that honeymoon trip of his twenty years ago, giving his young wife her first lesson in counting the stars. And something very deep down, very mossed and crusted over in John's heart, beat and stirred, and hurt him. Nedda—he had caught her looking at that young fellow just as Anne had once looked at him, John Freeland, now an official fogey, an umbrella in a stand. There was a policeman! How ridiculous the fellow looked, putting one foot before the other, flirting his lantern and trying the area gates! This confounded scent of May—could it be May?—got here into the heart of London! The look in that girl's eyes! What was he about, to let them make him feel as though he could give his soul for a face looking up into his own, for a breast touching his, and the scent of a woman's hair.

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Hang it! He would smoke a cigarette and go to bed! He turned out the light and began to mount the stairs; they creaked abominably—the felt must be wearing out. A woman about the place would have kept them quiet. Reaching the landing of the second floor, he paused a moment from habit, to look down into the dark hall. A voice, thin, sweet, almost young, said:

"Is that you, darling?" John's heart stood still. What—was that? Then he perceived that the door of the room that had been his wife's was open, and remembered that his mother was in there.

"What! Aren't you asleep, Mother?"

Frances Freeland's voice answered cheerfully: "Oh, no, dear; I'm never asleep before two. Come in."

John entered. Propped very high on her pillows, in perfect regularity, his mother lay. Her carved face was surmounted by a piece of fine lace, her thin, white fingers on the turnover of the sheet moved in continual interlocking, her lips smiled.

"There's something you must have," she said. "I left my door open on purpose. Give me that little bottle, darling."

John took from a small table by the bed a still smaller bottle. Frances Freeland opened it, and out came three tiny white globules.

"Now," she said, "pop them in! You've no idea how they'll send you to sleep! They're the most splendid things; perfectly harmless. Just let them rest on the tongue and swallow!"

John let them rest—they were sweetish—and swallowed.

"How is it, then," he said, "that you never go to sleep before two?"

Frances Freeland corked the little bottle, as if enclosing within it that awkward question.

"They don't happen to act with me, darling; but that's nothing. It's the very thing for any one who has to sit up so late," and her eyes searched his face. Yes—they seemed to say—I know you pretend to have work; but if you only had a dear little wife!

"I shall leave you this bottle when I go. Kiss me."

John bent down, and received one of those kisses of hers that had such sudden vitality in the middle of them, as if her lips were trying to get inside his cheek. From the door he looked back. She was smiling, composed again to her stoic wakefulness.

"Shall I shut the door, Mother?"

"Please, darling."

With a little lump in his throat John closed the door.

XVII

THE London which Derek had said should be blown up was at its maximum of life those May days. Even on this outer rampart of Hampstead, people, engines, horses, all had a touch of the Spring fever; indeed, especially on this rampart of Hampstead was there increase of the effort to believe that nature was not dead and embalmed in books. The poets, painters, talkers who lived up there were at each other all the time in their great game of make-believe. How could it be otherwise, when there was veritably blossom on the trees and the chimneys were ceasing to smoke? How otherwise, when the sun actually shone on the ponds? But the four young people (for Alan joined in—hypnotized by Sheila) did not stay in Hampstead. Chiefly on top of tram and 'bus they roamed the wilderness. Bethnal Green and Leytonstone, Kensington and Lambeth, St. James's and Soho, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, West Ham, and Piccadilly, they traversed the whole ant-heap at its most ebullient moment. They knew their Whitman and their Dostoievsky sufficiently to be aware that they ought to love and delight in everything: in the gentleman walking down Piccadilly with a flower in his buttonhole, and in the lady sewing that buttonhole in Bethnal Green; in the orator bawling himself hoarse close to the Marble Arch, the coster loading his barrow in Covent Garden; and in Uncle John Freeland rejecting petitions in Whitehall. All these things, of course, together with the long lines of little gray houses in Camden Town, long lines of carts with bobtail horses rattling over Blackfriars' Bridge, long smells drifting behind taxicabs—all these things were as delightful and as stimulating to the soul as the clouds that trailed the heavens, the

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fronds of the lilac, and Leonardo's Cartoon in the Diploma Gallery. All were equal manifestations of that energy in flower known as 'Life.' They knew that everything they saw and felt and smelled *ought* equally to make them long to catch creatures to their hearts and cry: Hosanna! And Nedda and Alan, bred in Hampstead, even knew that to admit that these things did not all move them in the same way would be regarded as a sign of anæmia. Nevertheless—most queerly—these four young people confessed to each other all sorts of sensations besides that 'Hosanna' one. They even confessed to rage and pity and disgust one moment, and to joy and dreams the next, and they differed greatly as to what excited which. It was truly odd! The only thing on which they did seem to agree was that they were having 'a thundering good time.' A sort of sense of "Blow everything!" was in their wings, and this was due not to the fact that they were thinking of and loving and admiring the little gray streets and the gentleman in Piccadilly—as, no doubt, in accordance with modern culture, they should have been—but to the fact that they were loving and admiring themselves, and that entirely without the trouble of thinking about it at all. The practice, too, of dividing into couples was distinctly precious to them, for, though they never failed to start out together, they never failed to come home two by two. In this way did they put to confusion Whitman and Dostoievsky, and all the other thinkers in Hampstead. In the daytime they all, save Alan, felt that London ought to be blown up; but at night it undermined their philosophies so that they sat silent on the tops of their respective 'buses, with arms twined in each others'. For then a something seemed to have floated up from that mass of houses and machines, of men and trees, and to be hovering above them, violet-colored, caught between the stars and the lights, a spirit of such overpowering beauty that it drenched even Alan in a kind of awe. After all, the huge creature that sat with such a giant's weight on the country's chest, the monster that had spoiled so many fields and robbed so many lives of peace and health, could fly at night upon blue and gold and purple wings, murmur a passionate lullaby, and fall into deep sleep!

One such night they went to the gallery at the opera, to supper at an oyster-shop, under Alan's pilotage, and then set out to walk back to Hampstead, timing themselves to catch the dawn. They had not gone twenty steps up Southampton Row before Alan and Sheila were forty steps in front. A fellow-feeling had made Derek and Nedda stand to watch an old man who walked, tortuous, extremely happy, bidding them all come. And when they moved on, it was very slowly, just keeping sight of the others across the lumbered dimness of Covent Garden, where tarpaulin-covered carts and barrows seemed to slumber under the blink of lamps and watchmen's lanterns. Across Long Acre they came into a street where there was not a soul save the two others, a long way ahead. Walking with his arm tightly laced with hers, touching her all down one side, Derek felt that it would be glorious to be attacked by night-birds in this dark, lonely street, to have a splendid fight and drive them off, showing himself to Nedda for a man and her protector. But nothing save one black cat came near, and that ran for its life. He bent round and looked under the blue veil-thing that wrapped Nedda's head. Her face seemed mysteriously lovely, and her eyes, lifted so quickly, mysteriously true. She said:

"Derek, I feel like a hill with the sun on it!"

"I feel like that yellow cloud with the wind in it."

"I feel like an apple-tree coming into blossom."

"I feel like a giant."

"I feel like a song."

"I feel I could sing you."

"On a river, floating along."

"A wide one, with great plains on each side, and beasts coming down to drink, and either the sun or a yellow moon shining, and some one singing, too, far off."

"The Red Sarafan."

"Let's run!"

From that yellow cloud sailing in moonlight a spurt of rain had driven into their faces, and they ran as fast as their blood was flowing, and the raindrops coming down, jumping half the width of the little dark streets, clutching each other's arms.

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And peering round into her face, so sweet and breathless, into her eyes, so dark and dancing, he felt he could run all night if he had her there to run beside him through the dark. Into another street they dashed, and again another, till she stopped, panting.

"Where are we now?"

Neither knew. A policeman put them right for Portland Place. Half-past one! And it would be dawn soon after three! They walked soberly again now into the outer circle of Regent's Park; talked soberly, too, discussing sublunary matters, and every now and then, their arms round each other, gave little convulsive squeezes. The rain had stopped and the moon shone clear; by its light the trees and flowers were clothed in colors whose blood had spilled away; the town's murmur was dying, the house lights dead already. They came out of the park into a road where the latest taxis were rattling past; a face, a bare neck, silk hat, or shirt-front gleamed in the window-squares, and now and then a laugh came floating through. They stopped to watch them from under the low-hanging branches of an acacia-tree, and Derek, gazing at her face, still wet with rain, so young and round and soft, thought: 'Fancy her loving me!' Suddenly she clutched him round the neck, and their lips met.

They talked not at all for a long time after that kiss, walking slowly up the long, empty road, while the whitish clouds sailed across the dark river of the sky and the moon slowly sank. This was the most delicious part of all that long walk home, for the kiss had made them feel as though they had no bodies, but were just two spirits walking side by side. This is its curious effect sometimes in first love between the very young. . . .

Having sent Flora to bed, Felix was sitting up among his books. There was no need to do this, for the young folk had latch-keys, but, having begun the vigil, he went on with it, a volume about Eastern philosophies on his knee, a bowl of narcissus blooms giving forth unexpected whiffs of odor. And he sank into a long revery.

Could it be said—as was said in this Eastern book—that man's life was really but a dream; could it be said with any more truth than it had once been said, that he rose again in his body, to perpetual life? Could anything be said with truth, save that we knew nothing? And was that not really what had always been said by man—that we knew nothing, but were just blown over and about the world like soughs of wind, in obedience to some immortal, unknowable coherence! But had that want of knowledge ever retarded what was known as the upward growth of man? Had it ever stopped man from working, fighting, loving, dying like a hero if need were? Had faith ever been anything but embroidery to an instinctive heroism, so strong that it needed no such trappings? Had faith ever been anything but anodyne, or gratification of the æsthetic sense? Or had it really body and substance of its own? Was it something absolute and solid, that he—Felix Freeland—had missed? Or again, was it, perhaps, but the natural concomitant of youth, a naïve effervescence with which thought and brooding had to part? And, turning the page of his book, he noticed that he could no longer see to read, the lamp had grown too dim, and was but a decorative glow in the bright moonlight flooding through the study window. He got up and put another log on the fire, for these last nights of May were chilly.

Nearly three! Where were these young people? Had he been asleep, and they come in? Sure enough, in the hall Alan's hat and Sheila's cloak—the dark-red one he had admired when she went forth—were lying on a chair. But of the other two—nothing! He crept up-stairs. Their doors were open. They certainly took their time—these young lovers. And the same sore feeling which had attacked Felix when Nedda first told him of her love came on him badly in that small of the night when his vitality was lowest. All the hours she had spent clambering about him, or quietly resting on his knee with her head tucked in just where his arm and shoulder met, listening while he read or told her stories, and now and again turning those clear eyes of hers wide open to his face, to see if he meant it; the wilful little tugs of her hand when they two went exploring the customs of birds, or bees, or flowers; all her 'Daddy, I love yous!' and her rushes to the front door,

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and long hugs when he came back from a travel; all those later crookings of her little finger in his, and the times he had sat when she did not know it, watching her, and thinking: 'That little creature, with all that's before her, is my very own to love and take care of, and share joy and sorrow with. . . .' Each one of all these seemed to come now and tweak at him, as the songs of blackbirds tweak the heart of one who lies, unable to get out into the Spring. His lamp had burned itself quite out; the moon was fallen below the clump of pines, and away to the north-east something stirred in the stain and texture of the sky. Felix opened the window. What peace out there! The chill, scentless peace of night, waiting for dawn's renewal of warmth and youth. Through that bay window facing north he could see on one side the town, still wan with the light of its lamps, on the other the country, whose dark bloom was graying fast. Suddenly a tiny bird twittered, and Felix saw his two truants coming slowly from the gate across the grass, his arm round her shoulders, hers round his waist. With their backs turned to him, they passed the corner of the house, across where the garden sloped away. There they stood above the wide country, their bodies outlined against a sky fast growing light, evidently waiting for the sun to rise. Silent they stood, while the birds, one by one, twittered out their first calls. And suddenly Felix saw the boy fling his hand up into the air. The Sun! Far away on the gray horizon was a flare of red!

(To be continued.)

THE SPRINGTIME PLAINS

By Badger Clark

HEART of me, are you hearing
The drum of hoofs in the rains?
Over the Springtime plains I ride
Knee to knee with Spring
And glad as the summering sun that comes
Galloping north through the zodiac!
Heart of me, let's forget
The plains death-white and still,
When lonely love through the stillness called
Like a smothered stream that sings of Summer
Under the snow on a Winter night.
Now the frost is blown from the sky
And the plains are living again.
Lark lovers sing on the sunrise trail,
Wild horses call to me out of the moon,
Watching me pass with impish eyes,
Gray coyotes laugh in the quiet dusk
And the plains are glad all day with me.
Heart of me, all the way
My heart and the hoofs keep time,
And the wide, sweet winds from the greening world
Shout in my ears a glory song,
For nearer, nearer, mile and mile,
Over the quivering rim of the plains,
Is a valley that Spring and I love best
And the waiting eyes of you!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT seems incongruous to summon the poet Spenser as champion for either side of the woman question. His "Faerie Queene," for all its combats and encounters, is, to those who love it,

> "The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil."

Yet behind the gold of romance and the twilight of mysterious forests there lurks many a problem. Elizabethan England was beset with difficulties.

When Woman Wins

Apparently one of these was a question old as the ages. Radigund was her name. She bore arms and armor, as women do in the "Faerie Queene," and she did not play the rules of the game. Meeting Sir Artegall in single combat, she spent herself in uncontrolled attack, "laying on every side." Her courage grew even as her strength failed; Radigund was unquestionably in earnest. Yet she was no match for the quiet man who let her rage at first, and then disarmed her of shield and helmet and felled her to the ground. While she swooned—militants do swoon at times—he uncovered her face and saw, to his consternation, that she was not the man she seemed, but a woman, "a miracle of nature's goodly grace," albeit marred by blood and sweat. No longer could he meet her as an equal,

> "No hand so cruel, nor no heart so hard
> But ruth of beauty will it mollify."

Dropping his sword, he stood irresolute. She sprang up, attacked him afresh, and overcame him, never seeing, in her self-absorption, that he had allowed himself to be taken captive.

He found many a day in which to consider the consequences of chivalry, poor knight; for he was dressed in women's garments and made to spin linen and wool, set in a room with other of her conquered knights. She ruled with a firm hand. The story is the more suggestive when we contemplate the fact that Sir Artegall, enthralled knight, represents Justice. Thus far Spenser would seem to be no friend of woman.

Then—Britomart to the rescue! Britomart, Spenser's champion of innocence, was she with whom Sir Artegall had fallen in love when first he saw her "angel's face" and that long yellow hair of hers,

> "Like a golden border."

Chance had separated them, and his long absence had filled her heart with jealous fear. When at last news of his base captivity was brought to her, she fell into a white rage, then rode forth in melancholy,

> "Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine."

Hard would it go with Radigund when this stern Amazon should meet her. They rushed to battle,

> "As when a Tigre and a Lionesse
> Are met at spoyling of some hungry prey."

It was battle to the death. To whom should Radigund bow but to a woman? The golden-haired Britomart conquered, freed all the petticoated knights, and found her lover Artegall. Thus Justice lived to thank a woman. Incidentally, he married her afterward.

Spenser's attitude is delightfully neutral. Apparently womankind, as he conceived it, was capable of its depths and its heights. Apparently it was a force to be reckoned with. Yet Spenser was no pessimist; neither was he an "anti." He simply knew that it was the women, after all, who were going to settle the matter.

Memories of a Meadow Brook

WE could see, from the top of the long hill, the dent in the meadow that marked the brook's course. My brook began up in the corner of a rolling meadow, coming out of the woods where the springs bubble from the black ground forming a little quiet shadowed pool that made a reservoir of sparkling cold water. Once away from and under the old rail fence, in these latter days reinforced by barbed wire, the little stream began a devious course, twisting and turning every old way. In the

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spring the meadows were starred with daisies, bluets, and spring beauties, and the borders of the brook were arched over by alders in many places, their tassel-like catkins swaying in every breeze. Wild roses gathered in colonies, and joepyeweed waved its purplish plumes, covering great patches of the low, wet ground and hillsides. Burr reeds, savory mint, and cress were everywhere. Muskrat holes had broken down the banks in many places, and sometimes you surprised a rat swimming, leaving in his wake a big triangle of ripples. The breaking of a twig underfoot sent him, heels up, silently down below.

The meadow-lark with its plaintive whistle, the scolding redwings building their homes in the grass tussocks, the song-sparrows, the bobolinks with their ebullient roundelay, bob-white and the little chippers were the most frequent bird musicians, but Phœbe loved the borders of the brook and found good hunting there. She would perch on a bare branch, bobbing her tail, suddenly dart off after an insect and back again, and you could plainly hear the click of her beak. The next instant she told you her name in a tender little voice: "Phœbe." I don't know which I like best, the jolly, sparkling, singing, hurrying brook, that goes tinkling over the stones, dodging around corners, or the quiet brook that seems to be resting in the sun, making a mirror for the clouds and sky and near-by trees. Brooks are always two in one, and in following them through the meadows they will change their moods at every turn. In the slow places you will see the whirligig beetles doing the tango and hesitation, and the water-striders rowing up-stream and jumping in the air, their shadows on the sand showing the little dimples in the water made by their feet. Schools of tiny minnows go rushing about, and here and there a little pike, built like a torpedo-boat, will lie in wait for his prey. In the hot summer days dragon-flies —we called them devil's darning-needles and snake-feeders when we were boys—go darting about, occasionally lighting on some twig or water-plant to deposit their eggs. From a thicket comes the Maryland yellow-throat's "Witchery, witchery, witchery," and you may get a glimpse of the little yellow musician peering out at you with the black burglar's mask over his eyes. There are brooks left in New England where one can find that prince of fish, the speckled trout, but he's becoming rarer every year. Where an old bridge crosses there will be cattail flags and fleur-de-lys, and in the late summer the jewel —and pickerel—weed will take possession, the former saluting you with its seed batteries as you brush by. In some quiet backwater above an old, dilapidated mill you will find the white and yellow pond-lilies, their leaves making a stained-glass pattern in the dark water. The brook I especially loved in my boyhood afforded us a place for swimming. We built a dam of stones and turf at a narrow turn and made a pool at least three feet deep! The bottom was mostly sand, but there was some mud, and now and then leeches, "blood-suckers," caused us much unhappiness. You have to pull the pesky things to pieces to get them off. There used to be a blacksmith shop built right over the banks of my brook, at a road crossing, and the shop was a favorite lounging-place. All about the neighborhood you could hear the music of the anvils, and in the shop, in quiet moments, when the gossips were silent, the sound of the happy brook as it rushed along over the rocks below. By middle July or August the brook became only a trickle that found its way slowly through the mint and cress and jewel-weed that clogged its bed. Only after a heavy rain would it resume its blithe way for a short time, but then the water was muddy, and the clouds and blue sky found no place in which to admire themselves. With the full summer the cardinal flower's brilliant red flamed out of some quiet corner and the asters and wild sunflowers were in their glory.

I went back to have a look at the old swimming-hole last summer, and it is still there and the boys of to-day are paddling about in it, going through the motions of learning to swim. Brooks and barefooted, care-free boys go together. A singing heart has the brook, and many a country boy's beats in unison, though he never realizes it until he grows up, and the old care-free music is stilled—but for memories.

A YOUNG acquaintance of mine, whose eyebrows nearly meet over her pretty nose, was once told by a candid friend that such a peculiarity was a sign of a cruel nature. "I get my eyebrows from my grandfather," retorted the girl, "but how do

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you know that I don't get my disposition from my grandmother?"

The Freakishness of Heredity

Our different inherited traits are capable of combinations enough to make the head of a eugenist swim and to upset all his calculations. And how can anybody possibly dream of getting the right mixture when every one has so very many ancestors? Take, for instance, my neighbors, the Robinsons. They are a model couple of the old-fashioned oak-and-ivy type. He is a most upright man, a trifle rigid perhaps, but a model of private and public virtue, while her amiable and yielding disposition ensures the domestic harmony and happiness which might be lacking if he had married a woman of his own sort. For Robinson has an iron will. In a moment of confidence he told me that he needed it; that only by virtue of it had he been able to overcome certain deplorable tendencies in himself, his inheritance from a disreputable grandfather. "And I pray that they may end in me," he added. He was thinking of little John, and since then he has had food for thought. Little John is a pleasant boy, with his mother's facile disposition, but, alas! he only too evidently inherits those evil tendencies. With his weak will it is a bad lookout. The other neighbors, who have not shared Robinson's confidence, wonder that the well-brought-up son of those good parents can show such signs of viciousness.

Then there is my friend Camilla Jones. Her mother was a Brown. The Browns are mushy with the milk of human kindness and the Joneses are as hard as nails. You would think that the blend would produce a happy medium. But somehow it isn't a blend. Camilla runs in streaks, like a slice of bacon. One day you will find her very human and tender, in fact, almost too emotional. The next day—or the next moment—you hit the hard streak and find her as impervious to reason as to feeling. At one time fair-minded, at another she is entirely unjust. In short, she is eccentric—but a most interesting and exciting acquaintance. Perhaps the ingredients might have been better united in her children, but Camilla has not married. She was once engaged to be married, but one day when the hard element was uppermost there was a quarrel, and the engagement was broken. I am sure she has never ceased to regret it, but he consoled himself years ago with a pleasant, even-tempered woman, such as men like, and the eugenists cannot try experiments with poor Camilla. As for her, she accepts herself as she is, and has never, I think, asked herself the reason for her inconsistencies; but many persons, like Robinson, realize quite well the source of their peculiarities and conscientiously wage an unceasing internecine warfare. One of my friends was tormented by her inheritance from a stingy grandfather. "I have fought Grandfather B. all my life," she said to me once, "yet I never seem able to down him for good and all. Now, my sister Addie never resists grandfather at all. She is stingy and enjoys it."

It is all very interesting, and it is amusing when it isn't tragic; but a tormenting question persists in thrusting itself forward: Have I, then, nothing of my own? Must my soul always go dressed in hand-me-downs—a virtue from this ancestor, a vice from that one? And how am I to give coherence to these shreds and patches? Is even "God's wind from nowhere which is called the Will" an inheritance like the rest? It may be, but for the moment I feel that it, at least, is mine, and while that moment lasts I shall choose some grandfathers and fight the rest!

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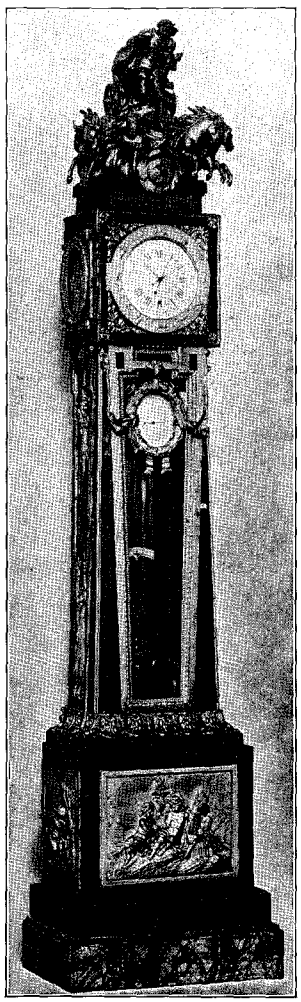
THE FIELD OF ART

THE FRAGONARD MASTERPIECES IN THE MORGAN COLLECTION

GRANTED that the art of the eighteenth century is very far removed from the present line of artistic endeavor and not to be compared with the greatest epochs of art achievement, still, from an educational standpoint alone, as long as we are to build houses in the French taste and decorate them in the styles of the Louis, it is highly desirable to have here, close at hand, for study and comparison, the very best examples of this charming epoch. In the Morgan Collection are a number of masterpieces that can render great service to the student and be of immense value in cultivating among the general public a fuller knowledge of the fine qualities of the period. Besides, what a joy merely to contemplate these beautiful works of the master craftsmen, whom kings and nobles commanded to produce the very best that was in them for the glory of their palaces and the admiration of future generations!



Tall clock, by Berthoud. French, seventeenth century.

The Fragonard room may well serve as an inspiration to designers of over-doors, *trumeaux*, and the decorative schemes in general that accompany the broad, simple panels, of Trianon gray, for which Ledoux and Verberckt designed the flowery moulding and trellised cornices. Certainly no better model can be called to mind.

Fragonard was the last great offspring of his race and century—the century that Watteau had begun—and his art soars to a sort of apotheosis of its joyous spirit. It all takes place in a land of romance and sentimental poesy well fitted to stimulate the imagination of jaded nobles and worldly women on pleasure bent—a land of dreamy backgrounds and studied tree forms, setting off foolish, pleasing, wholly charming women, while baby "loves" shoot arrows at their tender hearts and gallants kneel sighing at their feet. "Frago," as he was familiarly known when he first studied with Boucher, had saturated himself with this romantic spirit during his sojourn in Rome as *pensionnaire* in the Académie de France. During this period he spent some time as the guest of his patron, the Abbé de Saint-Nom, at the beautiful Villa d'Este, whose cypress-grown gardens, gleaming balustrades, and statues hidden in flowery niches he transcribed in a series of charming sketches that colored and flavored his after work.

As *paysagiste* we know him in many a lovely background that mirrored the stately gardens of his day: in the great "Fête de Saint Cloud," for example, that decorates the Banque de France; in the "Allée Ombrageuse" of the Collection Dutuit; and in his much-copied "Escarpolette" in the Wallace Collection.

The panels at the Metropolitan Museum [see frontispiece] show this phase of his art in its utmost beauty, and one does not know whether to admire more the dreamy gardens with their noble trees toned to the greens and blues born of moonlight or the gay figures that people them or sit pensive at the foot of statues. These paintings were begun about ten years

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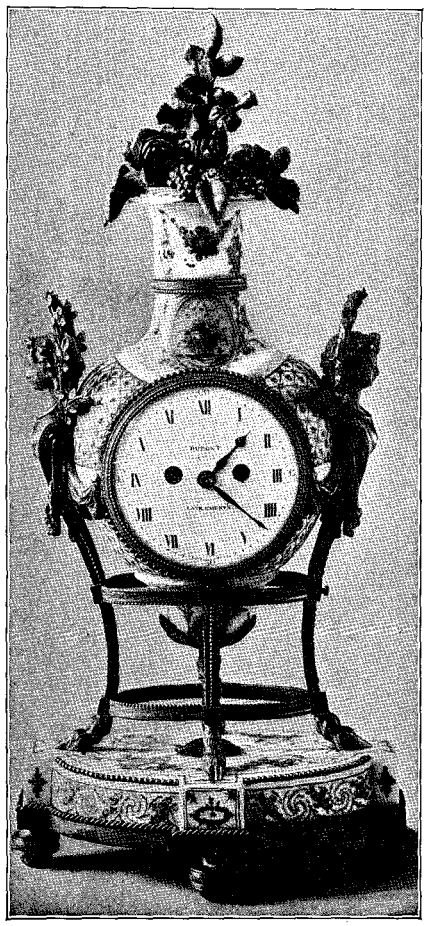
after the young man's return from Rome for a pavilion the king was building for his favorite la Du Barry at Louveciennes, a lovely spot overlooking Paris from a height beyond the Seine. Whether because of the subject of the final episode or some other royal caprice, they were never accepted by Madame Du Barry, and the painter kept them himself through all his life, transporting them to Grasse at the time of the Terror. Here they remained until recently in the house in which he lived with his friend M. Maubert.

Pierre de Nolhac, the admirable and erudite *conservateur* of the Palace of Versailles, thus refers to them in his account of the Fragonard Exhibition held in Paris in 1907: "There is lacking notably in this exhibition the capital pieces of his work, the decorative panels inspired by Madame Du Barry, which for a long time have been known as 'les panneaux de Grasse' and which are now in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's home in London. Let us give a regret to these marvellous canvases." And another critic, Emile Molinier, laments that "soon, to know and admire the purest chefs-d'œuvre, we must cross the seas to America; it is there that the Fragonards from Grasse will eventually go; and ungrateful Europe will perceive, but too late, that, like the crow of the fable, she has not known how to retain at home the brightest jewels of her crown."



Clock with ormolu mounts, Sèvres. French, eighteenth century.

In the Metropolitan these *panneaux de Grasse* are shown in the setting that Mr. Morgan had provided for them, but here appear to even better advantage than they did in Prince's Gate, for, instead of being behind curtained windows admitting only the dull light of the London street, they are seen in the full glow of the open park, as they would have been shown on the heights of Louveciennes.

They are truly a charming series. Beginning with "La Poursuite," where the heroine "à l'âge qui touche à l'enfance," her arms flung wide apart like a bird, startled, flees from her young lover, "qui lui présente une simple rose," it follows on through the "Rendezvous" and the delicious "Souvenirs" to "L'Amant Couronné." The color also mounts with the story, commencing with the cool grays of the first episode, passing into carnations, roses, and creamy whites in the intermediate canvases, to explode finally in passionate appeals of reds and yellows in the "Lover Crowned."

But, to my mind, the fifth picture, "L'Abandon," is, technically, at all events, the most interesting of the series. And for this reason: whether the artist then foresaw the outcome of his work or whether he knew that Madame Du Barry was not well pleased with what he had done, he did not complete this canvas. So, in it one plainly sees his method of work—the teachings that he had imbibed in Rome and the technical equipment handed down to him by the traditions of his school and race. The canvas is barely covered with a thin wash of golden brown, that he intended should give transparency to the shadows when the grays and greens of foliage and flowers were painted upon it. The figure is laid in with the cool half-tones that gave his masters such concern—those "tons de couleur maniérés . . . trop bleues et d'autres aurores qui ne sont

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point naturelles," and which he had copied from Barocci. (What would these same masters have said to-day could they behold the flesh tints of the post-impressionists?)

On these undertones he was to play his customary gamut of color, the tonalities that one sees in the other panels, the roses

What Fragonard was to the painter's art of the eighteenth century—the last burst of glory of the epoch—Riesener was to that celebrated band of cabinet-makers who passed their art from father to son, developing and refining their work and leading it from style to style, until it had attained a

Beauvais tapestry, designed by Oudry. French, eighteenth century.

and chromes of skirts playing against golds, greens, and blues of the landscapes, conducting the gleaming waves of light into all the corners of the picture from the central spot, where it sings, to penumbras of shade where it wakes quiet echoes on vase or fountain or leafy distance. If it is harmony carried to excess, too well-considered, too self-conscious, it is also imbued with a charming grace, with a delicate wit, and with the harmonious enchantment born of a half-hour of revery, the evanescent smile of a dream.

The sixth panel seems out of the picture. It also is unfinished—in fact, scarcely begun—and its oversized "Amours" appear out of scale with the dainty figures of the other panels. But the little "Loves" above the doors and window make up for these, being wholly charming caprices of a poetic imagination.

finish and perfection that has never been equalled before or since. The Morgan Collection boasts two chefs-d'œuvre of these master workers: the secretary and *commode* that Riesener made for the unfortunate Queen's last folly, the Château of Saint Cloud—two pieces of furniture bought for a song by the Duke of Hamilton after the Revolution and which, with an oblong table now belonging to Baron Rothschild, Lady Dilke cites as "the most noticeable of the treasures which came under the hammer at the sale of the Hamilton Palace Collection."

They are signed and dated 1791—a year full of fateful portent in France—and are among the last works by their noted maker. Their simple design—a flat front with side slightly curved outward, but only enough to make them count in the elevation—has been hung with all the art of the most exquisite

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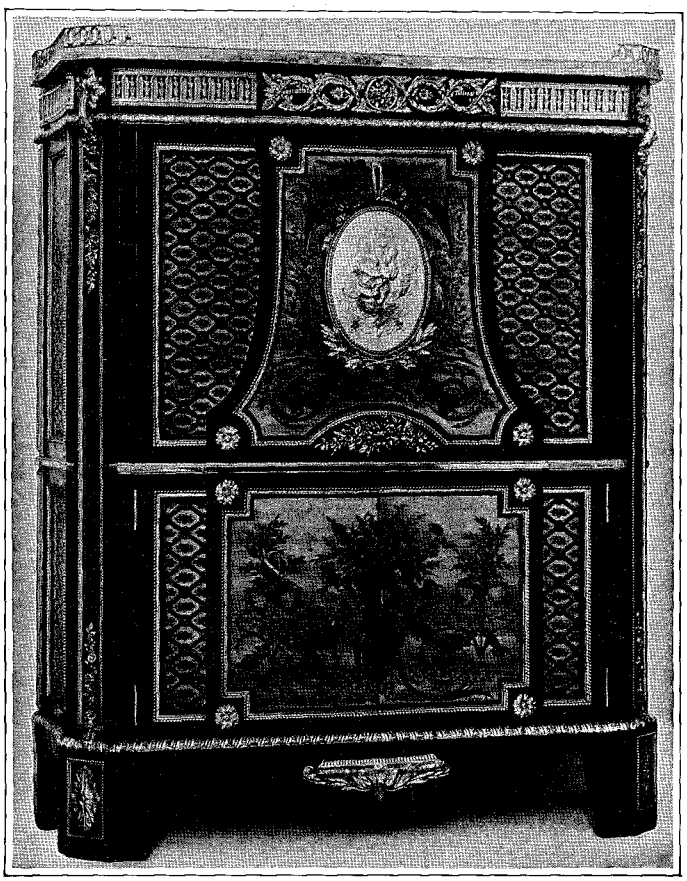
workmen. The centre panels are gems of marquetry, flowers, garlands, scrolls, and baskets pieced of the precious woods then employed: maple, tulip, rosewood, and laburnum, and the lovely *bois d'amaranthe*, or purple wood, fitted and polished with a nicety beyond belief. These golden central motives are framed in dark wood and relieved at each side by quiet panels patterned with diaper, themselves bordered with rich, dark frames that form the constructive lines of the piece of furniture. Here the *ébéniste's* work ended and he called in another artist, the *ciseleur*, in this case probably Thomire, for Gouthière's work is earlier. He enriched its angles with garlands, its panels with finely chiselled borders, its drawers and keyholes with ribbons and knots of flowers, and its top with a graceful gallery of delicate openwork.

Thomire and Gouthière were the two master craftsmen of their art and gave an incomparable finish and exceptional elegance to their work. Gouthière, too, had been able to impart to his bronzes a gilding of extraordinary quality, a new tone of dead gold that he claims to have invented and which was only polished in the high lights. In the Morgan Collection are several admirable examples of his art.



Secretary of Marie Antoinette. French, eighteenth century.
Designed by Riesener.—Page 521.

Though there are other fine works in the collection worthy of notice, let us not look at too much at once if we really wish to see and understand. Quantity prevents savoring of quality, and in this highly refined work quality is everything. But let us look at and study these few masterpieces, for, though other gaudy objects may catch our eye, there is little else in this collection of French furniture worthy of comparison with them.

ERNEST PEIXOTTO.

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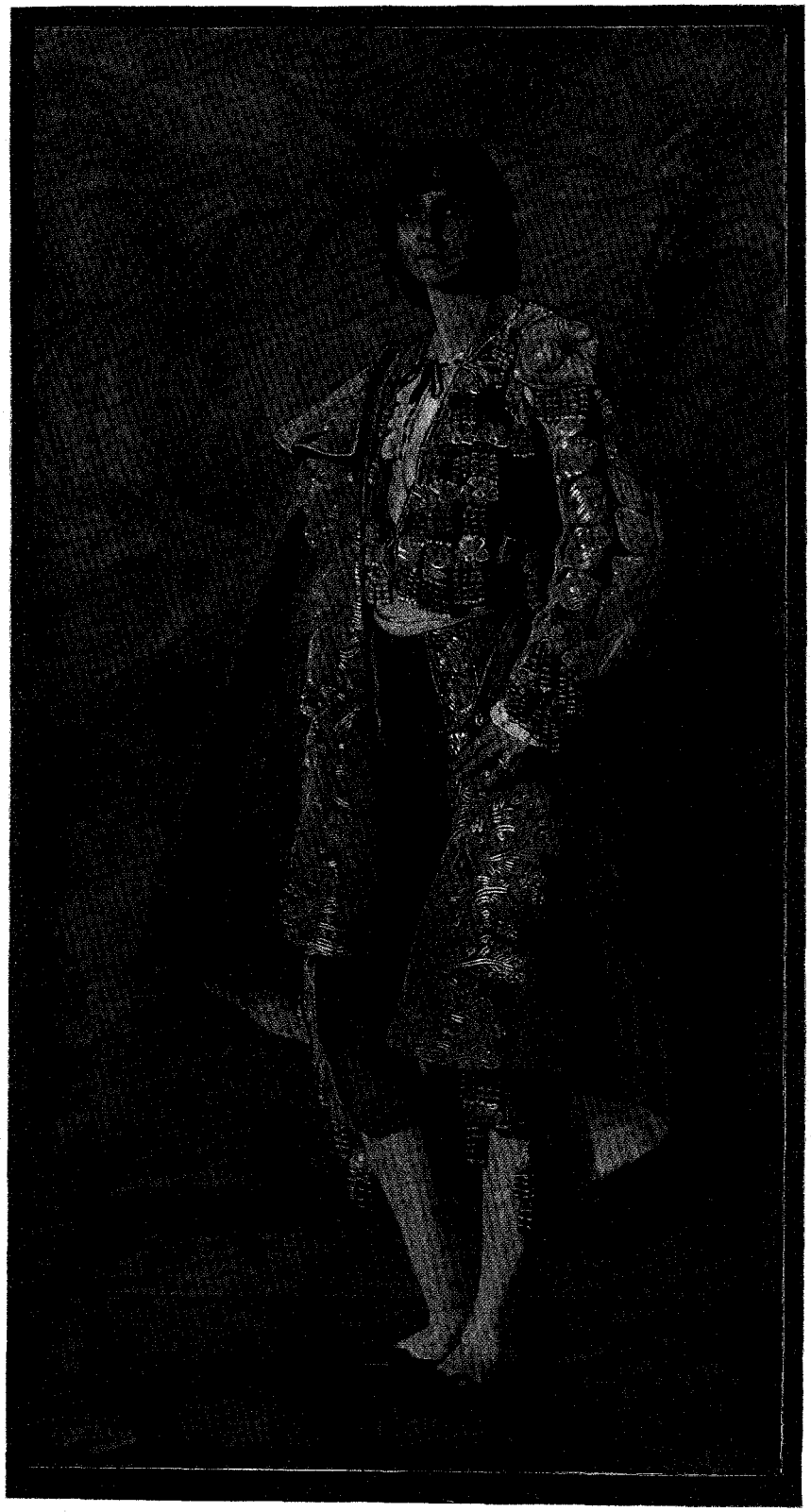

THE GYPSY DANCER IN TOREADOR COSTUME.

From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga, in the collection of Willard D. Straight, Esq.

—"The Field of Art," page 647.

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